April 13, 1981

THE NEW YORKER

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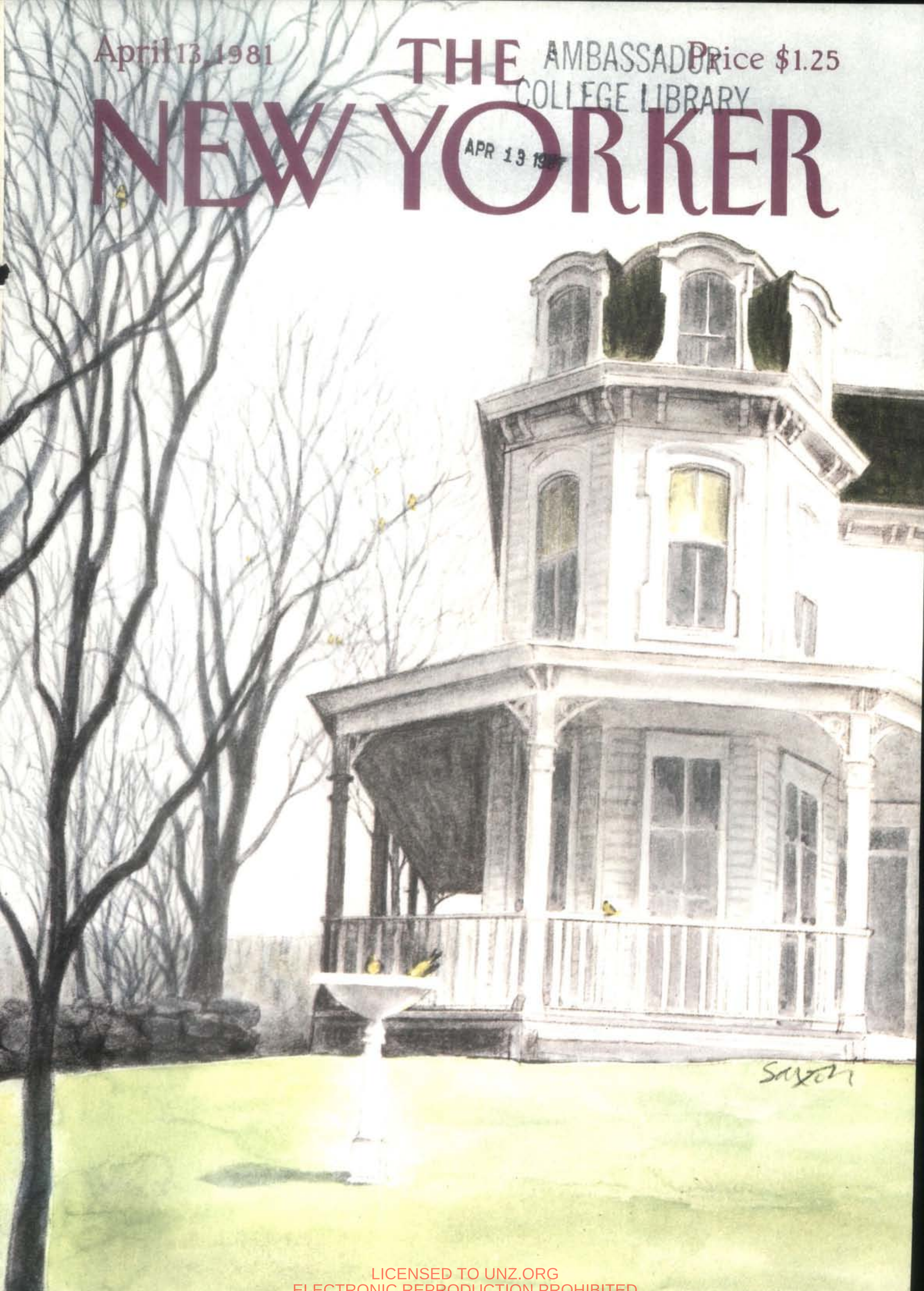

Geraldine Chaplin talks about her 'first time.'

CHAPLIN: To be perfectly blunt, it was a bit disappointing. Oh, it was good ... but not at all what I had expected. In fact, I couldn't for the life of me understand why all my friends thought it was such a big deal.

INTERVIEWER: Miss Chaplin, you'd be surprised how many people feel that way. So, don't be embarrassed ... just tell me what happened.

CHAPLIN: It all started at a party in Madrid. I felt a tap on my shoulder and when I turned around there stood this wonderfully attractive young man.

"Campari?" he asked.

"No," I said, "Geraldine."

He laughed and ordered a Campari and soda for me and a Campari and orange juice for himself.

INTERVIEWER: He certainly was a very assertive young man.

CHAPLIN: Yes. You see he turned out to be a cinematographer from Chile and they're like that, you know.

INTERVIEWER: Well? What was it like?

CHAPLIN: A truly bittersweet experience.

INTERVIEWER: Could you be more specific?

CHAPLIN: Yes...it was like eating a mango.

INTERVIEWER: I beg your pardon???

CHAPLIN: Well, I wasn't crazy about them the first time, either. Yet I was so intrigued by their uniqueness, I tried again ... then I was a believer.

INTERVIEWER: So now you like it?

CHAPLIN: Love it. There are so many different ways to enjoy it. Once I even tried it on the rocks. But I wouldn't recommend that for beginners.

INTERVIEWER: That's great. Tell me, whatever happened to that handsome young Chilean?

CHAPLIN: We're still very close. But I'll let you in on a secret. That was his first time, too. And to this day, he still hasn't acquired a taste for it.

INTERVIEWER: That's a shame.

CHAPLIN: Yes, it is ... I guess it's because he's never had it a second time.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aaah Oui Genty!—A puppet show (not solely for children) presented by the French troupe Compagnie Philippe Genty. Previews Wednesday, April 8. Opens officially on Thursday, April 9. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are acted by Tracy Pollan, Jan Leslie Harding, Sam Robards, and Ralph Davies, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri, Tim Curry plays the hapless Mozart, and Jane Seymour plays his pretty, perky wife. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Amazin' Casey Stengel; or, Can't Anybody Here Speak This Game?—Paul Dooley in a one-man play by Shelly Altman and Michael Zettler. A presentation of the American Humorists Series. Opens Thursday, April 9, and will run through Sunday, May 3. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Thursdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—The fourth in a series of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10, is Bertolt Brecht's JUNGLE OF CITIES, with Don Scardino and Beth McDonald. Thursday through Saturday, April 9-11, at 8; Sunday, April 12, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 14-15, at 8 (all previews); Thursday, April 16, at 6:30 (opening); and Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Childe Byron—William Hurt and Debra Mooney are Lord Byron and his grown daughter in this foolish play by Romulus Linney. (3/9/81) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 12.)

Chucky's Hunch—A monologue that becomes an anatomy of failure. A middle-aged man who has failed as a painter, a husband, a philanderer, and now as the live-in son of his ancient mother, speaks aloud imaginary letters to the second of his three wives as he gulps down gin. Rochelle Owens is a clever writer who should be writing dialogue; her Chucky, even in a strong, imaginative performance by Kevin O'Connor, is only in-and-out believable as a solo turn. (Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Thursday through Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, April 12.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Copperfield—A musical based on Dickens' "David Copperfield," with book, music, and lyrics by Al Kasha and Joel Hirschhorn. With George S. Irving, Barrie Ingham, Brian Matthews, Carmen Mathews, and Evan Richards. Directed by Rob Iscove. Previews through Saturday, April 18. Opens officially on Sunday, April 19. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Father—Strindberg's classic study of the breakdown of a marriage has been curiously misdirected by his countryman Göran Graffman. Ralph Waite and Frances Sternhagen head the cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fifth of July—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fools—A play by Neil Simon, with John Rubinstein at the head of the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

42nd Street—Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (9/8/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Late City Edition—A musical entertainment, conceived and directed by Isaiah Sheffer, that incorporates the writings of Eve Merriam, Russell Baker, Barbara Carson, Mr. Sheffer, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Fridays and Saturdays at 11:15.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 12: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 15: PATIENCE. (Eastside, 334

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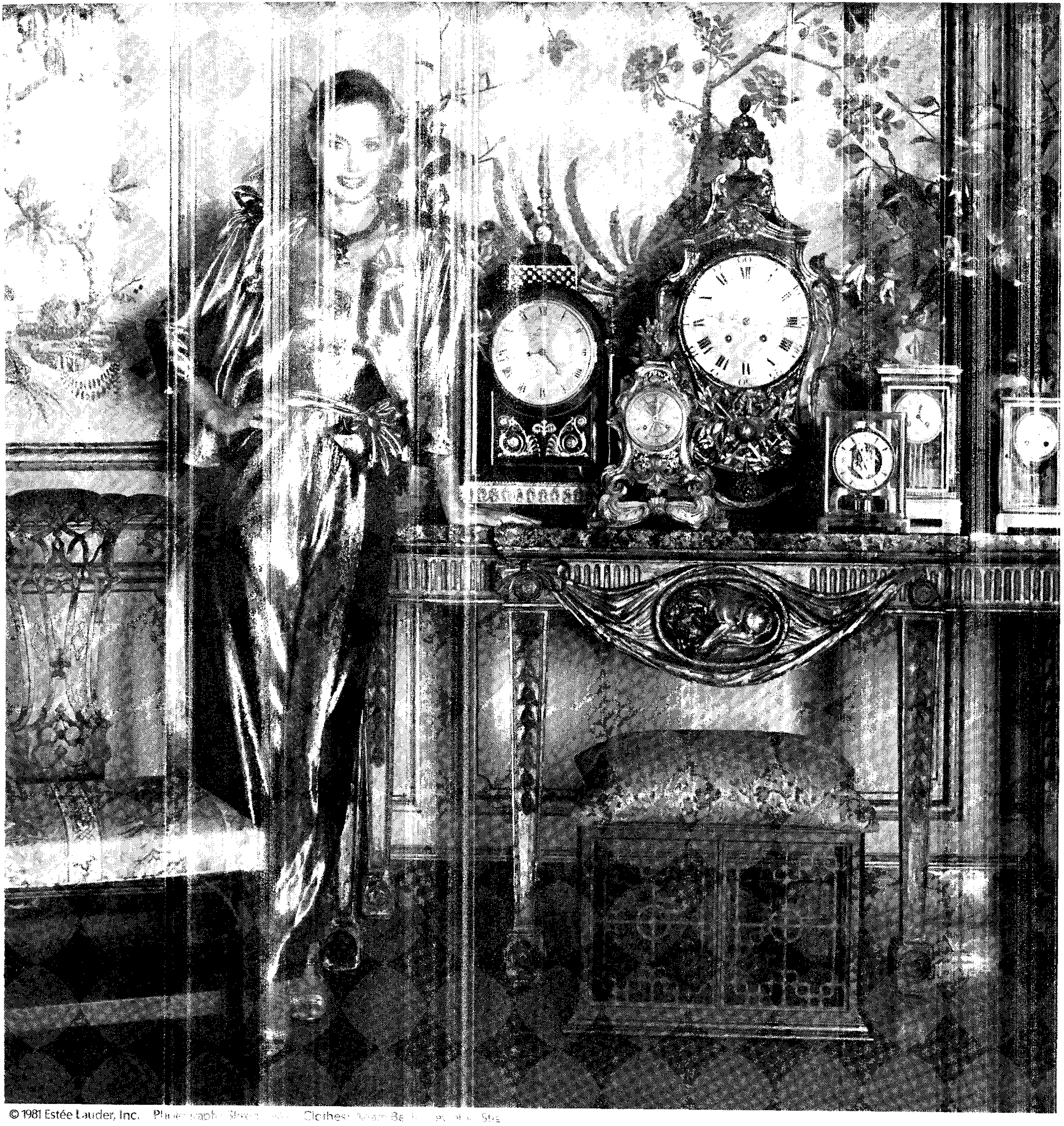

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. A presentation of the Richard Allen Center for Culture & Art. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (3/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Lunch Hour—The inner workings of the social life of the South Shore of Long Island are as intricate as those of a Tibetan monastery, and Jean Kerr has left them largely unexplored. Her mild little comedy stars Sam Waterston, Gilda Radner, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marry Me a Little—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (3/23/81) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—A comedy, **MEETINGS**, by the Trinidadian dramatist Mustapha Matura which darkens into a grisly fable about the destruction of the islanders and their culture by the rapacious white man. Carl Lumbly plays a prosperous Trinidadian engineer who tries to renew his ties to his own people; Michele Shay is his wife, an advertising woman engaged in promoting a dangerous synthetic cigarette; and Seret Scott is a country girl who comes to cook for them. Considered scene by scene, the play is humorous and effective, but as a whole it adds up to something less than Mr. Matura's "Rum an Coca-Cola," a more original work with a similar theme, of a few years back. The acting, under the direction of Gerald Gutierrez, is very good. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

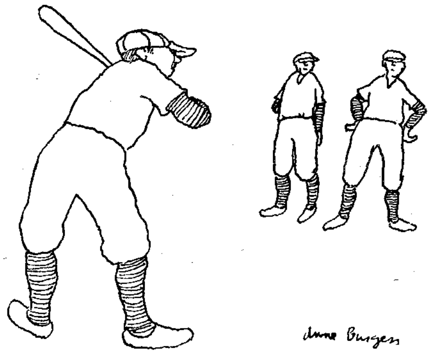
Piaf—An ill-written, hit-or-miss account of the life and early death of the sad little "kid sparrow" who was one of the greatest music-hall singers of our time. Jane Lapotaire invents an authentically touching person out of mere scraps of words and songs. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Linda Ronstadt, Kevin Kline, George Rose, and Rex Smith in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY**. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Rockaby—A one-character play by Samuel Beckett, with Billie Whitelaw. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 477-6430. Monday through Wednesday, April 13-15, at 8.)



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Rose—A well-written but ill-constructed play about a schoolteacher in the Midlands. The heroine is played by Glenda Jackson, and her mother is played by Jessica Tandy. The author is Andrew Davies. (4/6/81) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Suddenly Last Summer—Dina Merrill heads the cast of a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. A production of Columbia University's Center for Theatre Studies. (Horace Mann Theatre, Broadway at 120th St. 280-3668. Wednesday through Friday, April 8-10, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, April 11-12, at 3 and 8; Tuesday, April 14, at 8; and final performances Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, at 4.)

T.S. Eliot: Midwinter Vigil(ante)—A satirical entertainment (very remotely connected with Eliot) by Al Carmines—composer, lyricist, librettist, pastor, and, for this production, piano player. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. 477-0351. Friday through Monday at 8. Closes Monday, April 13.)

Widows—A play by Mfundi Vundla. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, April 12.)

Woman of the Year—A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St, 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,712 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays

OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY INTO THE HEARTS OF COLLECTORS.

BELLEEK CHINA

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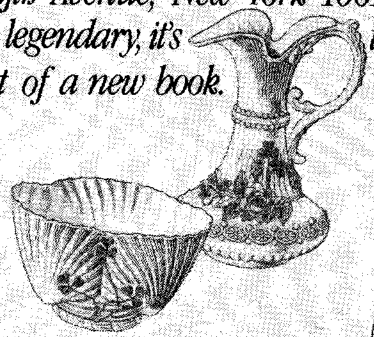

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CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the threatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Diana Canova and Ted Wass, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This show, a patchwork of Americana, has the Rockettes doing a precision number called "Stars and Stripes" (what else?) and thirty-six other performers doing everything from country hoedowns to polkas to jam sessions. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays *at 11 and 2:30;* Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays at 2:30 and 8.)

The Circus—Another big basketful of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey goodies. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Friday, April 10, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 9, at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; Tuesday, April 14, and Thursday, April 16, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Friday, April 17, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Saturday, April 11, will be cancelled, and the five-thirty performance on Sunday, April 12, *may* be cancelled. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

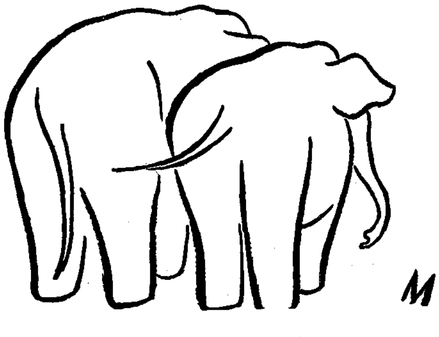
New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "Patience." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, April 10, at 8; Saturday, April 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 3—Tuesday, April 14 (a benefit performance): "From Sea to Shining Sea," "Polaris," and "Esplanade." With guest stars Mikhail Baryshnikov, Betty Comden, Hermione Gingold, Adolph Green, Rudolf Nureyev, and Gwen Verdon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 15, and Saturday, April 18: "Diggity," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Arden Court" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, April 16: "Airs," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ Friday, April 17: "Diggity," "Runes," and "Airs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7.)

Houston Ballet—Wednesday through Friday, April 8-10, at 8, and Saturday, April 11, at 2: "Papillon." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8, and Sunday, April 12, at 2: "Four Last Songs," "Lady and the Fool," and "Praeludium." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Dance Umbrella—A four-week season by seven contemporary companies which will end Sunday, April 26. **JOYCE TRISLER DANSCOMPANY:** Wednesday, April 8, and Friday, April 10, at 8; Saturday, April 11, at 2; and Sunday, April 12, at 8. . . **DANNY GROSSMAN DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, April 9, and Saturday, April 11, at 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 2. . . . **ELISA MONTE AND DANCERS:** Tuesday, April 14; Thursday, April 16; and Saturday, April 18, all at 8, and Sunday, April 19, at 2. . . **MARGARET JENKINS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, April 15, and Friday, April 17, at 8; Saturday, April 18, at 2; and Sunday, April 19, at 8. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 265-0822.)



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Dance at Citicorp—A series of one-hour performances. Wednesday, April 8, at 7: Jerry Ames Tap Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9, at 7: José Limón Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 7: The Eglevsky Ballet. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Free.)

Men Dancing—Two programs of contemporary dance choreographed and performed by men. Wednesday, April 8, and Friday, April 10, at 8; Saturday, April 11, at 2; and Sunday, April 12, at 8: "Passin' Through," "Gypsy Moth," "Dream R.E.M. 511772," "Early Sunday Morning," and "Shuffle Over Motion," performed by Don Redlich, Manuel Alum, Tim Buckley, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9, and Saturday, April 11, at 8, and Sunday, April 12, at 2: "Musings," "The Attic Window," "Statements of Nameless Root," "Meditations," and "Rope Dance Translations," performed by James Cunningham, Remy Charlip, Andrew deGroat, and others. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Joan Miller Dance Players—A benefit program that includes the première of "Lyric Song . . . Lyric Dance." With guest dancer Avon Long. (Poe Theatre, Fordham University, 113 W. 60th St. Monday, April 13, at 7:30. For tickets, call 568-8854.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. Bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will lead a trio on Friday and Saturday, April 10-11; on the following weekend, Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, pianist **DANNY MIXON'S** trio will occupy the four-foot-high bandstand. Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** works with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** through Sunday, April 12; on Tuesday, April 14, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** will arrive with Irish guitarist Louis Stewart, pianist Derek Smith, and bassist **JAY LEONHART.** On Mondays, the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION QUINTET** plays non-depressing swing music. *Music nightly from nine.*

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes, and in the promptness of its show times. Wednesday, April 8, will be shared by three fine jazz bands: one is led by altoist **LOU DONALDSON;** one is made up of pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** saxophonist **GARY BARTZ,** trombonist **CURTIS FULLER,** and drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN;** and another comprises pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK,** and drummer **ROY HAYNES.** On Thursday, April 9, Spirit, the San Francisco power-rock trio, will be present; Friday through Sunday, April 10-12, **DR. JOHN** plays some Louisiana swamp rock with his band; on Monday, April 13, Carl Wilson, the youngest Beachboy, will bring in his new band; on Tuesday, April 14, Alive!, a Berkeley-based jazz quintet, will swap sets with scat singer Nanette Natal; and on Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, rock singer and record producer Genya Ravan will alternate with Otto & George (a ventriloquist and puppet, respectively). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Unchanged for years, this comfortable bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. Three fine piano-bass teams comprise the current lineup: **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9; **CEDAR WALTON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** Friday and Saturday, April 10-11; and **FRED HERSCH** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** beginning Monday, April 13. *Music from nine-forty-five.*

Cachaça 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, *from nine-thirty to one.*

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a Tatum-oriented pianist, is devoting himself right now to the music of Stephen Foster. Mr. Makowicz can be heard nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, April 8, Lemmings, Humans, and Cheeky; Thursday, April 9, Jeff & Jane Hudson and Divine Monochord; Friday, April 10, Mande Dahl, Karyn Satin *& the Bedsheets, and Third Division; and* Saturday, April 11, Social Climbers, Tromploy, and Third Division. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—When it's cold you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing *nightly after ten.*

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Lu Elliott, an ex-Ellington vocalist, has taken on the singing duties for a while. She's aided by pianist Robert Banks and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen, and Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern Seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, April 8, Roy Harris and the Derby Ram; Thursday, April 9, Charged Particles with Marty Cutler; Saturday, April 11, Jay Ungar & Lyn Hardy with Molly Mason; Sunday, April 12, guitarists Nick Katzman, Ken Perlman, and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, April 15, the Battlefield Band and the Derby Ram; Thursday, April 16, the Provincetown Jug Band; and Saturday, April 18, the Yankee Rebels. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, April 12, trumpeter **Valery Ponomarev** will perform with saxophonist **Ronnie Cuber,** pianist **Larry Willis,** and bassist **Clint Houston** from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged belowstairs mostly mainstream-jazz room. Guitarist **Joe Pass** is here through Sunday, April 12. Mr. Pass is out-and-out revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike—and by a lot of the non-playing laity. "How *does* he do it?" his audiences seem to ask, stunned smiles on their faces. On Tuesday, April 14, saxophonist **Art Pepper** will arrive with his quartet. Music nightly, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The music: Wednesday, April 8, tenor saxophonist and singer **Big Nick Nicholas;** Thursday through Saturday, April 9-11, singer **Dakota Staton;** Monday, April 13, **Bross Townsend** and **Bob Cunningham** (the Monday regulars), and singer Jann Parker; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 14-15, **Stormin' Norman & Suzy;** and Thursday through Saturday, April 16-18, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul sextet. On Sundays Argentine pianist **Jorge Dalto** and a Brazilian-jazz band that backs up the wonderful singer **Angela Suarez.** Music every night after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **Chuck Wayne** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **Joe Puma** holds down the fort with pianist **Hod O'Brien,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Sundays from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **Brooks Kerr** has the floor.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **Dick Wellstood** can be found at the dining-room piano, playing just about everything that crosses his mind in a seamless stride style, Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **Marty Napoleon** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Thursday, April 9, Major Thinkers and XEX; Friday, April 10, Our Daughter's Wedding and the Sleepers; and Saturday, April 11, **Buzz & the Flyers** and the Zantees. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A fine jazz spot to visit before or after surveying the nearby Flatiron Building. Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, saxophonist and composer **Jimmy Giuffre,** serene and gurulike, will lead a quartet through blues, ballads, and mainstream mantras—all of which swing. On Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, multinational multi-instrumentalist **David Amram** will drop by with a quintet that performs music from the Middle East, South America, and Tompkins Square Park. On Sundays, percussionist, guitarist, singer, and composer **Thiago de Mello** guides a ten-piece loose and limber band that specializes in Brazilian jazz and crackling trumpet solos by **Claudio Roditi.** Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by saxophonist-proprietor **Mike Morgenstern,** who directs a quintet at about two in the morning.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters, and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **Max Kaminsky** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. **Tommy Flanagan,** a fine hard-bop pianist and composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane"), trades solos with bassist **Michael Moore** through Saturday, April 11; on Tuesday, April 14, super bassist **Ron Carter** will team up with pianist **Cedar Walton.** Sundays are the property of pianist **Don Friedman** and bassist **Bob Bodley.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, April 8, the **Persuasions** sing some compelling a-cappella street-corner soul; on Thursday, April 9, **Levon Helm,** the absolutely wonderful singer and drummer—he puts out several hundred per cent the whole time he's onstage, which sometimes seems entirely too short—will perform with the Cate Brothers; Sunday, April 12, will be Kinky Friedman night; on Monday, April 13, **Doug Sahm's New Sir Douglas Quintet** will play an uplifting mishmash of rock and roll, Tex-Mex border music, and country, blues, and Cajun music; on Tuesday, April 14, Nashville legend fiddler **Vassar Clements** will drop in; and Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, Michael Murphey will sing country-rock songs. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden and a roster of singers. **Mel Tormé** is singing in this unusual non-concert-hall setting (unusual for him, that is) through Wednesday, April 15. His shows are Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. On Thursday, April 16, singer Maureen McGovern will move in. Her shows will run Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll at the top of the stairs: Wednesday, April 8, Responsible Teenagers, Reverse, and the Decades; Thursday, April 9, Gina Harlow & the Cutthroats, Symbols, and Nasty Facts; Friday, April 10, Nitecaps and Joe Bidewell; and Saturday, April 11, Alan Vega and Coma-teens. Music after eleven.

Michael Phillips, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—Thursdays through Saturdays, this pretty new restaurant, which offers nouvelle cuisine and nouvelle interior design—that is, uncluttered—might be called **Brooks Kerr,** because that is when the stride pianist and singer performs here. (It's actually named for its owner.) Mr. Kerr's sets begin at ten-thirty and end at two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Weslia Whitfield has moved in to sing with her backing crew Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell wild-strawberry preserves: it is this club. R. & B., jazz, and soul comprise the current music lineup: Wednesdays, singer Evelyn Blakey; Thursday, April 9, pianist Lesette Wilson; Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, soul singer Jocelyn Brown; Tuesday, April 14, the **Widespread Depression Orchestra;** and Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, bassist Jerry Jemmotte and his sextet, which will feature guitarist **Arlen Roth.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9, singer Ronee Blakley leads her band; on Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, bassist **Teruo Nakamura** and his band, the Rising Sun, will trade sets with pianist **Joanne Brackeen;** Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, will be given over to bassist **David Friesen** and guitarist **John Stowell;** and Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, will be claimed by **Willie Dixon,** a Chicago-blues songwriter, singer, bassist, and general inspiration—he wrote biggies such as "Hootchie Cootchie Man," "I Just Want to Make Love to You," and "Seventh Son." Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **Sy Oliver** guides his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, April 8, Adam & the Ants; Thursday, April 9, a rock-and-roll documentary, "D.O.A.," with live performances by the Dead Boys and the Swinging Madisons; Friday, April 10, rock drummer **Buddy Miles** and a fifteen-piece band and Moonbeam; Saturday, April 11, the Rockats; Sunday, April 12, Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band; and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 14-15, **Parliament Funkadelic,** a wild and crazy soul outfit. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning ho-

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tel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Four singers—Marni Nixon, Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Meg Bussert—are appearing in the tribute of the month, "Thank Heaven for Lerner and Loewe." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten. The lineup: Wednesday, April 8, guitarist Kazumi Watanabe; Thursday and Friday, April 9-10, vibraharpist **mike mainieri;** Saturday, April 11, bassist **will lee** and guitarist **john tropea;** Sunday, April 12, more John Tropea. In addition, pianist **don grolnick's** quartet will be on hand for most of this time—i.e., Thursday through Sunday, April 9-12. Then on Tuesday, April 14, tenor saxophonist **arthur rhames** will be leading a quartet, and on Wednesday, April 15, Brazilian singer **astrud gilberto** will take over. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good pianists and bassists. **junior mance** and **marty rivera,** one of the most animated piano-bass duos around, collaborate through Sunday, April 12; and Tuesday through Saturday, April 14-18, pianist **teddy wilson,** who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday decades ago, and who is still pretty wonderful, will team up with **major holley,** the humming bassist. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. **zoot sims** plays dancing tenor-sax solos through Saturday, April 11; Sunday, April 12, will be devoted to guitarist **bucky pizzarelli** and his guitarist son John, who plays a matching seven-string George Van Eps model; on Monday, April 13, trombonist and arranger **grover mitchell** will lead a lively Basie-esque twelve-piece band; and on Tuesday, April 14, saxophonist and composer **benny carter** will begin a rare New York club date. Sets from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides, and an extensive music schedule. Mondays through Saturdays drummer and proprietor **john lewis** leads his trio; Thursdays through Saturdays guitarist **ted dunbar's** group alternates with Lewis; and Thursday through Saturday, April 16-18, Anita Moore will sing with the Lewis trio. Music from about ten, give or take a half hour. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues music: Wednesday, April 8, singer, guitarist, and fiddler **gatemouth brown;** Thursday, April 9, **texas slim,** a tall, lean blues singer from Telico, Texas (pop. 30), by way of Chicago, who recently gave up driving a semi to resume playing urban blues and jump music; Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, a famous Texas bluesman, **lightnin' hopkins;** Sunday, April 12, Billy Price & the Keystone Rhythm Band; and Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, blues singer and guitarist **luther allison.** If you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **uptown horns,** a basic-blue soul octet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school-stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin somewhere after ten.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, April 8, Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloane; Thursday, April 9, Troublemaker and Bernie Shanahan; Friday, April 10, Cheetah Chrome, El Futuro, Mr. Lucky, and Ronnie Spector; Saturday, April 11, Hooks and Catholic Girls; and Tuesday, April 14, Gentz and Banksters. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon *once described his club in a radio interview:* "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Tenor saxophonist **arthur rhames** works with bassist **reggie workman,** drummer **steve mc call, howard johnson** on tuba and baritone sax, and pianist **albert dailey,** through Sunday, April 12; on Tuesday, April 14, **illinois jacquet,** a flame-throwing tenor saxophonist and bassoonist, will bring in his quartet, which will feature bassist **slam stewart.** Mondays are **mel lewis** big-band nights. Music from ten.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**jimmy lyon** is playing Cole Porter's piano in Peacock Alley, a quiet passageway that connects the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Hideaway, a small, smoky room that looks like Shangri-la with ice buckets, singer and pianist **ronny whyte** performs songs you remember, songs you forgot, and songs you may have never even heard of from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty through Saturday, April 11.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A tranquil, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Hank Johnson, and Thursdays through Sundays by **sadik hakim.** Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9, trumpeter **doc cheatham,** who played with Cab Calloway, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, and Ma Rainey several seasons back; Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, trumpeter **louis metcalf**—*he* played with Sidney Bechet, Jelly Roll Morton, and King Oliver; and Wednesday through Saturday, April 15-18, R. & B. tenor great **willis (gator tail) jackson.** On Sundays **jazz à cordes** plays convincing hot jazz; Mondays belong to pianist **brooks kerr** and ageless drummer **sonny greer;** and Tuesdays are the property of pianist Ram Ramirez. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

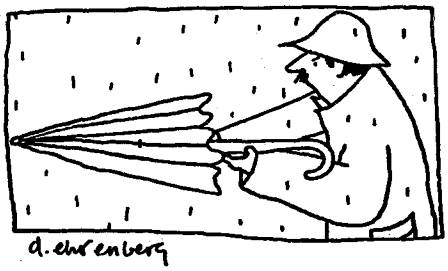
Jackie McLean—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, at 9:30.

Utopia—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 11, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Dry Branch Fire Squad—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, April 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

Fania All-Stars—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, April 15, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Warren Bernhardt—With poet Barry Wallenstein. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, April 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)



Hal Freedman Quintet—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, April 15, at 8.

Whispers and **Shalamar**—With Lakeside and Carrie Lucas. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, April 16, at 7 and midnight.)

Jubilee Singers of Fisk University—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 17, at 7:30.

David Grisman Quintet & Leo Kottke—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 17, at 8.

Amina Claudine Myers—Public Theatre. Friday, April 17, at 11.

Ted Curson Big Eight and **Melba Liston & Company**—Town Hall. Saturday, April 18, at 7 and 10.

Joan Jett & the Black Hearts—With Jools Holland & His Millionaires. (Palladium. Saturday, April 18, at 8.)

Irving Plaza—Saturday, April 11: Human Switchboard and ESG. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18: The Brains. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9, at 10: Jill McManus trio, featuring Marc Johnson. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, April 10-12, at 10: Joe Lee Wilson. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Jazz Gallery—Friday, April 10, at 8: Charles Eubanks, with David Eubanks, Kevin Eubanks, Robin Eubanks, and Steve McCall. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 7 and 9: Sarah McLawler & the Big Apple Jazzwomen, with Revella Hughes. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, April 9: Jimmy Lyons. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10: Bill Smith Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11: Milo Fine Free Jazz Ensemble. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 16: Colson Unity Troupe. . . . ¶ Friday, April 17: Milford Graves and John Tchicai. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18: John Tchicai and Andre Goudbeek. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at 8:30.)

Jazz Films—"Jazz Legends on Film," a collection of filmed performances by Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Robert Adams—Recent cast-bronze sculptures. Through May 2. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Phyllis Bramson / Howardena Pindell—Mixed mediums on paper. / Abstract works on paper. Through May 2. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.) . . ¶ Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St., is showing works on canvas by Pindell. Through April 29.

Manierre Dawson (1887-1969)—Cubist paintings dated 1910-14 and thus among the very first ever done in this country. Their curving, hard-edge forms are strongly evocative of the Armory show, in which Dawson's works appeared when it moved to Chicago. Through April 22. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Igor Galanin—Mannered fantasy paintings, many of them circus scenes involving acrobatic rhinos, pigs, giraffes, and people. Through April 25. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Nancy Graves—Bronzes and paintings. Through April 23. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Gertrude Greene (1904-56)—A retrospective of constructions, among them painted-wood

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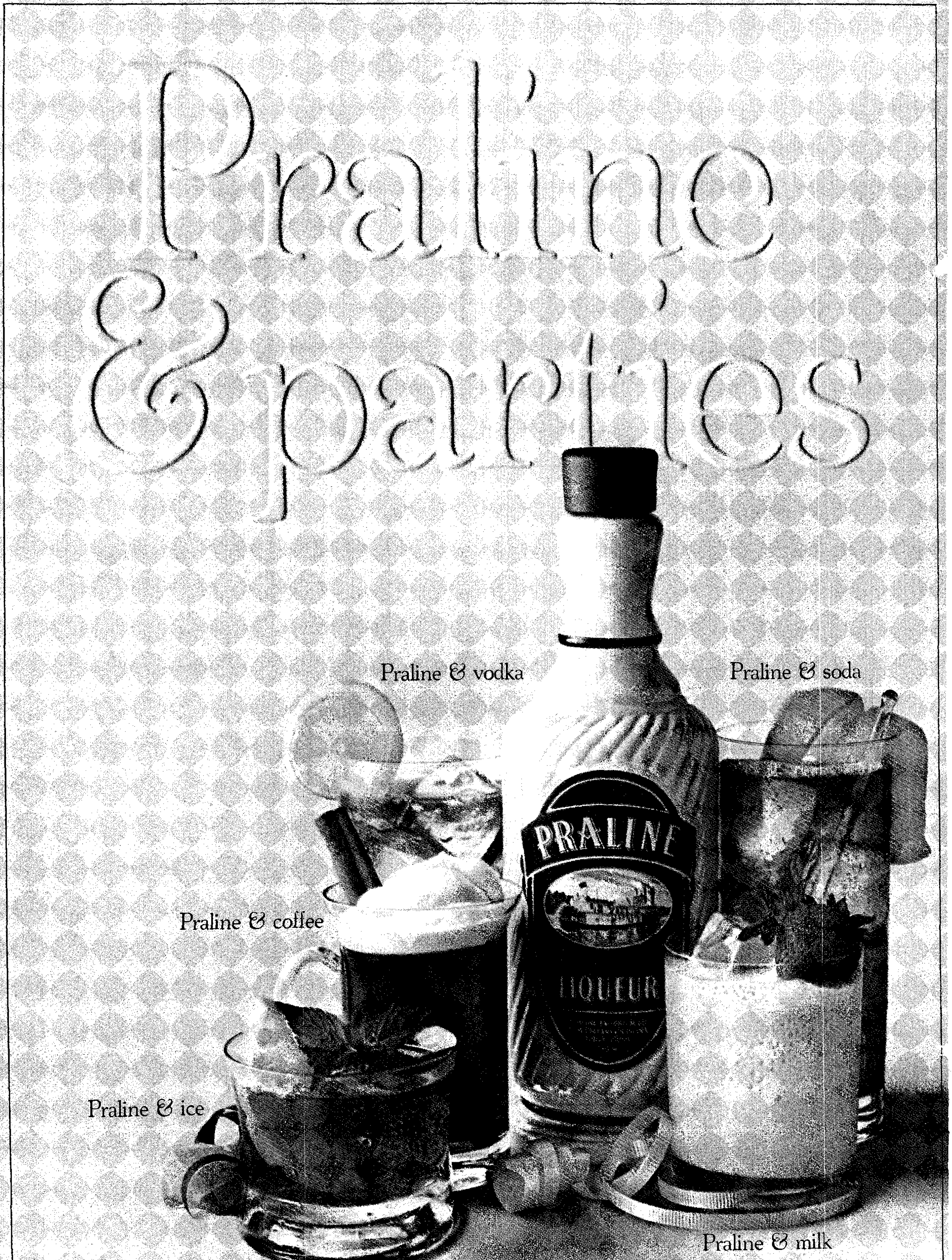
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

reliefs; paintings; and preparatory sketches and collages by an early abstract artist. Through April 25. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Salvatore Grippi—Still-lifes by an artist who has a penchant for cadmium medium red. Through Saturday, April 11. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Helen Hoie—Collages of frayed fabric and colored paper by an abstractionist. Through April 30. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Diamond shapes are the central motif in a group of new paintings. Through April 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Malcolm Morley—Seven oils and eight watercolors, the latter principally studies for the oils, by an Expressionist. Through May 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Lee Mullican—Canvases with totemic figures on a dark background. Through April 30. (Schreiner, a recently opened gallery at 115½ E. 62nd St.)

Jean-Pierre Péricaud—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 23. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69)—Abstract gouaches. Through Saturday, April 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Paul Resika / Henry Glintenkamp (1887-1946)—Landscapes of Cape Cod dunes and the countryside of France and Italy. Through Friday, April 17. / Paintings and drawings by an artist whose early works were influenced by his teacher, Robert Henri. Through May 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Alan Siegel—Box constructions. Through May 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract paintings based on the artist's studies of flora and fauna and rock strata in the Galápagos Islands. Through Friday, April 17. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851)—Thirty drawings and watercolors dated 1828-50. Through April 25. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Catharine Warren—Abstract collage paintings. Through May 2. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Wunderlich—Landscapes, chiefly, by a German surrealist. Through May 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: A survey of American printmaking, arranged chronologically, up to the middle of the twentieth century. A benefit show. Through April 25. . . . **hunter college gallery,** Lexington Ave. at 68th St.: Working drawings by such artists as Christo, Robert Morris, Robert Smithson, and Suzanne Harris. Through Friday, April 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **paul rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: Sixteen Old Master drawings. Through April 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit showing of fifty Old Master paintings (about half of them Italian baroque works; three of them by Peter Paul Rubens) from the John and Mable Ringling Museum in Sarasota. Through May 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Hannelore Baron—Collages and boxes. Through May 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nell Blaine—Landscapes and still-lifes in oils, watercolors, and pen and ink. Through April 29. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bert Carpenter—Studio still-lifes. Through April 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Martha Diamond—Large paintings, done in heavy brushstrokes, which catch the atmosphere (especially at night) of old-time office buildings. Through April 25. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Francisco—Delicate wall constructions made of thin strips of balsa wood, paint, and paper. Through Saturday, April 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Buckminster Fuller—Dymaxion sculptures, blueprints, and models by this Synergetic artist. Through May 2. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

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Jedd Garet—Paintings of stylized figures in strange landscapes—works with a hint of Art Nouveau. Through Saturday, April 11. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

K. M. Graham—Paintings of lyrical abstract forms by a Canadian woman. Through April 25. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Harold Gregor / Chuck Forsman—Recent paintings of Illinois farmland. Through April 23. / Realist landscapes. Through April 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Red Grooms—Room after room of rowdy sculptures, reliefs, paintings, and drawings that deal with football, cowboys and Indians, sinister candy stores, traffic jams, Wall Street, and sundry other targets of opportunity for this maverick sculptor. Through May 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Susan Hall—Paintings, including the monumental "Night Train Express," and drawings. Through April 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Maryann Harman—Colorful semi-abstractions based on vistas that catch the artist's eye as she rides to and from her farm home in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Through May 2. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Theo Hios—Landscapes (Shinnecock Hills at night) in pastels. Through April 25. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St.)

David Hockney / William Conlon—High-spirited paintings and drawings in carnival colors, done in preparation for the sets and costumes that the artist designed for the Metropolitan Opera's "Parade." Through Saturday, April 18. / Nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, April 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Hunt—Abstract metal sculptures. Through April 25. (Dorsky, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—A three-gallery exhibit: Nine paintings and two steel sculptures, through May 2, at the Blum Helman (20 W. 57th St.), plant drawings at Castelli (4 E. 77th St.), starting Saturday, April 11, and more paintings at one of the Castelli galleries in SoHo (142 Greene St.), also starting April 11.

Anselm Kiefer—Bleak-looking paintings and large books filled with heavily retouched photographs. Through Saturday, April 11. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michael Knigin—Contrasting landscapes: a traditional Japanese painting and a photograph of a contemporary Western skyline occupying the same linen canvas. Through Saturday, April 11. (Nippon Club, 145 W. 57th St.)

Lee Krasner / David von Schlegell—New abstractions done in a lyrical vein and cheerful colors under the over-all title "Solstice," which seems to signal a new direction for her. Through Saturday, April 18. / New abstract wood sculptures, small in scale. Through May 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Irving Kriesberg—Paintings in mixed mediums of an imaginary menagerie living in a flamboyant landscape. Through April 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lilian MacKendrick—A retrospective of paintings. Through May 2. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Eugène Mihaesco—Pen-and-ink drawings and pastel sketches by an artist whose work often appears in the pages of this publication. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 11. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Flower motifs prevail in a new set of landscape paintings. Through April 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Sculptures (five large working models, seventeen maquettes, three wall plaques), drawings, and prints. Through May 16. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Donn Moulton / Alexander Hollweg—Outsize beach pebbles made of lacquered fibre glass and hung as wall pieces. / Watercolors of skiing scenes in the French Alps. Through Saturday, April 11. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Edith Posel—Abstract acrylics on paper. Through April 25. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner (1895-1978)—Watercolors done during the past four decades. Through Friday, April 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Miriam Schapiro—Richly decorated (with beads, rhinestones, glitter) pieces of fabric collaged to solid-black canvases. Through April 25. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Siegel—Layered works on canvas and board in which a single subject (a landscape, for instance) is explored in several ways—as collage, as representational paintings, as Polaroids. Through May 2. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Athena Tacha—Models for her huge outdoor sculptures, most of them done in tiers and some of them painted in pastel colors. Through April 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ursula von Rydingsvard—Five sculptural works carved from red cedar. Also drawings and photographs of large outdoor works. Through April 25. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: "Between Painting and Sculpture" includes works by fourteen artists, among them Rodney Ripps and Ree Morton. Through April 25. . . . **associated american artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The complete lithographs of Grant Wood as well as prints (all dating from 1920 to 1940) by Hopper, Sheeler, Bellows, and others. Through Saturday, April 11. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Narrative Painting," a show of works by ten artists—James Valerio, Jack Beal, Alfred Leslie, and Michael Berg among them. Through April 30. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **sutton,** 29 W. 57th St.: A single work each by eleven of the gallery's stable, including Bernard Dreyfus, Amalia Hoffman, and Rudolfo Abularach. Through Saturday, April 18.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nicholas Africano / Brad Davis—Large canvases in which tiny figures thickly painted in high relief enact episodes from Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West." / Decorative paintings in which frolicsome dogs peer down at fish in a stream or romp in idyllic landscapes. Through Saturday, April 11. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Charles Cajori / Tom Boutis—Seven large paintings of seated figures plus a set of black-and-white paintings on paper. / Monotypes. Through April 23. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Sandro Chia—Recent paintings by the Italian artist. Through April 25. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jillian Denby—Seamless oil paintings of female nudes, larger than life, plus landscapes, still-lifes, and small figure studies in oil on paper. Through April 22. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Sharyn Finnegan—Realist paintings, including a group of uncompromising self-portraits. Through Wednesday, April 15. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Mike Glier—Heroes of the Establishment—legislators, warriors, and such—are the targets of these savage black-and-white oil-stick

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or charcoal drawings, most of them done directly on the gallery walls. Subjects the artist *likes*—a girl, a thinking man, and a rabbit—are gently done in colored oil sticks. Through Saturday, April 18. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

April Gornik—Large, brooding landscapes under weather—distant storms, a lakeside at dusk, two streaks of lightning on the horizon. Through April 25. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Barbara Grossman—Sketchy, unfinished-looking paintings and charcoal drawings, mostly of seated figures in interiors. Through Wednesday, April 15. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Grosvenor—A single wood floor sculpture. Through April 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Kiki Kogelnik—Paintings and cast-paper pieces. Through April 26. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Margaret Leveson—Panoramic cityscapes, most of them Brooklyn vistas. One, a triptych twelve feet long, shows the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway crossing the Gowanus Canal. Through Wednesday, April 15. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Hilarie Mais—Small steel wall pieces. Through April 29. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

William Nichols / Robert Bechtle—Outsize Photo-Realist acrylic paintings of luxuriant wetlands at the peak of summer growth. / More Photo-Realist paintings, these of people standing beside their cars or on their front porches in California. Through Saturday, April 18. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the large front gallery, Keith Long is showing collages made up mostly of moldering pieces of wood.

John Okulick / David Parrish—Mr. Okulick specializes in arrangements of boxes that seem to project much farther from the wall than they actually do (a matter of perspective), and this year he is filling the boxes with bright-colored geometric forms or skeins of rope. / Intricate paintings (it takes the artist a year to do one of them) in which the glare and glitter of motorcycles is caught in semi-abstract form. Through April 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Judy Penzer—Portraits in watercolor. Through Wednesday, April 15. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Rauschenberg / Marcia Hafif—Enlarged black-and-white photographs (the artist's own) collaged to rag board and aluminum plate. / Nonobjective paintings. Through April 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Curtis Ripley—Eight large terra-cotta urns, some of them with birds perching on their lips. There are also pastel drawings of the pieces. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 18. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Charles Ross—"Solar Burn Signs": wood panels on heavy metal frames which have been sunscorched by means of a large lens. Through April 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Julian Schnabel / Douglas Huebler—Paintings (some incorporating broken plates) on canvas and on velvet. / Photographs (paired with storyboards) by a conceptual artist. Through May 2. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Mary Boone Gallery, also at 420 West Broadway, has additional paintings by Mr. Schnabel. Through May 7.

Martin Schreiber—Abstract geometric paintings. Through Thursday, April 16. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Joan Semmel—Paintings of the artist's own nude body. Through April 25. (Lerner-Heller in SoHo, 112 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Thomas Shannon / Todd Siler—A surprising display in which a twenty-four-foot magnesium needle floats about an inch above a shallow aluminum dome, thanks to mutually repellent magnets concealed in the works. / A deceptively practical-looking reactor assembly, thirty-two feet long and housed under a clear plastic tent, which the artist calls a Cerebreactor. Through Saturday, April 11. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts.)

Leon Polk Smith—Large shaped canvases done in solid colors and grouped together by an artist, a Cherokee, who took his direction from Mondrian. Through May 2. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Nancy Spero—A single figurative drawing on paper that encircles the gallery twice. Through Saturday, April 18. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Robert Tannen—This artist and urban planner helped reconstruct the Gulf Coast after Hurricane Camille, and his show is a thick gumbo of exhibits relating to that experience, ranging from a lot of tawdry pottery to sculptural works based on the "shotgun" architecture indigenous to the bayou country. Through Saturday, April 11. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Margaret Wharton—Chairs that have been dismembered, sometimes sawed into splinters, and reassembled into antic versions of glorified chairdom, all bedecked with paint and glitter. Through Saturday, April 11. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Sculptors' Drawings Over Six Centuries (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—Three artists: Gahan Wilson showing original works that appeared in this magazine and elsewhere; Theodoros Stamos showing paintings from the late fifties; Mel Ramos showing abstract oils based on close-up views of bridge parts, tree tops, etc. Through April 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

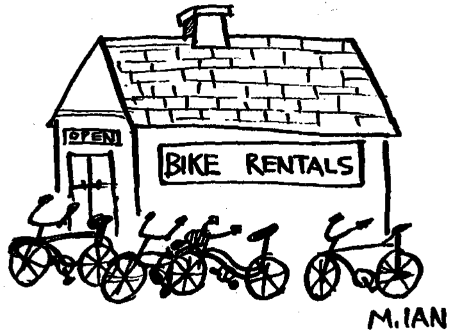
Alice Adams / Roger Cutforth—Three sculptural pieces that constitute a sort of architectural sampler, one of them an arched doorway made of raw, sanded oak, basswood, and pine. (A major outdoor work by this artist is now on view a couple of blocks away, in City Hall Park.) / Color photographs of Texas landscapes extending across the Rio Grande into Mexico; several of them show a single site at different times of day. Through April 21. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

R. O. Blechman—Original drawings for *New Yorker* covers and other works. Through May 22. (International Typeface Corporation, third floor, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Domenick Capobianco—Abstract paintings on canvas. Through April 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Giuseppe Penone—This Italian artist has dug into a heavy timber, twenty six feet long, and exposed, like a fossil in a rock, the shape of the original sapling. Another Penone work on view is a drawing, thirty-four feet long, of the capillaries in his own eyelids. Through April 25. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Priscilla Roberts—Realist paintings, mostly of antique dolls, stuffed birds, and Old Curiosity Shop bric-a-brac. Through Friday, April 10. (Grand Central, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

John Barrington Bayley—Photographs of classical and neoclassical architectural details here and there about the city. Through April 28. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Alfred Capel-Cure (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Walker Evans (1903-75) **and Robert Frank**—Called "An Essay on Influence," this show, curated by Tod Papageorge, chairman of the Photography Department at Yale, consists of photographs from Evans' "American Photographs" (1938) and from Frank's "The Americans" (1959). Through April 25. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Roland L. Freeman / Bill Beckley—Photographs of black Americans at home and at work in rural communities and in large cities. / Twelve works combining photographs, drawing, and text. Through May 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Recent photographs of New York School artists, primarily, made with a seventy-five-year-old view camera. Through April 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Josef Sudek (1896-1976)—Photographs by the Czech artist, many of which have not been seen in New York before. Through Saturday, April 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Garry Winogrand / Ted Victoria—Sixty photographs in a retrospective that includes recent work made in California. / Constructions (wooden frames with spotlights, lenses, mirrors, and other objects). Through April 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Show—A large exhibition of photographs by Félix Bonfils, Eliot Porter, Betty Hahn, and others. Through Saturday, April 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ A full display of the Lehman Collection's nearly two hundred eighteenth-century Italian drawings, with its indispensable Canalettos, Guardis, and Tiepolos (father and son). Through May 31. . . . ¶ A loan show of seventy-three European terra-cotta sculptures which chronicles the practice of clay modelling from the Renaissance to modern times. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"New Work on Paper I," an exhibit that launches a series of recent works on paper. The eight artists participating in this show are Jake Berthot, Dan Christensen, Alan Cote, Tom Holland, Yvonne Jacquette, Ken Kiff, Joan Snyder, and William Tucker. Through April 21. . . . ¶ A show of recently acquired drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman, and numerous others. Through June 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of sixty-five paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by American artists, notably Mark Rothko's "Violet, Black, Orange, Yellow on White and Red;" Claes Oldenburg's "Soft Pay-Telephone;" and two untitled watercolors by Agnes Martin. All are recent gifts to the museum's collection of contemporary art. Through Sunday, April 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The vestiges of the 1981 Biennial are on the second floor (through Sunday, April 12) and on the third (through Sunday, April 19). . . . ¶ A show of more than forty works by Alexander Calder, including several recent acquisitions to the museum's collection. Through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly seventy paintings and sculptures by American artists (Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, John B. Flannagan, and others), collected by Edith and Milton Lowenthal over a twenty-year period beginning in 1930. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Both shows through May 10. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—On display: The seventy-pound man-powered aircraft "Gossamer Albatross," which Bryan Allen pedalled across the English Channel in June, 1979. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of almost sixty Northern Chinese Tz'u-chou vessels, a pottery whose white slip is customarily decorated with animals, birds, and flowers. The pieces date from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Through May 24. (Open daily except Friday, April 17. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

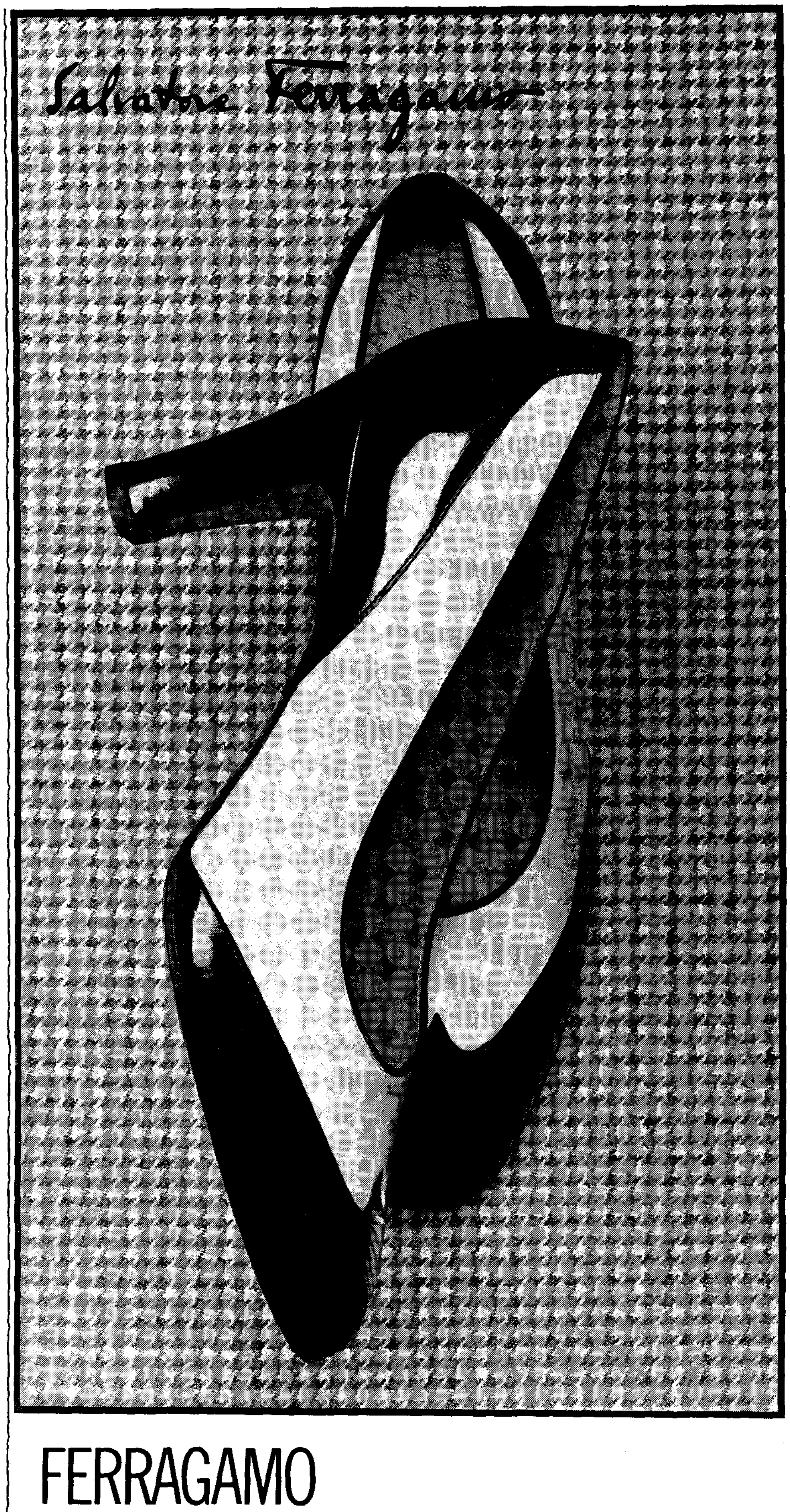
The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Royal Abbey of Saint-Denis in the Time of Abbot Suger," a show of forty pieces (monumental sculptures, stained glass, and liturgical vessels) once part of the abbey, which under the direction of the abbot was one of the high points of twelfth-century ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of eighty scene and costume designs for theatre and opera productions in nineteenth-century Germany. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "Innovative Furniture in America," forty-seven pieces that are examples of technique (bentwood), comfort (a Morris chair), materials (Saarinen's plastic "Womb" chair), portability (a Bonner chair), and dual function (a sofa bed). Through May 10. . . . ¶ A show of laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through May 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"One Thousand Years of Japanese Art (650-1650)," a loan show from the Cleveland Museum, which has in its holdings objects of both religious significance (a seventh-century Buddhist sculpture, "Miroku in Meditation") and secular decoration (tea-ceremony utensils, Nō masks, paintings, scrolls, and screens). Through May 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A survey of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing more than a hundred works by thirty-six major artists. . . . ¶ A loan show of European prints derived from stories in the Hebrew Scriptures; the artists include Dürer, Rembrandt, Blake, Pascin, and Chagall. Through June 21. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred drawings by European draftsmen, spanning the years 1375-1825. These are not just any draftsmen, however; Botticelli, Raphael, Dürer, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Ingres, and Goya (to name, literally, just a few) are among them. . . . ¶ From



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roughly the same period, these artists' literary counterparts are also featured: first editions of poetry, novels, and plays by Molière, Voltaire, Goethe, Sir Thomas More, and Cervantes. Also the manuscript and corrected galley proofs of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of prints, paintings, and photographs, primarily landscapes and architecture, acquired by the museum as records of New York life: City Hall is seen when it represented uptown (in an 1812 print) and again when it represented midtown (in an 1874 photograph). The contemporary skyline is shown in pictures of the World Trade Center, among other buildings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of drawings, renderings, and scale models for eleven visionary projects commissioned by the Architectural League of New York in recognition of its centenary. Each project is the work of an architect-artist team; some of the pairings are Richard Meier and Frank Stella; Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritet; and Susana Torre and Charles Simonds. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St.—Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A show of paintings and sculptures by thirteen New York artists. Through April 25.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Performances at 8:30.—Rhys Chatham (music), Friday, April 17; Ingram Marshall (music), Saturday, April 18; an exhibition of collages by Izhar Patkin, through May 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 8, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Ara Berberian; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Dano Raffanti, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Batyah Godfrey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 2: An all-Wagner concert, comprising Act II of "Parsifal" and the Prelude and Love Duet from "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, and John Cheek. James Levine will conduct. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Gwynn Cornell, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Andrew Smith; James Levine. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 12, at 8: A concert program of excerpts from Wagner operas ("Die Meistersinger," "Die Walküre," "Götterdämmerung," and "Tristan und Isolde"), performed by Birgit Nilsson, Manfred Jung, and Simon Estes. James Levine will conduct. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 14, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, Sherrill Milnes, Ariel Bybee, and Batyah Godfrey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 15, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 17, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, Sherrill Milnes, Ariel Bybee, and Batyah Godfrey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, April 8: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, Samuel Ramey, and Rockwell Blake; conducted by Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 9: The company's première of Janáček's "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 10: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Kathleen Hegierski, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 11: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, Samuel Ramey, and Rockwell Blake; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 11: "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 12: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Carol Gutknecht, Diane Curry, Joseph Evans, and David Hall; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 12: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 14: "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, and Richard Fredricks; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 16: "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 17: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, Mimi Lerner, and Robert Hale; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 18: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Carol Gutknecht, Diane Curry, Joseph Evans, and David Hall; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 18: "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 26.)

New York Light Opera—Presenting Offenbach's "The Cat Who Turned Into a Woman" and "Hooray for Herbert: A Musical Bouquet." (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 691-1630. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6. Through Sunday, May 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Rafael Kubelik directing performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on Thursday, April 9, at 8; Friday, April 10, at 2; and Saturday, April 11, and Tuesday, April 14, at 8 (all with Benita Valente, soprano; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Paul Plishka, baritone; and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a Vivaldi-George Crumb-Haydn program Thursday through Saturday, April 16-18, at 8, and Tuesday, April 21, at 7:30 (all with Mindy Kaufman, piccolo; Kathleen Battle, soprano; Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Tom Krause, bass; and the New York Choral Artists).

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Victor Borge conducting a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Orchestra of Toulouse—Michel Plasson conducting an all-French program, with Philippe Entremont, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig—Kurt Masur conducting an orchestra appearing here for the first time. With Jorge Bolet, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting, with Mary Alderdice, harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Dale Monson conducting, with John Yin, piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 11, at 8, and Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—William Harwood conducting, with Franco Gulli, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Délibes's "Lakmé," in concert form, with Mariella Devia, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and the United States Coast Guard Academy Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 13, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Mozart's Mass in C Minor and Antonio Salieri's Mass in D Major, with Mary Burgess and April Evans, sopranos; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

Radcliffe Choral Society—Beverly Taylor directing. (Second Presbyterian Church, 6 W. 96th St. Saturday, April 11, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Choir of St. Ignatius Loyola and Bronx Arts Ensemble—Johannes Somary directing Mozart's Requiem and Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," with Dilys Smith, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Bob Fitz, tenor; and Thomas Hewes, bass. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Sunday, April 12, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

St. Thomas Choir—Gerre Hancock directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Jane Bryden, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Richard Anderson, bass; and the Levin Baroque Ensemble. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, April 14, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Bach's "St. John Passion"—musica sacra: Richard Westenburg directing, with Charles Bressler and James Hoback, tenors; Samuel Ramey and James Morris, basses; Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 7:30.) . . . **canterbury choral society:** Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with Ray DeVoll and Gary Glaze, tenors; Richard Crist and Stephen Owen, basses; Jennifer Barron, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Friday, April 17, at noon. No tickets necessary.)

Grace Church Choral Society—Frank Cedric Smith directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Dilys Smith, soprano; Anita Gatti, mezzo-soprano; Paul Spencer

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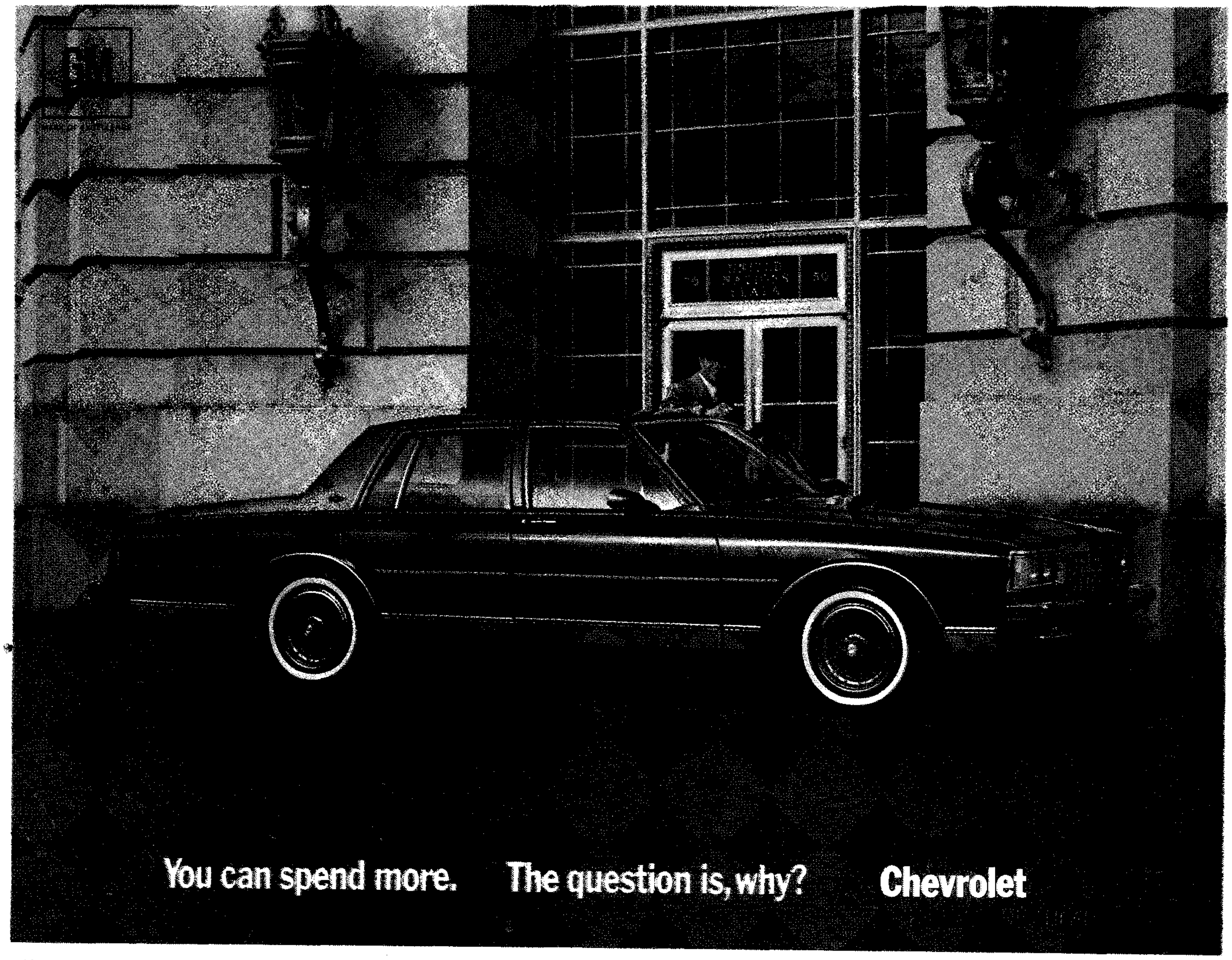

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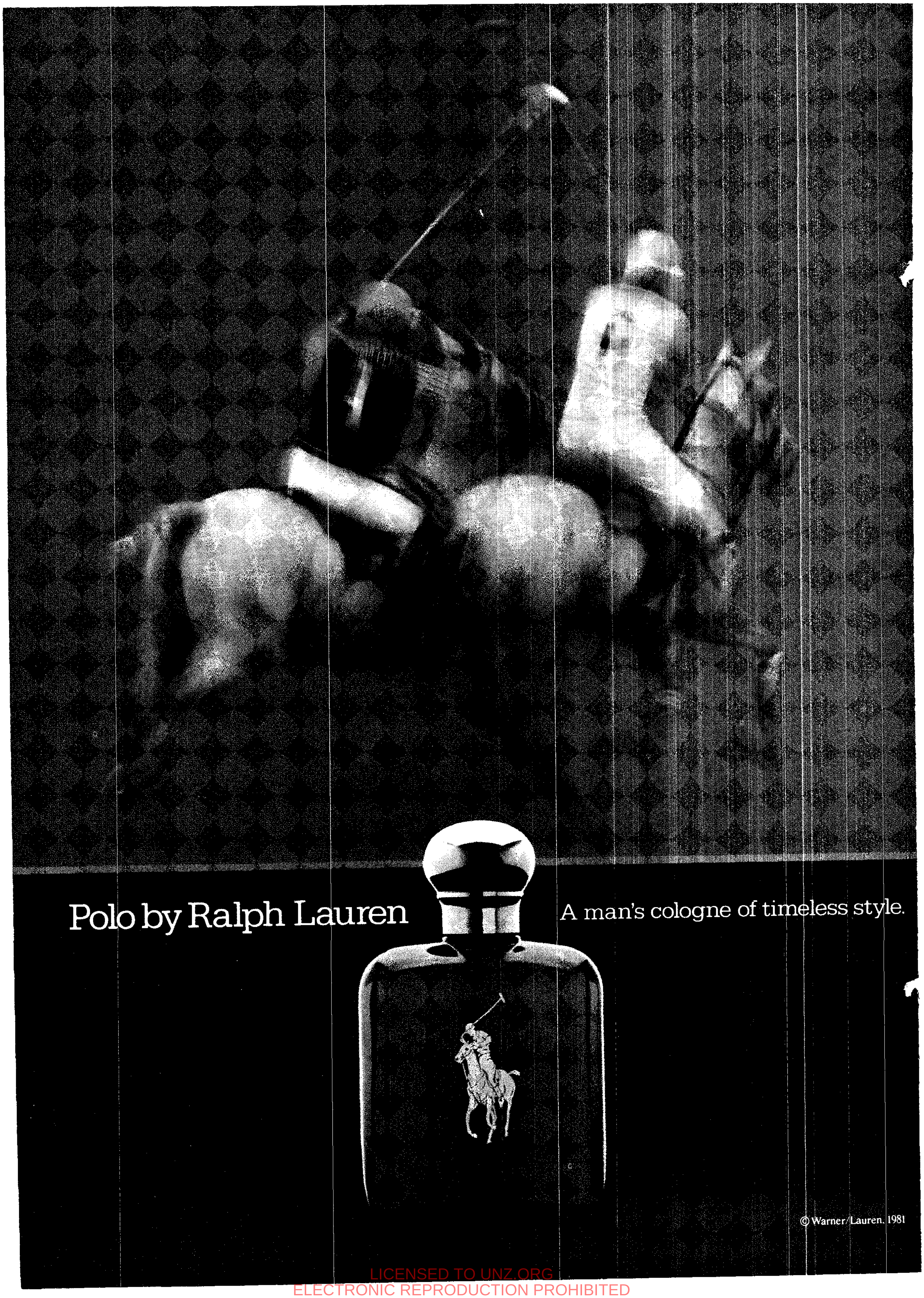
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Adkins, tenor; Stephen Sturk, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, April 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

André Watts—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Frederica von Stade—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Artur Balsam—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, April 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Folger Consort—A program of medieval and Renaissance music from Eastern Europe. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano, with Miriam Fried, violin; Paul Biss, viola; and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Robert Aitken and Erica Goodman—Flute and harp. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Daniel Waitzman—Flute. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century music. With Tod Machover, composer/conductor, and Nancy Bergman, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program entitled "William Byrd and His Age," with Julianne Baird, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Wendy Gillespie, viola da gamba; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 9, and Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The fifth in a series of six recitals presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ Chamber music. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 11, at 8. . . . Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, at 8, with Lynn Harrell, cello.)

Tokyo String Quartet and American String Quartet—Performing a program of music for quartets and octets. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 12, at 2.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second of three concerts presenting the complete Bartók cycle of string quartets, as well as quartets by Brahms. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 3.)

Joan Sutherland and Richard Bonynge—Soprano and piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Heinz Holliger—Oboe, with John-Steele Ritter, harpsichord/piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Nina Lelchuk—Piano, in a benefit program. (Central Synagogue, 123 E. 55th St. Sunday, April 12, at 3. For information about tickets, call 838-5122, Ext. 13.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Robert Routch, horn; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, April 13-14, at 7:30.)

Alfred Hart—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 5:45.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 8.)

Arkady Aronov—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, April 12, at 8.)

Philippe Entremont—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Monday, April 13, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times Building.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A program that includes the American première of Marc Neikrug's "Through Roses," performed by Jaime Laredo, viola; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; David Singer, clarinet; Jonathan Haas, percussion; and Sol Frieder, actor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 14-15, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program that includes the New York première of Joseph Schwantner's "Music of Amber." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 14, at 8.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The third in a series of five one-hour concerts, this one played by Paul-Martin Maki. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 5:30.)

Gustav Leonhardt—Harpsichord. (Medieval Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Wednesday, April 15, at 8.)

Galina Vishnevskaya and Mstislav Rostropovich—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 16, at 8.)

Charles Russo—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 16, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program entitled "An Easter Festival." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 18, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Opera Interviews—Nicolai Gedda being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, April 15, at 6. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

A Musical Tribute to Edgard Varèse—A program of his music performed by the Orchestra of Our Time. With commentary by Frank Zappa. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Benefit Concert—Christoph Eschenbach conducting members of the New York Philharmonic in an all-Mozart program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Mr. Eschenbach, piano. For the benefit of the New York University School of Social Work. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 7. For information about tickets, call 598-2618.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—First league games here—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Thursday, April 9, and Saturday and Sunday, April 11-12, all at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Tuesday through Thursday, April 14-16, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Saturday, April 18, at 2:05.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 18.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup preliminary playoffs—Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 11, at 9:05, and, if necessary, Sunday, April 12, at 7:35.) . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9, at 8:05, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 14, at 8:05.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 18. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 11, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 18.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Minnesota. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, April 12, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 17. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—T. Carmi reading in English and Hebrew from his new anthology "The Penguin Book of Hebrew Verse." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, April 13, at 8.) . . ¶ Louise Glück and Gregory Orr reading from their own works. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, April 14, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Jared Carter and Etheridge Knight reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, April 16, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

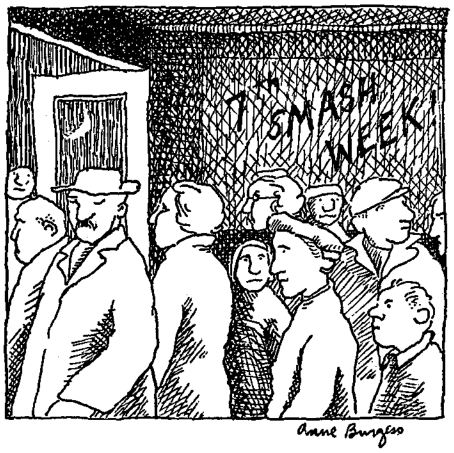
Debate—"Composer & Critic: Two Views of Their Responsibilities to the Art of Music and Its Public," between Charles Wuorinen and John Rockwell. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Monday, April 13, at 8.)

Walking Tour—"Upper Fifth Avenue: The Town House and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, April 12, starting at the Museum, Fifth Ave. at 104th St., at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At **sotheby's**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.) Saturday, April 11, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 14, at 10:15: Jewelry, from the estate of Mrs. Georges Lurcy. Exhibition starts Friday, April 10. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 14, at 2, and Wednesday, April 15, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry, from the collection of Elizabeth Gibson Robe and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, April 10. . . . **sotheby's**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, April 11, at 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 2, and Saturday, April 11, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces, including Tiffany glass and lamps, furniture, bronzes, and pottery. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 14, at 2, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, at 10:15 (continuing all day): Decorative works of art and furniture. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 11. . . . **christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, April 11, at 10: American pewter. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 2: American furniture, silver, and decorations. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 16, at 10: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 11.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"8½." (†) No performances on Monday, April 13.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through April 14: "The Wizard of Waukesha: A Film About Les Paul" (directed by Catherine Orentreich) and "Different Drummer: Elvin Jones" (Edward Gray), both documentary films.
From April 15: "Gal Young Un" (Victor Nunez), with David Peck.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 9: "Nine to Five" (†); and "Loving Couples" (Jack Smight), with Shirley MacLaine and James Coburn.
From April 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 16: "Raging Bull." (†)
From April 17: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 16: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.
From April 17: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 9: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.
From April 10: "Excalibur" (John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 16: "Fort Apache, the Bronx," (†)
From April 17: "Going Ape!" (Jeremy Joe Kronsberg), with Tony Danza and Jessica Walter.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 9: "Raging Bull." (†)
From April 10: "The Private Eyes" (Lang Elliott), with Tim Conway and Don Knotts.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Eyewitness." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through April 9: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.
From April 10: "Raging Bull." (†)

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through April 16: "Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletsky), a documentary about Jews in Poland prior to the Second World War.
From April 17: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 9: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.
From April 10: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through April 16: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.
From April 17: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through April 9: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.
From April 10: "Excalibur" (John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Atlantic City." (†)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 9: "The Elephant Man." (†)
April 10-16: "Resurrection." (†)
From April 17: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 9: "Holy Terror" (1977; Alfred Sole).
From April 10: "Raging Bull." (†)

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through April 9: "Eyes of a Stranger" (Ken Wiederhorn), with Lauren Tewes.
From April 10: "Star Wars." (†)

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 16: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.
From April 17: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill. From April 10: "The Private Eyes" (Lang Elliott), with Tim Conway and Don Knotts.
Theatre 2: Through April 9: "The Big Brawl" (Robert Clouse), with Jackie Chan and José Ferrer; and "Enter the Dragon." (†) From April 10: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through April 9: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
From April 10: "D.O.A." (directed by Lech Kowalsky), with the Sex Pistols.

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 9: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
From April 10: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 3: "Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)." (†)
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 16: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.
From April 17: "Alice in Wonderland." (†)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 14: "Fantasia." (†)
April 15-16: Theatre closed.
From April 17: "Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 9: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
From April 10: Three films directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini: "The Decameron" (1971), "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), and "The Arabian Nights" (1973).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French) with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Elephant Man." (†)

Lincoln Plaza, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: April 8: Theatre closed. From April 9: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 3: Through April 9: Theatre closed. From April 10: "La Drôlesse" (Jacques Doillon; in French), with Madeleine Desdevises and Claude Hebert.

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Confidence" (Istvan Szabó; in Hungarian), with Péter Andorai and Ildikó Bánsági.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 2: April 8: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (in Russian). From April 9: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "Holy Terror" (1977; Alfred Sole). From April 10: "Excalibur" (John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.
Theatre 2: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 3: "Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.
Theatre 4: Through April 9: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. From April 10: "Star Wars." (†)

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Melvin and Howard." (†)

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through April 16: "Resurrection." (†)
From April 17: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†) From April 10: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 9: "Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)." (†) From April 10: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder; and "Used Cars." (†)
Theatre 3: Through April 9: "Return of the

Secaucus 7" (John Sayles). From April 10: "Bye Bye Brazil" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through April 9: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†) From April 10: "Star Wars." (†)

Theatre 2: Through April 16: "The Final Conflict" (directed by Graham Baker), with Sam Neill. From April 17: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris.

Theatre 3: "Eyewitness." (†)

Theatre 4: Through April 16: "Raging Bull." (†) From April 17: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.

Theatre 5: Through April 9: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier. From April 10: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Theatre 6: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through April 9: "Ordinary People." (†) From April 10: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Theatre 3: Through April 16: "The Elephant Man." (†) From April 17: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

Theatre 4: Through April 9: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. From April 10: "Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)

Through April 16: "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

From April 17: "Alice in Wonderland." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Holy Terror" (1977; Alfred Sole).

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

"The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)

"Eyes of a Stranger" (Ken Wiederhorn), with Lauren Tewes.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Through April 9: "The Big Brawl" (Robert Clouse), with Jackie Chan and José Ferrer; and "Enter the Dragon." (†)

From April 10: "Excalibur" (John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Through April 9: "The Crazies" (1973; George A. Romero), with Lane Carroll.

From April 10: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)

Through April 9: "The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

From April 10: "The Private Eyes" (Lang Elliott), with Tim Conway and Don Knotts.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Through April 16: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

From April 17: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

April 8: "See You at Mao" (1970; directed by Jean-Luc Godard), a documentary film; and "A Married Woman" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Meril.

April 9: "El" (1952; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova; and another feature, to be announced.

April 10: "Femmes Fatales" (1976; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Rochefort, Bernard Blier, and Brigitte Fossey; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton.

April 11: "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Monty Python Meets Beyond the Fringe" (1979).

April 12: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Muriel." (†)

April 13: "Variety Lights" (1949; Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Giulietta Masins, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio; and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian).

April 14: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "Ohayo." (†)

April 15: "From Here to Eternity." (†)

April 16: "Pit of Loneliness" (1951; Jacqueline Audry; in French), with Edwige Feuillère and Simone Simon; and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow.

April 17: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Lea Massari; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields.

April 18: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

April 8: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, and Rod Taylor.

April 9: "The Fragrance of Wild Flowers" (1979) and "Petrijas' Wreath" (1980), both Yugoslav films, directed by Srdjan Karanovic, who will be present.

April 10: "Love and Death" (1975) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

April 11: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

April 12: "The Barkleys of Broadway" (1949; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Oscar Levant; and "High Society." (†)

April 13: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox.

April 14: "The Iceman Cometh." (†)

April 15: "Pandora's Box" (1929; G. W Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.

April 16: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström.

April 17: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "The Taming of the Shrew." (†)

April 18: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Wrong Box" (1966; Bryan Forbes), with John Mills, Ralph Richardson, Peter Sellers, and Michael Caine.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 9: "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams; and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.

April 10-11: "Richard Pryor in a Filmed Concert" (1979); and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974; John Magnuson), recorded in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco.

April 12-13: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

April 14: "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish).

April 15-16: "Dark Star" (1974; John Carpenter), with Brian Narelle; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.

April 17-18: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "How I Won the War." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 8: "A Piece of Pleasure" (1976; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Paul Gégauff and Danielle Gégauff; and "Le Boucher" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne.

April 9-11: "The Conversation" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman; and "Sleuth" (1972; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.

April 12-13: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.

April 14-15: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "The Garden of Delights." (†)

April 16: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

From April 17: "Breaking Glass" (Brian Gibson), with Hazel O'Connor.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 9: "The Go-Between" (1971; Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton; and "The Hireling" (1973; Alan Bridges), with Robert Shaw and Sarah Miles.

April 10-12: "The Three Musketeers" (1974) and "The Four Musketeers" (1975), both films directed by Richard Lester, with Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, and Richard Chamberlain.

April 13-15: "The Group." (†)

April 16-18: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 8: "Kind Lady" (1951; John Sturges), with Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans, and Keenan Wynn; and "The Story of Three Loves" (1953; Vincente Minnelli and Gottfried Reinhardt), with Kirk Douglas, James Mason, Pier Angeli, and Moira Shearer.

April 9-11: "Reunion in Vienna" (1933; Sidney Franklin), with John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard, Frank Morgan, and May Robson; and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

From April 12: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 8: "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, and Massayuki Mori.

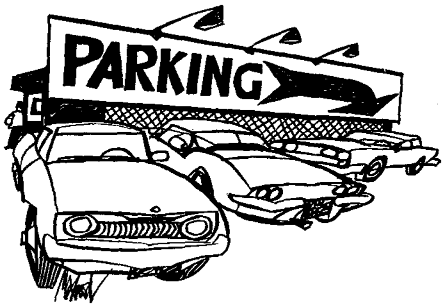
April 9: "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

April 10-11: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

April 12: "The French Line" (1954; Lloyd Bacon), with Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland, Arthur Hunnicutt, and Mary McCarthy; and "Macao." (†)

April 13: A program of jazz artists in filmed concerts.

April 14: "Fear" (1956; Roberto Rossellini),



with Ingrid Bergman; and "A Voyage to Italy." (†)

April 15: "The Rainmaker" (†) and "Break of Hearts." (†)

April 16: "Beat the Deva" (1980), "Hollywood's Musical Moods" (1980), and "Tap Dancing" (1979).

April 17-18: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Walkabout." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 8: "Passage to Marseille" (1944; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "High Sierra" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy.

April 9: "It" (1927; Clarence Badger; a silent film), with Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno; and "Blood and Sand" (1922; Fred Niblo; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino.

April 10: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everette Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

April 11-12: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941) and "Another Thin Man" (1939), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

April 13: "Day of Wrath" (†) and "Vampyr." (†)

April 14: "Hands Across the Table" (1935; Mitchell Leisen), with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, and Ralph Bellamy; and "True Confession." (†)

April 15: "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "Sidewalks of London." (†)

April 16: "The Beloved Rogue" (1927; Alan Crosland; a silent film), with John Barrymore; and "The Eagle." (†)

April 17-18: "Number Seventeen" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of documentary films produced at the National Film Board of Canada: April 9 at 2:30: "High Over the Borders" (1942; directed by Irving Jacoby), "Ordeal by Ice" (1945; Joe Gibson and David Mayervitch), "Listen to the Prairies" (1945; Gudrun Bjerring), and "Suffer Little Children" (1945; Sydney Newman). . . . April 9 at 6: "Churchill's Island" (1941), "The Mask of Nippon" (1942), "Battle Is Their Birthright" (1943), and "The Gates of Italy" (1943), all directed by Stuart Legg. . . . April 9 at 8:30: "When Asia Speaks" (1944; Stuart Legg), "Indochina" (1955; Morton Parker), and "Sad Song of Yellow Skin" (1970; Michael Rubbo). . . . April 10 at 2:30: "City of Gold" (1957; Wolf Koenig and Colin Low), "Women on the March, Part One: The Struggle for Equal Rights" (1958; Douglas Tunstell), and "Imperial Sunset" (1967; Josef Reeve). . . . April 10 at 6: "Totems" (1944; Laura Bolton), "Land of the Long Day" (1952; Doug Wilkinson), "The Longhouse People" (1950; Alan Wargon), and "Circle of the Sun" (1961; Colin Low). . . . April 11 at noon: "Paddle to the Sea" (1966) and "Song of the Paddle" (1978), both films directed by Bill Mason. . . . April 11 at 2:30: "When Asia Speaks," "Indochina," and "Sad Song of Yellow Skin." . . . April 11 at 5: "City of Gold," "Women on the March, Part One: The Struggle for Equal Rights," and "Imperial Sunset." . . . April 12 at noon: "Paddle to the Sea" and "Song of the Paddle." . . . April 12 at 2:30: "Paul Tomkowicz: Street-Railway Switchman" (1954; Roman Kroitor), "The Shepherd" (1956; Julian Biggs), "Les Raquetteurs" (1958; Gilles Groulx), and "The Days Before Christmas" (1958; Terence Macartney-Filgate, Stanley Jackson, and Wolf Koenig). . . . April 13 at noon: "Laugh Lines—A Profile of Kaj Pindal" (1979; Zina Heczko and Franco Battista), "Flash William" (1978; John Laing and Thom Burstyn), and "Bate's Car: Sweet as a Nut" (1974; Tony Ianzelo). . . . April 13 at 2:30: "Totems," "Land of the Long Day," "The Longhouse People," and "Circle of the Sun." . . . April 13 at 6: "Blood and Fire" (1958; Terence Macartney-Filgate), "Fishermen" (1959; Guy L. Côté), and "The Backbreaking Leaf" (1959; Terence Macartney-Filgate). . . . April 14 at noon: "Laugh Lines—A Profile of Kaj Pindal," "Flash William," and "Bate's Car: Sweet as a Nut." . . . April 14 at 6: "Last Days of Living" (1980; Malca Gillson). . . . April 16 at 2:30: "Blood and Fire," "Fishermen," and "The Backbreaking Leaf." . . . April 16 at 6: "Les Petites Soeurs" (1960; Pierre Patry), "Lonely Boy" (1961; Wolf Koenig and Roman Kroitor), and "Les Bucherons de la Manouane" (1962; Arthur Lamothe). . . . April 16 at 8:30: "Paul Tomkowicz: Street-Railway Switchman," "The Shepherd," "Les Raquetteurs," and "The Days Before Christmas." . . . April 17 at 2:30: "Les Petites Soeurs," "Lonely Boy," and "Les Bucherons de la Manouane." . . . April 17 at 6: "Steeltown" (1966; Wolf Koenig and Rex Trasker) and "Jour Après Jour" (1962; Clement Perron). . . . April 18 at noon: "Corral" (1954; Colin Low) and "In Search of the Bowhead Whale" (1974; Bill Mason). . . . April 18 at 2:30: "La Lutte" (1961; Michel Brault, Claude Jutra, Marcel Carrière, and Claude Fournier), "Golden Gloves" (1961; Gilles Groulx), and "Kindergarten" (1963; Guy L. Côté). . . . April 18 at 5: "You Don't Back Down" (1965; Don Owen), "The Things I Cannot Change" (1966; Tanya Ballantyne), and "Nell and Fred" (1971; Richard Todd). . . . ¶ Other, non-NFBC, films scheduled during this period: April 12 at 5 and April 14 at 2:30: "Manslaughter" (1922; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (288-9601)—Through April 12: A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. . . . ¶ Starting April 17: "Time Zones" (1980; Tom Zafian), a videotape installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Call desk for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—April 8 at 8: "Entr'acte" (1924; René Clair; a French silent film) and "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film). . . . ¶ April 9 at 3: A video program by Richard Foreman. . . . ¶ April 9-10 at 8: A video program by Michel Auder. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2: A video program by Anne Tardos. . . . ¶ April 11 at 8: A program of films by Peter Hutton, Lynn Gerry, and Chick Strand. . . . ¶ April 12 at 8: "Une Femme Douce" (1969; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 14 at 8: A video program by Richard Foreman. . . . ¶ April 15 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ April 15-17, all at 8: Three different programs of films by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ April 18 at 5:30: To be announced. . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: A program of films by Walter Gutman.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Guild, and Embassy 5; starting April 17.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeers' paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the ten or twelve major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Richard Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/81.) (Loews Tower East.)

Break of Hearts (1935)—Katharine Hepburn as a tender, guileless young composer, and Charles Boyer as a worldly, philandering symphony conductor. They marry, she leaves him in disillusionment, he drinks and goes to the dogs, she returns to save him. It's dreadful, turgid stuff, yet these two make something of it anyway. She's so intuitive and girlish and wistful that you want to conk her one, but she's so flamingly intense that you find yourself surrendering. With John Beal; Philip Moeller directed. (Thalia; April 15.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The movie is most inventive when they're in Italy and Albin, dressed as a peasant woman, is toiling in the fields among the women; he looks youthful and radiantly fulfilled—he really believes that he is one of them. Albin doesn't see what we can see: wherever he is and however he's dressed, he's so far into his fantasy that he looks like no one else. This film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse, Greenwich Playhouse 2, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Coal Miner's Daughter (1980)—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia; through April 9.)

Day of Wrath (1943)—It has been said that Carl Dreyer's art begins to unfold just at the point where most directors give up, and this psychological masterpiece, suggesting a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka, is proof. In

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Rate Chart

	ATLANTA	BOSTON	CHICAGO	CLEVELAND	DALLAS	DENVER	DETROIT	INDIANAPOLIS	MEMPHIS	MILWAUKEE	NEWARK	NEW HAVEN	NEW YORK	OMAHA	PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO
BOSTON	3.16															
CHICAGO	3.00	3.00														
CLEVELAND	3.00	3.00	2.99													
DALLAS	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.16												
DENVER	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.00											
DETROIT	3.00	3.00	2.83	2.50	3.16	3.16										
INDIANAPOLIS	2.99	3.00	2.66	2.83	3.00	3.16	2.83									
MEMPHIS	2.99	3.16	3.00	3.00	2.99	3.00	3.00	2.93								
MILWAUKEE	3.00	3.00	2.50	2.99	3.00	3.00	2.83	2.83	3.00							
NEWARK	3.00	2.83	3.00	2.99	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.00						
NEW HAVEN	3.00	2.50	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.00	2.50					
NEW YORK	3.00	2.66	3.00	2.99	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.00	0.78	2.34				
OMAHA	3.00	3.16	2.99	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	2.99	3.16	3.16	3.16			
PHILADELPHIA	3.00	2.83	3.00	2.99	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	2.50	2.66	2.50	3.16		
SAN FRANCISCO	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.33	
SEATTLE	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.00

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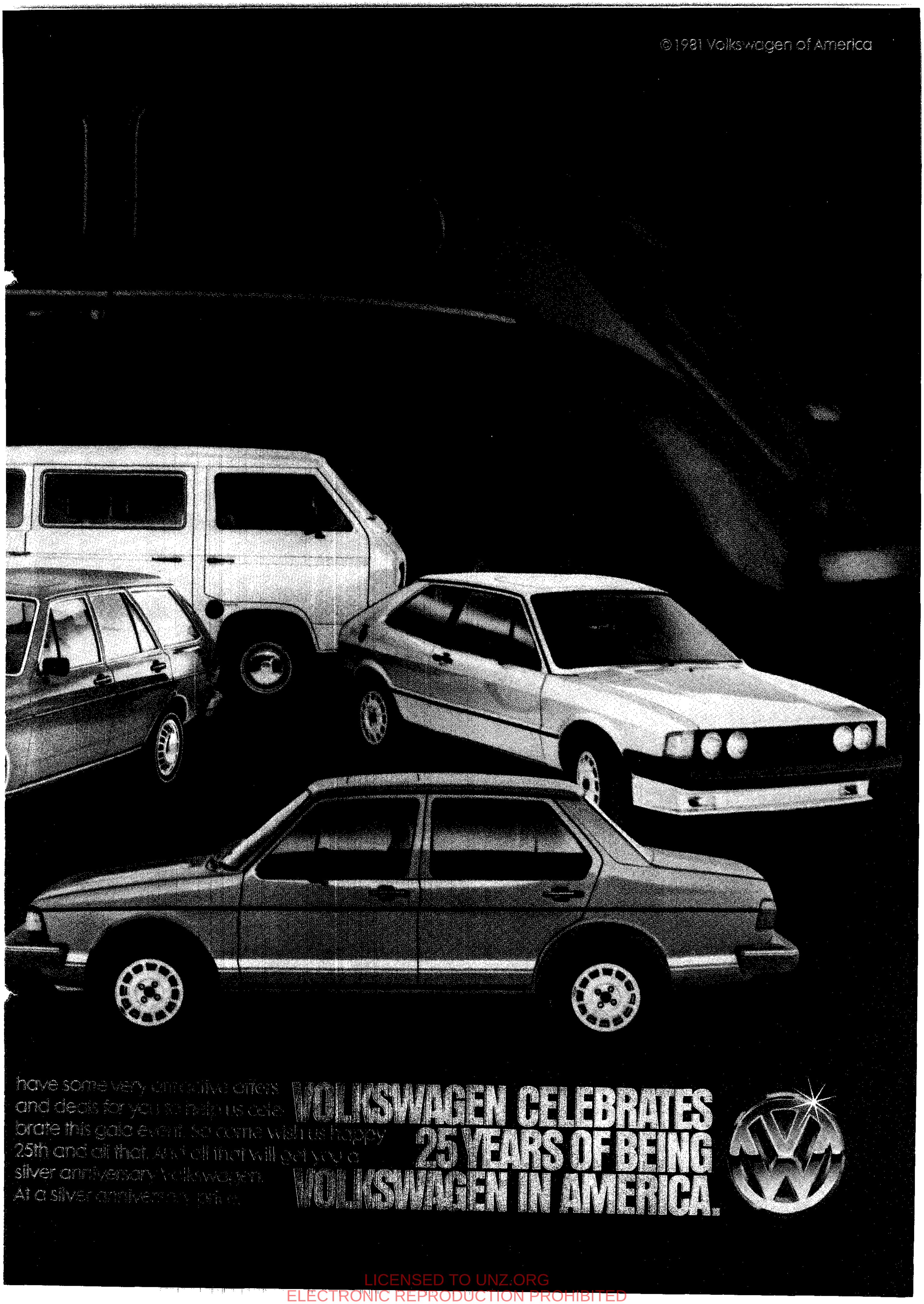
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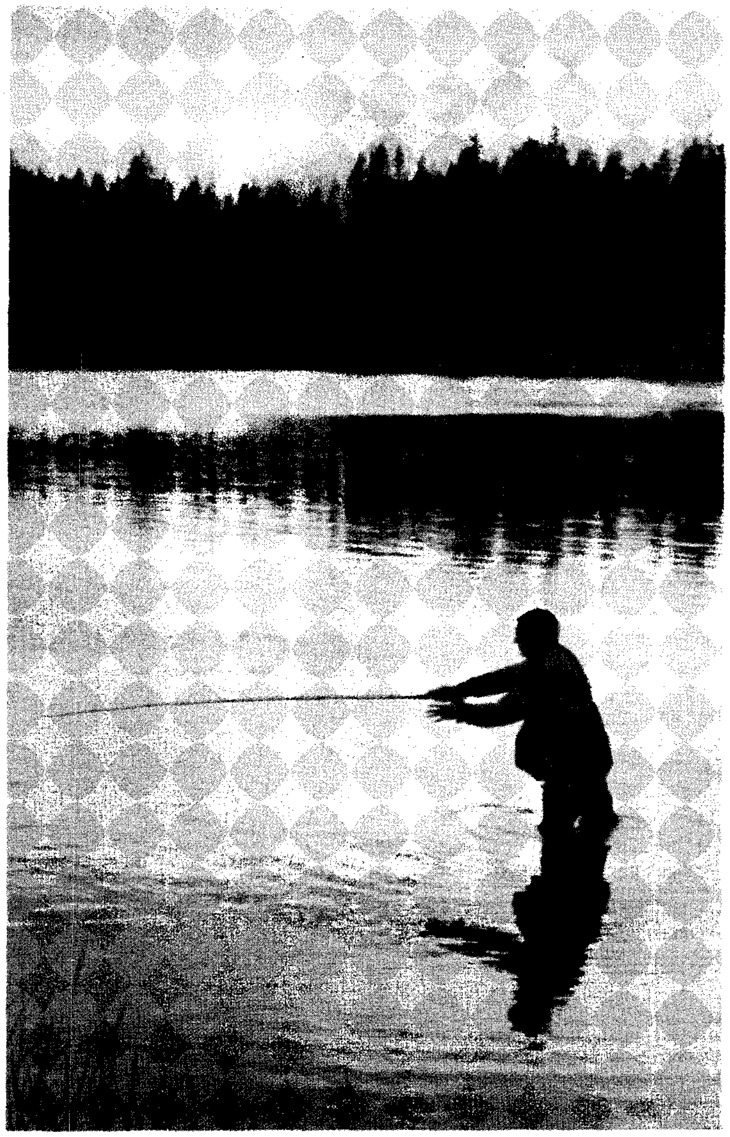

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death because of her love for his son. When she tells the pastor of her feelings, he suffers a stroke and dies, and at the funeral her mother-in-law denounces her as a witch. Accused of witchcraft, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be. As she is trapped, and all possibility of hope is stripped away from her, one's identification with her fear becomes unbearable; then Dreyer dissolves our terror as she is purified beyond even fear. The most intense, powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, it explores the erotic fears of the "witch" and her accusers. With Lisbeth Movin as the wife and Anna Svierkier as Marthe, the old woman who is arrested and burned at the stake in the great early sequences. Based on the play "Anne Pedersdotter," by Wiers Jensen; the musical arrangements of the "Dies Irae" (which gives the film its title) and the other fateful hymns are by Poul Schierbeck. Not shown outside Denmark until after the war; opened in this country in 1948. In Danish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)

The Eagle (1925)—Rudolph Valentino as a Cossack turned outlaw in the time of Catherine the Great (Louise Dresser). Clarence Brown directed; William Cameron Menzies did the sets. With Vilma Banky. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 16.)

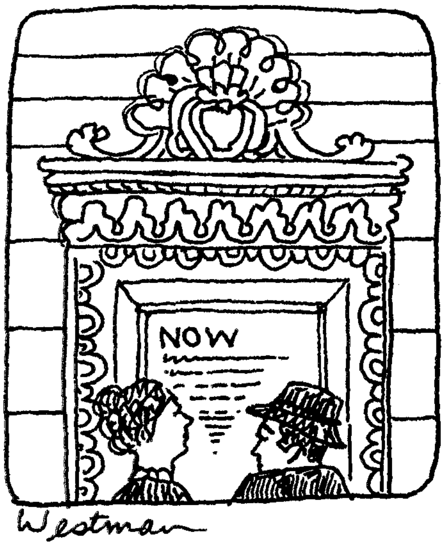
8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical phantasmagoria. Guido (Marcello Mastroianni), the director hero, is the center of the film's universe, the creator on whose word everything waits, the man sought after by everyone. He can do anything, and the possibilities confuse him. Just as "La Dolce Vita" confirmed popular suspicions about the depravity of the rich and gifted, "8½" confirms the popular view of the life of a *successful* genius. We see Guido's conflicts between his love for his wife, his desire for his mistress, his ideal of innocence, and his dreams of a harem, and we are given to understand that he must come to grips with himself as a precondition to "creation." The multi-ringed circus of "8½" is such a luxuriously externalized version of an artist's inner life that it's more like the fantasy of someone who wishes that he were a movie director—someone who has soaked up those movie versions of an artist's life, in which in the midst of a carnival or a ball the hero receives inspiration and dashes away to transmute life into art. It's a de-luxe glorification of creative crisis, visually arresting (the dark and light contrasts are extraordinary, magical) but in some essential way it's conventional-minded. The cast includes Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, Rossella Falk, Barbara Steele, Madeleine Lebeau, Guido Alberti as the producer, Jean Rougeul as the critic, Annibale Ninchi as Guido's father, and Edra Gale as La Saraghina. The cinematography is by Gianni Di Venanzo; the score is by Nino Rota; the script is by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, and others. In Italian. (Little Theatre. Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, April 13.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Paramount. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through April 9. . . . ¶ Embassy; through April 16.)

Enter the Dragon (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of schlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. But it's not all schlock: the slender, swift Bruce Lee was the Fred Astaire of martial arts, and many of the fights that could be merely brutal come across as lightning-fast choreography. With Jim Kelly, Ahna Capri, Bob Wall, Shih Kien, Angela Mao Ying, Yang Sze, Betty Chung, Geoffrey Weeks, and Peter Archer. Directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St., and National; through April 9.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. In order to pique her interest, he suggests that he may have been an eyewitness, and this fib of his makes the two of them targets for the killers, for those who seek to avenge the killing, for the police, and—it begins to seem—for every passerby. Maybe because of the moviemakers' failure to adapt and modernize forties conventions, something berserk happens: Weaver, Irene Worth, and Christopher Plummer, who are all playing Jews, play them like Nazis. They're intense, drawn, haggard, rich, and highly cultured—a stiff and sinister bunch. The movie is punctuated with frequent, inept cuts to a couple of Vietnamese thugs who sneak around eavesdropping, following people, and boding ill. There are good, funny moments, though, with Hurt, with Weaver (before she gets too pinched), with Morgan Freeman and Steven Hill as a cynical, griping team of police lieutenants, with Pamela Reed as the janitor's old girlfriend, and with Kenneth McMillan as the janitor's father. The cast includes James Woods and Albert Paulsen. (3/23/81) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring," garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld; through April 14.)



Fort Apache, the Bronx—It takes a long time for an actor to develop the assurance that the trim, silver-haired Paul Newman has acquired, and there's a bloom on everything he does in the role of Murphy, the veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. Heywood Gould's script, which is based on the accounts of two policemen (Thomas Mulhearn and Pete Tessitore), is an intricately designed mixture of street vaudeville and drama of conscience. The film has many of the ingredients of a shocking, memorable movie, but it's shallow and earnest. Its point is that Murphy's faith in the police is undermined by Morgan's racist action; Murphy can't understand how a cop could do such a horrible thing. For the movie to be really good he would have to understand all too well. It's a mess, with glimmerings of talent and with Newman's near-great performance. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (Loews New York 1, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through April 16. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 10.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—Prewitt, the bugler hero of James Jones' Dreiserian novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor, is a soldier who loves the Army (he's committed to be a thirty-year man), yet he believes that "if a man don't go his own way, he's nothin'." The conflict between his status and his determination to have his rights is the mainspring of the action. Jones' bulky book does such an honest job of storytelling that it triumphs over its pedestrian prose; the movie succeeds by the smooth efficiency of Fred Zinnemann's lean, intelligent direction, and by the superlative casting. Montgomery Clift's bony, irregularly handsome Prewitt is a hardhead, a limited man with a one-track mind, who's intensely appealing; Clift has the control to charm—almost to seduce—an audience without ever stepping outside his inflexible, none-too-smart character. Burt Lancaster has a role that's just about perfectly in his range as Sergeant Warden, the man's man who's also a ladies' man (the lady is Deborah Kerr); Frank Sinatra, in his first straight acting part, surprised audiences with a softly modulated, likable performance as Maggio, who loses his life because of his high spirits; Ernest Borgnine is the smiling, innocently murderous Fatso; Donna Reed is the respectable prostitute. This was the movie of its year, as "On the Waterfront" was to be the next year, and not just because each swept the Academy Awards, but because these films brought new attitudes to the screen that touched a social nerve; they weren't the same kind of winner as "Ben-Hur." Yet a displacement occurs in the course of the action: Prewitt's fate gets buried in the commotion of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. And Clift's innovative performance was buried in the public praise for Sinatra and Lancaster. It was almost as if the public wanted to forget Prewitt's troublesome presence. The remarkably compact screenplay is by Daniel Taradash. Produced by Buddy Adler, for Columbia; cinematography by Burnett Guffey. With Philip Ober, Harry Bellaver, and Mickey Shaugnessy. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 15.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Baronet.)

The Garden of Delights (1971)—A comedy about upper-middle-class greed by Carlos Saura, the director of "The Hunt." In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; April 14-15.)

The Group (1966)—Sidney Lumet turns Mary McCarthy's novel about the Vassar girls of '33 into a carelessly busy, likable, energetic film. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Elizabeth Hartman, Candice Bergen, Kathleen Widdoes, James Broderick, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. (Mini Cinema; April 13-15.)

High Society (1956)—Musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story" with Grace Kelly in the Hepburn role, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer, and Louis Armstrong, who, at the opening, does a fine scat-patter number explaining the plot. Everything that follows is a letdown. Charles Walters directed; the songs are by Cole Porter. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 12.)

How I Won the War (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed disastrously—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to the film of "Catch-22," though more British in subject and tone. At first, it seems daring for Lester and Wood to pick the Second World War—the war that many people consider a just war—for an attack on war. But the film concentrates on the class hatreds of British officers and men, who aren't engaged in defending London or in bombing Germany—they're dying in the course of building an officers' cricket pitch in Africa. The surreal vaudeville is painfully flat. With Michael Crawford as a modern Candide and bespectacled John Lennon as a Cockney soldier, and also with Roy Kennear, Jack MacGowran, Michael Hordern, and Alexander Knox. Based on a novel by Patrick Ryan; cinematography by David Watkins. (Cinema Village; April 17-18.)

The Iceman Cometh (1973)—Eugene O'Neill's great, heavy, simplistic, mechanical, beautiful play has been given a straightforward, faithful production in handsome, dark-toned color. A filmed play like this one doesn't offer the sensual excitement that movies *can* offer, but you don't go to it for that; you go to it for O'Neill's crude, prosaic virtuosity, which is also pure American poetry, and for the kind of cast that rarely gathers for a stage production. The characters are drunken bums and whores who have found sanctuary in Harry Hope's flophouse saloon; each has a pipe dream that sustains him until Hickey, the salesman—the "iceman"—who attempts to free them all by stripping them of their lies and guilt, takes the life out of them. The play is essentially an argument between Larry, an aging anarchist (Robert Ryan), and Hickey (Lee Marvin); Larry speaks for pity and the necessity of illusions, Hickey for the curative power of truth. They're the two poles of consciousness that O'Neill himself is split between. Larry, a self-hating alcoholic, is a weak man and a windbag, but Ryan brings so much understanding to Larry's weakness that the play achieves new dimensions. Ryan becomes O'Neill for us; he has O'Neill's famous "tragic handsomeness" and the broken-man jowls, too, and at the end, when Larry is permanently "iced"—that is, stripped of illusion—we can see that this is the author's fantasy of himself: he alone is above the illusions that the others fall back on. He is tragic, while the others, with their restored illusions, have become comic. Yes, it's sophomoric to see yourself as the one who is doomed to live without illusions, yet what O'Neill does with this sophomoric conception is masterly. And Ryan (who died shortly afterward) got right to the boozy, gnarled soul of the play. The film is marred by the central miscasting of Lee Marvin (he's thick, somehow, and irrelevantly vigorous, and his big monologue doesn't register at all), but it isn't destroyed. Though the characters are devised for a thesis and we never lose our awareness of that, they are nevertheless marvellously playable. Fredric March interprets Harry Hope with so much quiet tenderness that when Harry regains his illusions and we see March's muscles tone up, we don't know whether to smile for the character or the actor. And there are Jeff Bridges as Parritt, Bradford Dillman as Willie (you can almost taste his joy in the role), and Martyn Green, George Voskovec, Sorrell Booke, Moses Gunn, Tom Pedi, and John McLiam as Jimmy Tomorrow. Directed by John Frankenheimer tactfully but not very probingly. Produced by Ely Landau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 14.)

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Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formation in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, threesies. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia.)

Macao (1952)—One of the less amusing of the steamy melodramas that Howard Hughes produced. Jane Russell is a sultry, philosophical chanteuse who works at the Club Quick Reward. She's romantically involved with Robert Mitchum, and involved in other ways with Brad Dexter, Gloria Grahame, William Bendix, and Thomas Gomez. Joseph von Sternberg started this one, and Nicholas Ray finished it up. (Thalia; April 12.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (New Yorker 1. . . . ¶ Waverly, and Festival; through April 9.)

Muriel (1963)—Alain Resnais's experiment in fragmented flashback and flash-forward editing. The fragmentation, probably intended as a comment on modern life, is more irritating than illuminating. Delphine Seyrig is the forty-year-old antique dealer in whose symbolic shop (where she also lives) time and memory are scrambled and chopped up. Script by Jean Cayrol; music by Hans Werner Henze, sung by Rita Streich. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 12.)

Nine to Five—A feminist revenge fantasy in which three office workers—Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton (in her film début), and Jane Fonda—each with a complaint against the lecherous petty-tyrant boss (Dabney Coleman), kidnap him, get the business humming, and institute reforms, such as equal pay for equal work, flexible hours, hiring the handicapped, and providing day-care services. Tomlin confirms herself as a star whenever she gets the material, and Dolly Parton's dolliness is very winning, but it's easy to forget that Jane Fonda is around—she seems to get lost in the woodwork. The director, Colin Higgins, is a young fossil who sets up flaccid, hand-me-down gags as if they were hilarious, and damned if the audience doesn't laugh. Written by Patricia Resnick and then reworked by Higgins. (3/9/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 9.)

Ohayo (1958)—Fairly funny color comedy by Ozu about modern middle-class life. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 14.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Sutton, Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. The impulsiveness and raw flamboyance that make the book exciting are missing, and the cool, elegant visuals (Sven Nykvist is the cinematographer) outclass the characters right from the start. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a run-through of his overdeliberate sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" as though still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) As Cora, who does the cooking at her husband's roadside café, Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. She looks good-sized—muscular but rounded—and with her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. The film needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in the sex scenes, but the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest. So things go downhill. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (Coronet, and Loews State 1.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through April 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Criterion Center; through April 16. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, and U. A. East; starting April 10.)

The Rainmaker (1956)—The cowtown spinster suffering from drought is Katharine Hepburn, and the man who delivers the rain is Burt Lancaster. The casting is just about perfect. Lancaster has an athletic role, in which he can also be very touching. The con man isn't a simple trickster; he's a poet and dreamer who needs to convince people of his powers. Hepburn is stringy and tomboyish, believably plain yet magically beautiful. This is a fairy tale ("The Ugly Duckling") dressed up as bucolic comedy and padded out with metaphysical falsies, but it is also genuinely appealing, in a crude, good-spirited way, though N. Richard Nash, who wrote both the play and the adaptation, aims too solidly at lower-middle-class tastes. Once transformed, the heroine rejects the poet for the deputy sheriff (Wendell Corey); if there were a sequel, she might be suffering from the drought of his imagination. With Lloyd Bridges, Earl Holliman, Cameron Prud'homme, and Wallace Ford. The director is Joseph Anthony, who also staged it on Broadway. (Thalia; April 15.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (New Yorker 2; through April 16. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; April 10-16.)

Sidewalks of London (1938)—Vivien Leigh in her pre-Scarlett O'Hara days, as a lovely young sidewalk entertainer who rises in the world and lands a Hollywood contract. The star of this draggy piece is Charles Laughton, as a busker. It is not one of his major—or even engaging—performances, and toward the end he turns to whining. Directed by Tim Whelan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 15.)

Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (Loews Orpheum 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center; starting April 10.)

The Taming of the Shrew (1967)—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 17.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

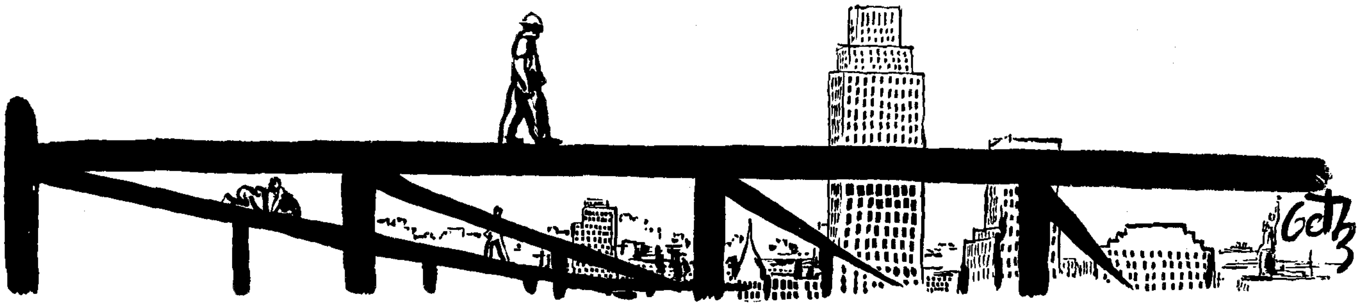
True Confession (1937)—It rarely turns up, though it's one of the most likably delirious of Carole Lombard's screwball comedies. She plays an extravagant, compulsive liar—a young wife whose confession to a murder fools even her prim lawyer husband (Fred MacMurray). John Barrymore, who had brought out Lombard's slapstick talent in "Twentieth Century," plays an eccentric, tippling criminologist and swipes the picture; "She'll fry," he chuckles to himself during her trial. The characters of the husband and wife are too simplified and their comic turns too forced, but the general giddiness and Barrymore keep the picture going. The director, Wesley Ruggles, was one of the original Keystone Cops; Claude Binyon adapted the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr. With Una Merkel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14.)

Used Cars—A classic screwball fantasy—a neglected modern comedy that's like a more restless and visually higher-spirited version of the W. C. Fields pictures. (The Fields' title "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" sums up the theme.) The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his co-writer and producer, Bob Gale, have developed a homegrown surrealism out of earlier American slapstick routines. Set in the world of competing used-car dealers in the booming Southwest, this picture has a wonderful, energetic heartlessness; it's an American tall-tale movie in a Pop Art form. The premise is that honesty doesn't exist; if you develop a liking for some of the characters, it's not because of their freedom from avarice but because of their style of avarice. Kurt Russell is the hero: a fast-talking supersalesman who's so rambunctiously, ingeniously crooked that he's a standout—a star in the world of the mendacious. With Jack Warden as twin brothers who run rival lots across the street from each other, and Gerrit Graham, Frank McRae, Deborah Harmon, Al Lewis, Alfonso Arau, Harry Northup, and David L. Lander and Michael McKean as the electronic wizards who devise a way to cut into a Presidential address with used-car commercials. Cinematography by Donald M. Murgan; editing by Michael Kahn. (11/10/80) (Olympia; starting April 10.)

Vampyr (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly and meretricious that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears; dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)

A Voyage to Italy (1953)—Roberto Rossellini made this study of a marriage in trouble, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; in the film's finest scene, the couple visit Pompeii and see two petrified embracing bodies that have just been uncovered. An influential film (there are echoes of it in both Godard's "Contempt" and Bergman's "The Touch"), which is deeply marred by banality and clumsiness. In Italian. (Thalia; April 14.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Thalia; April 17-18.)



FLOWER SHOW
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN a hopeful concatenation of events last week, the world learned of the settlement in Poland between the Solidarity movement and the government there at about the same time it learned that President Reagan had survived his bullet wound and was cheerfully talking with his family and his doctors. By sheer coincidence, East and West, having gone to the edge of two abysses—in the East, the possible invasion of Poland by the Soviet Union; in the West, the possible loss of the President of the United States to an assassin's bullet—simultaneously edged back, giving the world two large reasons for optimism and relief.

The settlement in Poland, in which Solidarity called off a nationwide strike in return for the government's agreement to take action against those responsible for the recent beating of Solidarity members in the city of Bydgoszcz and to set up commissions to study other demands, by no means ended the crisis there, and the peril of Soviet invasion remained great, but it afforded hope that the democratic revolution under way in Poland could unfold peacefully. At any rate, it showed that the Poles have the ability to work out their differences among themselves, if only the Soviets permit them to do so. If Poland does succeed in achieving something like democracy, though perhaps not true national independence, a political miracle will have occurred. Such a turn of events would mark the first time that the grip of totalitarian rule on a country had been broken except by war, and would very possibly be the beginning of the end of the Soviet empire in Eastern Europe. (The dilemma faced by the Soviets is that with or without military intervention they may now lose Eastern Europe, so that their actual choice may be between its violent loss and its peaceful loss. If that really is the choice, then the Solidarity movement, which is dedicated to peaceful change in Poland, may be a boon to the Soviets.) The Poles appear to be on their way to devising a new style of revolution. Revolutions have always required strong means to achieve their ends, and as often as not the means has been violence. Now and then, as in the American Revolution, the revolutionaries have found a way to lay down their arms when the revolution has succeeded, but in most cases the violence born in rebellion has continued in the form of violent rule. The recent revolution in Vietnam is a telling example. Like the Poles, the Vietnamese were nationalists who tried, in the latter stage of their revolution, to rid themselves of control by a superpower—in their case, the United States. As in Poland, the revolution enjoyed great support from the people and gained its basic strength from that support. But, unlike the Poles, the Vietnamese resorted to violence, and even to terror. Following the example of the Chinese Communists, they applied violence at the local level in support of political goals, and largely avoided set-piece battles with conventional forces. But if this potent technique had the advantage of basing military strength on popular support, it had the disadvantage of so politicizing and brutalizing daily life that when the Vietnamese revolutionaries came to power they were either unable or unwilling to return to the ways of peace. The new Vietnamese government in a sense continued to make war, now against a section of the population it ruled, and before long the seas around Vietnam were filled with tens of thousands of "boat people" fleeing their country.

The Poles have gone about things in a different way. They have been nonviolent, but to say only this does not describe their method. They appear to have discovered nothing less than a new principle of action. It is simply *to be what you want to become.* Thus, if you want to have free elections, begin by freely electing someone; if you want to have free speech, speak freely; if you want to have a trade union, found a trade union. The Poles have discovered that if enough people act in this way, the very foundations of the unwanted government begin to dissolve, even while it retains a monopoly on the means of violence. By forgoing violence altogether, the Solidarity movement has carried the localization and politicization of war practiced in guerrilla warfare one step farther, and localized the struggle within the heart and mind of each person. It seems that once the battle has been won on that ground, and people have begun to act on their new convictions, the powers of the society have little choice but to rearrange themselves accordingly. Considered in terms of the old categories of means and ends in revolutionary strategy, the Polish method emerges as a sort of shortcut, in which the Poles are skipping over the stage of means and moving directly to the stage of ends. And in doing so

they seem to be avoiding the old revolutionary pitfall of corrupting or destroying their ends with their means. The Polish revolutionaries have a long and arduous path ahead of them, but if the miracle occurs and one day they do somehow win control over their own affairs, the world will not have to receive a flood of boat people the day after.

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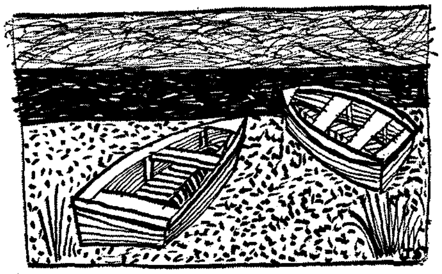
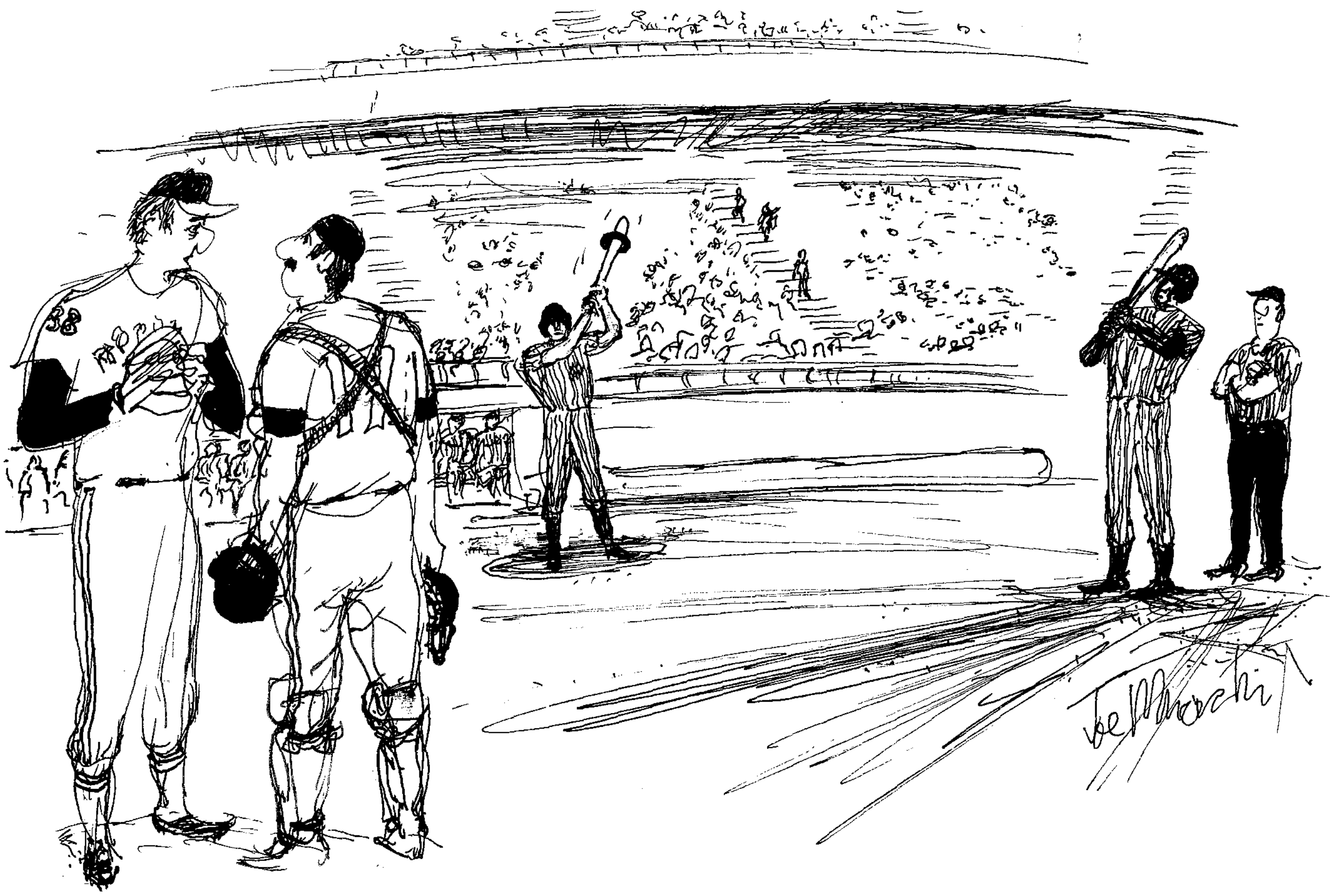
Animal Walk

IT'S not every night one gets a chance to lope through the Queens Midtown Tunnel at 3:30 A.M. in the company of twenty elephants, twenty-six horses, five ponies, two camels, and a mule named Dixie, with a police escort fore and aft, but this happened to us one night last week, when we went over to Queens to watch the unloading of the animals from the train aboard which the Red Show unit of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus (there is also a Blue Show unit) had travelled up from Baltimore. The unloading took place at Jackson Avenue and Twenty-first Street, Long Island City, in the yards behind the Long Island Rail Road freight offices—little-used yards, by the look of things; there was a great deal of track inspection before the train came in. (The old West Side tracks, where the Ringling Brothers train used to park, have been done away with, to make way for the new Convention Center.) We arrived at eleven—*much* too early—and found the freight offices closed, a lone figure waiting in the yard, and an all-night diner handy on the nearest corner. The lone figure, who looked like a young Wally Cox, told us that his name was Ken Chandler, that he was a graduate of Eckerd College, in St. Petersburg, Florida, and that he had been with the circus for two and a half years, working for the wardrobe department and doubling as a working man. He had come overland, he said, and added that this was a circus term meaning to travel by means other than the circus train. He went on to explain that working men used to be called roustabouts, but they don't have to roust about as much as they used to, because there are no big tents to set up, and they now just call themselves working men. It began to drizzle, and, with Chandler, we moved to that handy diner, where we learned that this year the circus personnel, who live on the train, are going to be doing so out at Shea Stadium, and will be moved in to Madison Square Garden and back by the Long Island Rail Road. We said nothing at first. Then we wished them luck. The Ringling Brothers train, which used to have between seventy-five and a hundred cars, now has just thirty-nine, but it may still be the largest privately owned train in the world. The circus takes six or seven hours to set up, depending on conditions in the arena—particularly the ceiling. "The best ceiling is a whole bunch of beams and girders," Chandler said. "Then you can just hook everything on to them. Rigging is the worst part of setting up the show, and when there are only those little hooks in the ceiling it's a tedious and time-consuming job." At the Garden, otherwise ideal for circuses, the working men have to keep doing partial teardowns for the various sporting and other events that go on there while the circus is in town. "Actually, though, all we have to do is get everything out of the center and then just pull up the rigging," Chandler said. He also told us that most of the working men are American, and most of the performers are foreign; that the teeterboard people are *always* Eastern European; that the animals love to travel; and that the Red Show has no lions. Looking out the diner window, we saw another figure in the yards, and we went back out there. The figure, which had lots of curly hair and wore a three-piece suit, turned out to be Kevin Cantwell, of the Public Affairs Department of the L.I.R.R. He announced that the train was late—how late, he didn't say—and that twenty-six cars were going to Shea Stadium and thirteen to where we were standing. Other people began to arrive—members of the press, the police, the curious, and Mr. David Baxley, Director of Public Information for the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority. Mr. Baxley was in charge of the tunnel arrangements, which included closing the north tube to traffic when the parade reached the toll booths. He was allowing an hour for the passage, he said, adding, "But perhaps it won't take that long. I've never clocked an elephant." At one o'clock, the circus train was sighted, and so was Gunther Gebel-Williams, the superstar of Ringling Brothers. He arrived overland, in a truck, with his ten-year-old son, Buffy—both of them wiry blonds, both of them wearing Yankee baseball caps, and both of them old hands with the press. Ken Chandler said that the working men have a lot of respect for Mr. Gebel-Williams. He works. He works as a working man just as hard as he does as a superstar. He handles the cats, the elephants, and the horses, and will take on practically anything else that needs doing.



At two o'clock, after an hour of backing and filling, dividing and joining, harrumphing and puffing, three sections of the train finally pulled in on three adjacent tracks and, with loud, gusty sighs, stopped. The train had left Baltimore at eight-thirty the previous morning and was supposed to have arrived at nine-thirty in the evening, but the circus train has to give way to other trains, because it is so long. Nowadays, instructions for unloading are issued over walkie-talkies rather than signalled by lanterns and flares. We caught sight of part of an elephant's trunk through a small window. A sliding door opened nearby, revealing Mr. Gebel-Williams, who began to pitch bales of straw out onto the platform. The ramps were set in place, and the horses, scrambling and skittish, were led down them. Horses may love to travel, but they don't like glaring camera lights. After the horses (and the ponies and the mule named Dixie) came the camels, who did not look as though getting there had been half the fun, and then the elephants. The elephants come down the ramps on their own. First, one enormous hoof is extended and placed delicately on the ramp, in a manner suggesting an old lady testing the water; then another hoof is placed, somewhat more confidently, in front of the first one. The forty-seven cats, in their forty-seven cages, are transported to the Garden by truck, for obvious reasons. The llamas also go by truck, for a less obvious reason: like most of us, they get sore feet walking on pavement. Some of the media people chose to travel to Manhattan by elephant. The parade was quickly formed, with the elephants first in line, holding hands in the elephant manner—trunk entwined with tail of the guy in front. Gebel-Williams *père et fils* led the animal walkers. (There are eighteen walkers, supplemented by five or six Germans who came over with Mr.



“I am a little nervous. It’s the first time I’ve ever pitched to two millionaires back to back.”

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Gebel-Williams twelve years ago as assistants.) At three-fifteen, we were off, to the sound of cracking whips and shouts in English, German, and pidgin elephant—the language that the walkers use to communicate with their charges. It’s nearly three miles from the railroad yards to the Garden. The night had turned clear, and the air smelled good. We proceeded at a brisk clip. When we reached the toll booths, a problem arose: the Tunnel Authority had decreed that only the circus vehicles were to be charged, not the animals, but if the elephants went through the toll, they would set off the treadle and become scofflaws. What to do? While this was being discussed, the lead elephant got down and stood on its head, to the astonishment of the people in cars in the eastbound lanes. The authorities finally decided to back the animals up and walk them around the toll booths, in the emergency lane. Going through the Queens Midtown Tunnel with the sweet, strong smell of animals in the nose instead of exhaust fumes is heady stuff. It was touch and go whether a mounted reporter from one of the metropolitan dailies would make it through the tunnel without an attack of *mal d’éléphant*, but he did—ashen but O.K. Once through the tunnel, the parade turned south, then west on Thirty-fourth Street, where police cars were parked across each intersection. It is an exhilarating experience to ignore red lights for reasons other than being in an ambulance. There aren’t a whole lot of people on Thirty-fourth Street between three and four in the morning: a few pedestrians, an occasional passing car, a night watchman peering out of his door with a big grin on his face. The passersby all said “Good morning!” out of sheer pleasure at the sight of these beautiful animals walking through the streets. The difference between an animal walk at night and an animal walk in the daytime is that before dawn there is no hype. It’s the working circus, and one has the peace and the time to observe the exquisite organization, the individual animals, and the way the men handle the animals, each other, and the onlookers. The working men are serious, funny, some of them very rough, all of them aware that they are on view, but not showing off. It’s the television camera that brings out the ham in everyone, from the mule named Dixie on up. When the animals reached the Garden, the elephants didn’t do any tricks, as they usually do. It was 4 A.M., and even though elephants need only five hours’ sleep, it had been a long day and night. As the last pony went into the Garden, she shied. Her walker said gently, “Darling, cut it out. We’re there now.”

Desk

ON the West Side, on weekday afternoons, we often come across artist, actor, or writer friends heading out along Broadway on missions to Zabar’s or the cleaners. One day last week, we met a writer we know, and she was looking fairly agitated. She told us why:

I haven’t been able to write a word today. The man who built my desk showed up with a photographer—to get pictures for his portfolio, he said. He called to inform me they were on their way, and I had a mad scramble to get my cozy bird’s-nest piles of notes and scraps of newspaper cleared tidily off the top and into drawers. I’ll never find anything again, I just know. I have this enormous, panelled, J. P. Morganish desk, and I really love it, because it feels so reassuring, somehow, and has plenty of room to pile stuff on. But I think that the man who made the desk believes, deep down, that it's really his. The silly thing is that until today he hadn't even seen it since I had it painted pink. Anyway, I'd just got the top of it clear when the doorbell rang and there they were—a bouncy, curly-haired woman with a camera bag and then my carpenter, marching in with her tripod under his arm. "Oh, my God!" he said when he saw that shining rosy paint. Then he walked slowly around the desk and started stroking it, in a protective sort of way. I'm glad the photographer was taking in the whole effect. "The pink is *great*," she said. "Especially next to those shiny black bookcases. I'm really into interiors right now. Oh, it's very interesting in here—so intimate and personal. Take this corner over here, with the chaise. Don't you think it looks just like Paris?" "Rome," said the carpenter, cheering up a bit. He likes to be thought a man of taste, not an ordinary furniture-builder at all. The two visitors went on tossing comments back and forth, almost as though I didn't exist.

Then the photographer wedged herself in between two bookcases, where no human being had ever before thought to stand, and put her eye to the camera. She began gesturing to the man, and he adjusted things—moving the bowl of daffodils six inches to the left, making out of a disorderly stack of books two chic, neat pyramids topped by the most photogenic jackets, which he dusted off with his sleeve. "This angle works out fine," said the photographer. "And I really like the light in here." Solemnly, the two of them looked down at the floor, where a gold patch of sunlight unfurls diagonally most days, checkered by the small panes of the window, and with dappled shadows thrown by the ficus leaves. "Here," the woman said to me, quite firmly. "Come see this great shot I've got here." I squeezed into her place and, bending awkwardly to the tripod, put my eye to the viewfinder. The bright, elastic image of an unfamiliar room sprang out. I could see an empty chair, a stack of white paper, a typewriter. This tidy, self-conscious place belonged to some writer unknown to me; here was a room from someone else's dream. But then I recognized my very own desk—looking more massive than ever, stretching out toward the blackness of the bookshelves in a seemingly endless vista of gleaming pink.

Worner Revisited

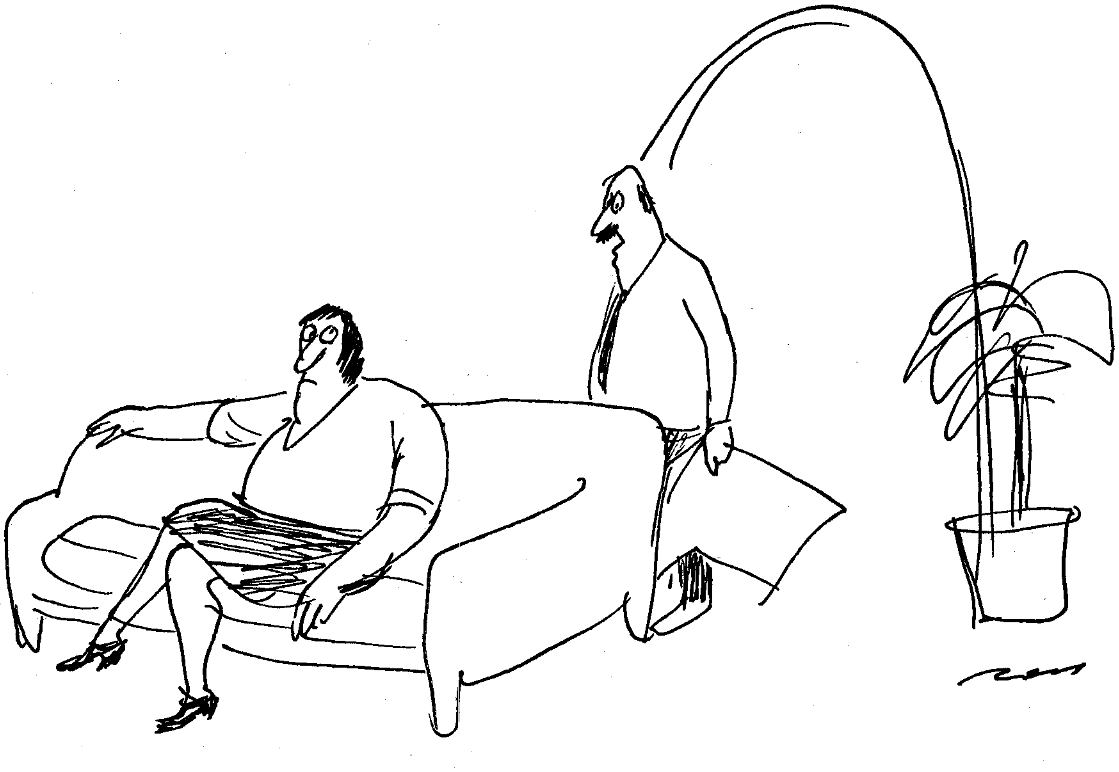
IT'S been nearly a quarter of a century since we last recounted some of the breathless adventures of Ted Worner, the press agent who was wont to promote channel swimmers, give away race horses, and chant paeans to cold-water soap. When we heard that Worner had recently edited and published a one-shot illustrated tabloid called the *Reagan Times*—which he padded to forty pages by listing the casts of all the President's movies and the names of a hundred and twelve other people born in Reagan's natal year of 1911, among them Dizzy Dean, Jean Harlow, and Georges Pompidou—we sought him out again. Mr. Worner, natty in a glen-plaid three-piece suit, said right off, "I send my people all over the world nowadays, but I will never, as long as I live, send anybody to Birmingham, Alabama."

"About the *Reagan Times*—" we said.

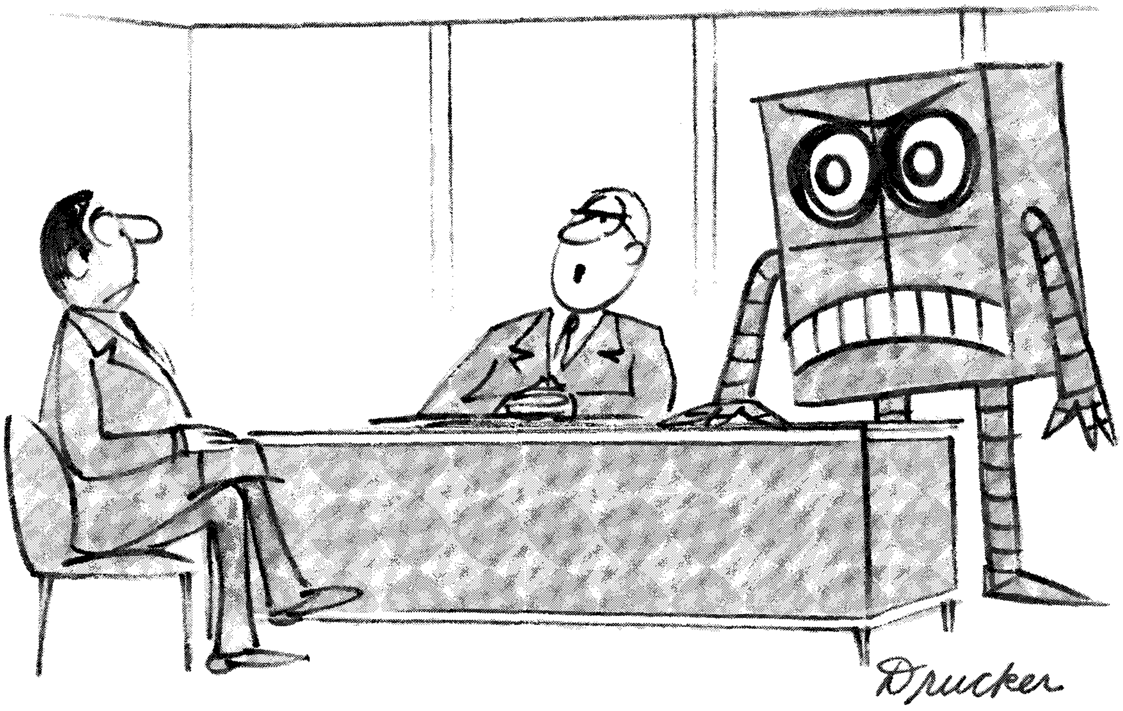
"I had a nasty run-in with Police Commissioner Bull Connor's cops in Birmingham back in 1953," Worner plunged on, "when I attempted some reverse integration by putting whites on my Jackie Robinson barnstorming baseball team. Two of the Commissioner's emissaries told me that if Bull wasn't afraid to shove a cigar down the mouth of a United States Senator—I believe Glen Taylor, of Idaho, was the gentleman in question—he could certainly figure out some way to handle me if I brought my mixed team to town. Jackie persuaded me to leave my whites in Chattanooga, but I still have this thing about Birmingham. Did I ever tell you about the time when Jackie, when he was a big-league star, bet me fifteen dollars he could beat me in a race across a cow pasture—I on a motorcycle and he running backward? He won. It was a bumpy field, and, besides, I had to slow down on the curves. Imagine Jackie Robinson risking a broken leg at the height of his career to take fifteen bucks off me!"

"About the *Reagan Times*—"

"I guess we haven't talked since my millionth-run promotion," Mr. Worner continued. "This young lad from Westport, Connecticut, who was a sports freak, like me, was given a



"*Bernard Meltzer told me to tell you I love you. I love you.*"



"Can you handle computers? We've got computers acting up all over the place."

pocket calculator for Christmas in 1974 and went through a baseball encyclopedia and added up all the runs scored up to then in both major leagues, and the total came to nine hundred and ninety-odd thousand. He thought something big ought to be made of the millionth run, when it was scored the next season, but when he took the idea to organized baseball they sloughed him off. Then he came to Worner, who said 'Sit down.' I packaged the whole thing and sold it to Tootsie Roll. We got over a million entries in a contest to name the player who would score the millionth and the date he did it. Would you believe that eighty-one people correctly guessed that Bob Watson, who was then with the Houston Astros, would achieve the honor on May 4, 1975? We drew lots among the eighty-one, and an eleven-year-old kid won a million pennies. Watson's shoes and the home plate he stepped on went to the Baseball Museum, at Cooperstown. A couple of years after that, I was taking my son Matthew—he's sixteen now—through one of the Smithsonian museums in Washington, and what should I find there, along with a Babe Ruth bat and a Lou Gehrig bat, but *the very bat with which Milt May drove in Watson with that historic run*? 'Look, Matthew!' I exclaimed. 'Daddy's made the Smithsonian!' 'Please quiet down, Dad,' he said. 'You're embarrassing me.' "

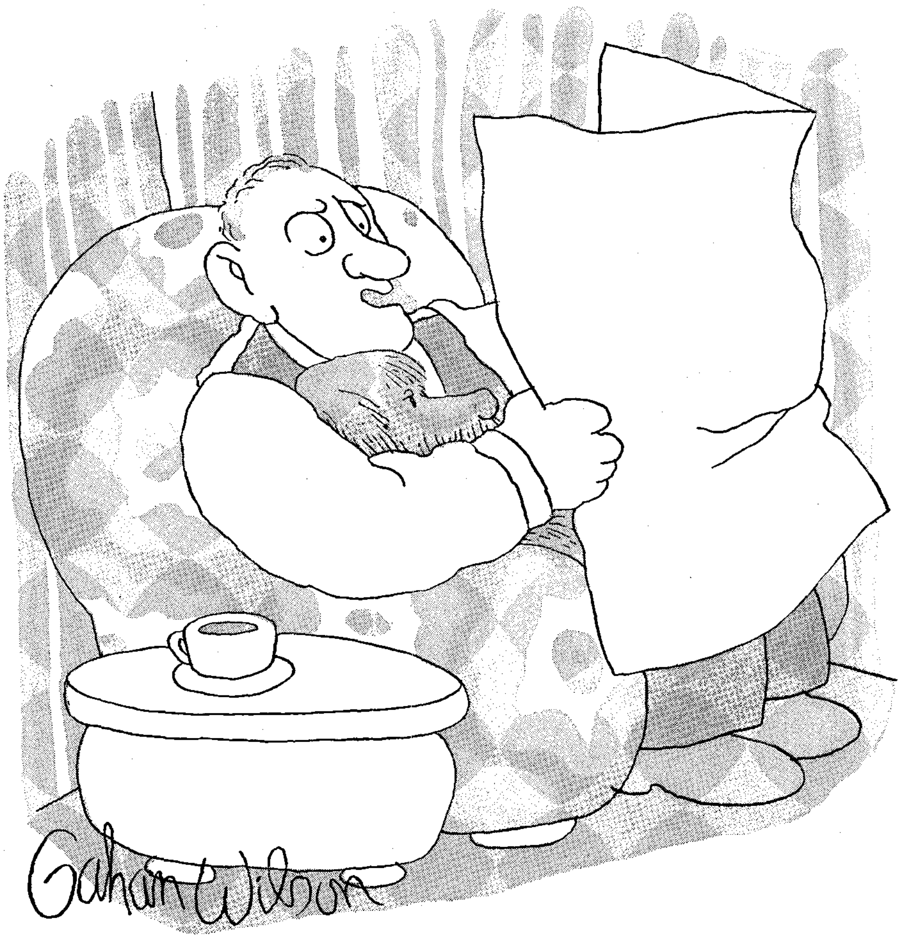
"Speaking of Washington—"

"Speaking of sports," Mr. Worner went on, "my Drambuie Rusty Nail Hole-in-One Sweepstakes, which I'm proud to say I have been conducting for twenty years now, has come to be the most important promotion in the history of golf. It involves every golfer who scores a hole in one and lets me know about it. We pick a winner each year from among the seven thousand or so who send in entries, and he gets a free trip to Scotland, including St. Andrews, and a thousand dollars in cash. We've had three Presidents in contention—Eisenhower, Nixon, and Ford—and Mr. Norman MacKinnon, who owns Drambuie, once told me that it was the most successful promotion he'd ever heard of and that if nations had promotions like that there wouldn't be any more wars. I wouldn't go quite that far myself."

"Did President Reagan ever—"

"The thing I guess I'm proudest of happened in 1967, at Lexington, Kentucky. I saw this newspaper story about Isaac Murphy, the greatest jockey who's ever lived. He died in 1896, at thirty-seven, and by then he'd won six hundred and twenty-eight of the fourteen hundred and twelve races he rode in. Forty-four per cent. Phenomenal. You could get rich betting on a jockey with those statistics. He was a black man, and it seemed he'd been buried in a cemetery that had been abandoned, and his grave had just been rediscovered. Now, I'm naturally looking for an angle for my Kentucky Club pipe tobacco at Derby time every year, so I had one of my girls write to the governor of Kentucky and suggest that Murphy be moved to a more suitable location. I was able to tell the governor, after making four hundred dollars' worth of phone calls, that I had just the spot—the wooded park near Lexington where thousands of red-blooded Americans came every year to pay their respects to the grave of Man o' War. So three days before the Derby we reburied Murphy, symbolically—there was nothing left of his casket but a handle—and we dedicated this beautiful monument I'd had engraved to the greatest jockey who's ever lived. Mr. Stuart Bloch, of Kentucky Club pipe tobacco, attended the ceremony, and so did my friend Eddie Arcaro, and I seem to remember that somebody like Leslie Combs II was there, too. The whole thing cost my client only seventy-five hundred dollars.

"Aside from a bone spur in my foot, I myself am feeling exceedingly fit. My friend Joe DiMaggio had a bone spur, too, and when I asked him about it he said, 'It's not catching.' Joe was chairman of my Celebrity Charity Boccie Ball Tournament at Las Vegas five years ago. For my Italian liqueur Sciarada. I discovered that boccie had first been played in Rome two thousand years ago at Caesar's palace, so the connection was almost inevitable. I got Caesars Palace in Vegas to import some special clay from San Francisco and build eight boccie courts in their sports palace, and I assembled seventy stars to play, including Ernest Borgnine and Jane Withers. I was counting on Frank Sinatra, too, because he was appearing out there, but at the last moment he went to Tahoe for the weekend. That was awkward for me, because I had six hundred Sciarada



"Wow, what do you make of that?"

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salesmen there, and their wives, and I didn't think they'd like it when the Moiseyev folk dancers were substituted for Frank. But nobody argues with the chairman of the board. Still, I rose to the occasion, as I usually do, and got my friend the comedian Pat Cooper to come and warm up the crowd before the dancing."

"Sinatra and Reagan—"

"By the way, I now own an association. The National Tailgating Association. I'm trying to organize into it the millions of Americans who picnic on station wagons at football games. Do you know that Yale men hand down Yale Bowl parking spaces from father to son? I'm looking for just the right sponsor for this one—perhaps a food company, or a blanket company. I got the idea when I took fifteen thousand cans of my Mott's Clamato juice to a Harvard-Yale game to pass around for making Bloody Caesars, which is what you should call a Bloody Mary when it's got Clamato in it instead of tomato. The tailgating promotion would be good for the Duffy-Mott Company to sponsor, of course, but it may be a little too big for them to handle alone. In any event, my new association would be a logical sequel to my *Reagan Times*. How come you haven't asked me about that?"

"Somebody said that last summer, while you were running an international dinghy regatta, you—"

"As you know, I'm a lifelong Democrat, a raving liberal, but I got to thinking, just before Christmas, We've never had a President with a background like this one's. Through my friend Mr. Al Chaite, who is president of an art-graphics firm, I met Mr. Fred Romary, who said he had a collection of a thousand Reagan photographs. That was all I needed to get me clicking. So we dug up all the factual information we could, and—presto!—we had a forty-page newspaper about our fortieth President. We came out on January 12th, with a printing of three hundred thousand copies. Cost twenty-five thousand dollars. We haven't yet been told by our distributor, who's supposed to have put it on newsstands all over the world, whether we've sold two hundred thousand copies or one hundred thousand or ten. But friends have informed me that my *Times* is selling very well in Honolulu and at Army PXes in Germany and at West Coast supermarkets. I do know that South Africa reordered. Luckily, we didn't date the paper, so it could have a long shelf life. When or if we get returns, we can always sell them to libraries. Where else could you find the kind of trivia *you won't get in history books?* I understand that Mr. Al Bloomingdale gave a copy to the President himself, but I've had no word yet from the White House about that. Mr. Reagan is probably preoccupied with other things, like me with my newest client, Ashanti Gold. It's a cocoa-based liqueur derived, as I understand it, from an ancient tribal recipe in Ghana. I'm going to try to get every black person in the United States to drink Ashanti Gold as a tribute to his brothers in Africa."

Q. & A.

Q. WHERE in New York—leaving aside Madison Square Garden—can you see:

(1) Six goats glaring?
(2) Eight lions roaring?
(3) Four green-snouted bears?

A. (1) On the front of the Lefcourt-National Building, at 521 Fifth Avenue. (Also handsomely carved vegetables and a clock with no hands.)
(2) Over the Corinthian columns of the old WNEW Building, at 565 Fifth Avenue.
(3) High up on 518 Fifth Avenue. (Also a nice coat of arms.)

Q. Where can you see the greatest number of golden Pegasuses?

A. On the Fred F. French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue.

Q. Do you happen to know how the original Pegasus was born?

A. Yes. He flew up from the blood of Medusa after Perseus slew her. Medusa was the most prominent of the three Gorgon sisters (the others were Stheno and Euryale), any one of whom could turn you to stone with one glance.

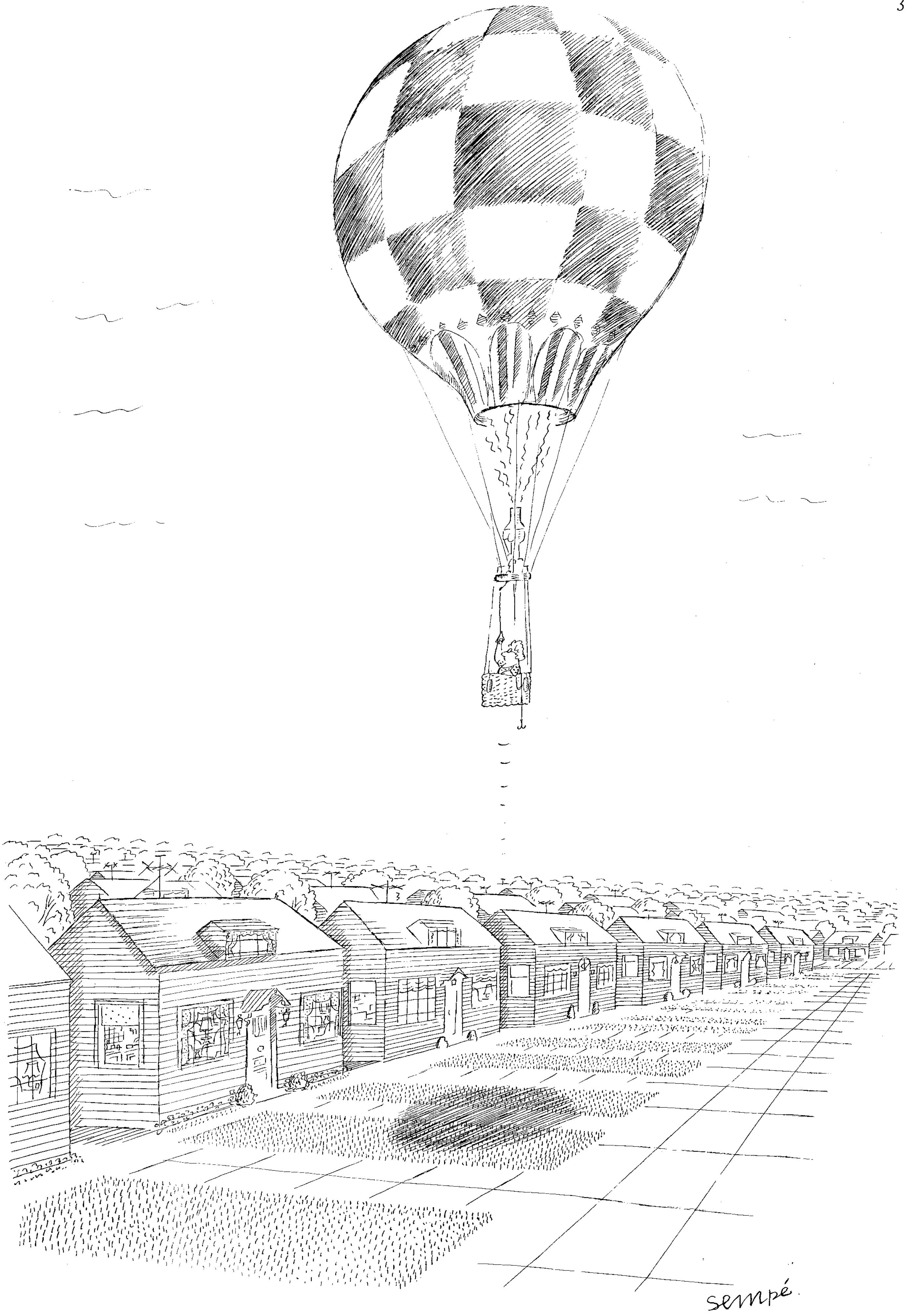
Q. Where is a bas-relief that says

America's Best Candy?

A. Above the newsstand at the downtown platform of the Fifty-ninth Street IND.

Q. Why are you asking these questions?

A. Spring is here.



THE CHAIR TRICK

THE thick pile of the funeral-parlor rug brushes my face. I hear Punchocar's voice, see his gray gabardine coat. There is a broken button like a half-moon on the sleeve. Thumbs pressed into my shoulders, he stuffs me into a metal folding chair in the middle row—between him and Sylvia Kanvalinka. Their shoulders support me.

"Take it easy," whispers my father from across the aisle. "Be still."

Gertie is sobbing. Horak, the funeral director, is upset. Folding chairs are strewn all around the casket. The wrong chairs. You need straight-back wooden ones; you can't work with these damn things.

"Oh, Gertie, for Christ's sake, shut up!" I shout.

Punchocar puts his arm around me, and Sylvia places my hand on her perfectly round, nyloned knee. Her hand pats mine.

"Murph's down," I whisper. He is flat on his back in the casket—the first time I have ever seen him down.

"Somebody should say something about Murph and the chairs," I say. "Huh, Punchocar?"

"Sh-h-h," says Ma, turning around in the front row. "You're making a fool of yourself."

MURPH was married to Gertie, Ma's sister, which made him a distant relation at best. He was a constant guest but never a true member of our tribe. Not a Slav, only an Irishman—a lazy Irishman, as Ma would say. He did not speak our language, eat our food, dance our dances. He smoked Lucky Strikes. He drank only Schlitz and Jim Beam—to excess. He made everyone but Gertie feel good.

He was tall and lean, and as self-composed as a mannequin in a department-store window. There was a matter-of-factness about his presence. He worked in the office of the Hector Gasket Company, where he was in charge of accounts, and when I was a child he saved empty wooden spools from his adding machine for me. Once, he built a tower of them higher than I could reach. It fell when Ma brushed against it accidentally, though she had warned us that it was too high and that it would inevitably fall by itself.

He was a gambler, and once dealt for Capone's brother at the old 4811 Club in Cicero. My father said he could have been a C.P.A. if only he had had the ambition. Numbers did not lie—Murph knew that, but he preferred luck.

"What do you have there, Murph?" I remember him showing my father a piece of paper like onionskin with three horses printed on it, each with a dark line leading to the word "Finish." Behind the horses was a black star.

"Which one do you want?" asked Murph.

We each picked a horse. Murph put the hot tip of his Lucky Strike to the star, setting off the horses in a slow but burning streak to the finish line. The remainder of the paper never caught fire—only the star, the horses, and their path to the end.

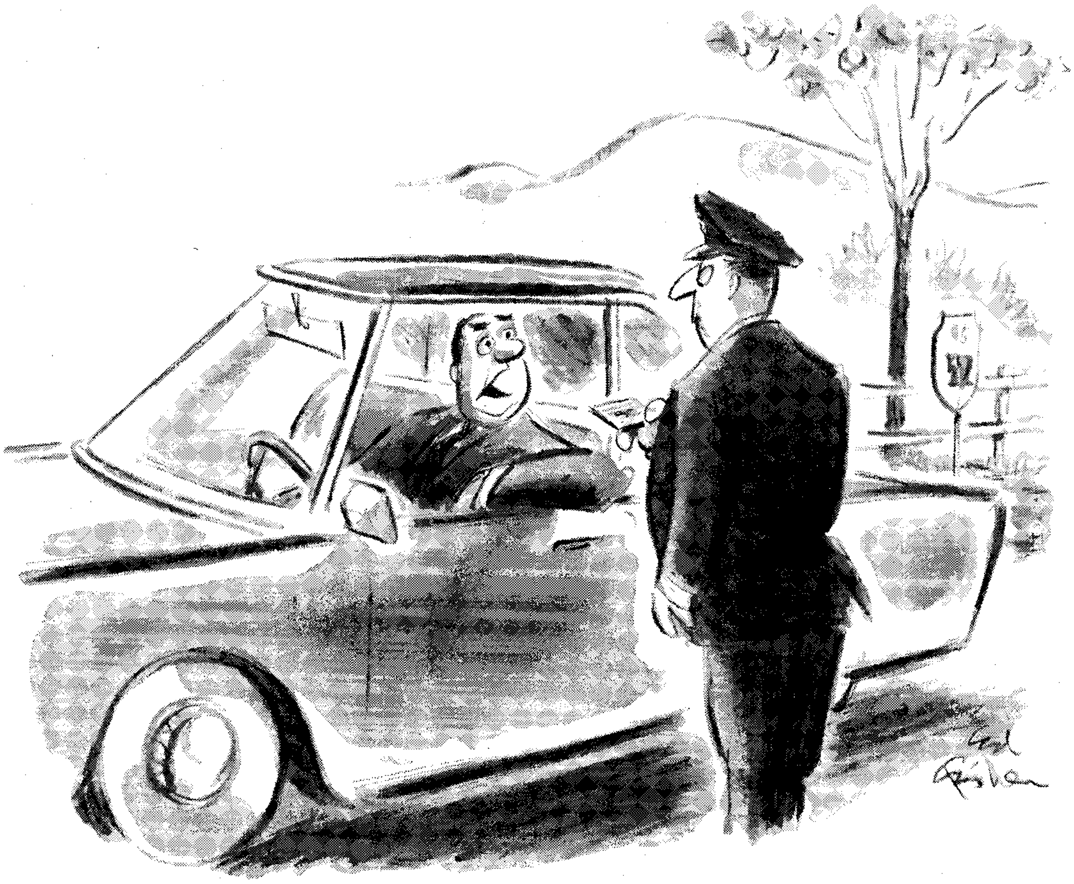
Murph won, laughing, and crumbled the paper in an ashtray like a dry leaf. He brushed his hands, wiped them on a folded white handkerchief, then reached inside his breast pocket for a fresh stack of horse races.

"I've got a quarter riding on No. 3 this time," he said.

Then Murph and Ma. Murph telling a Bob Hope joke to her alone in the kitchen, leaning against the sink. "Lu," he says, tugging his nose, pulling his chin, hiking up his pants. "You should have heard Hope on the radio the time he told about the woman and her hands—"

"Go on. I've heard that. Get away from me," Ma says, laughing as Murph moves closer. "Gertie! Watch this old man of yours," she hollers toward the parlor. "Be careful or I'll drop this platter."

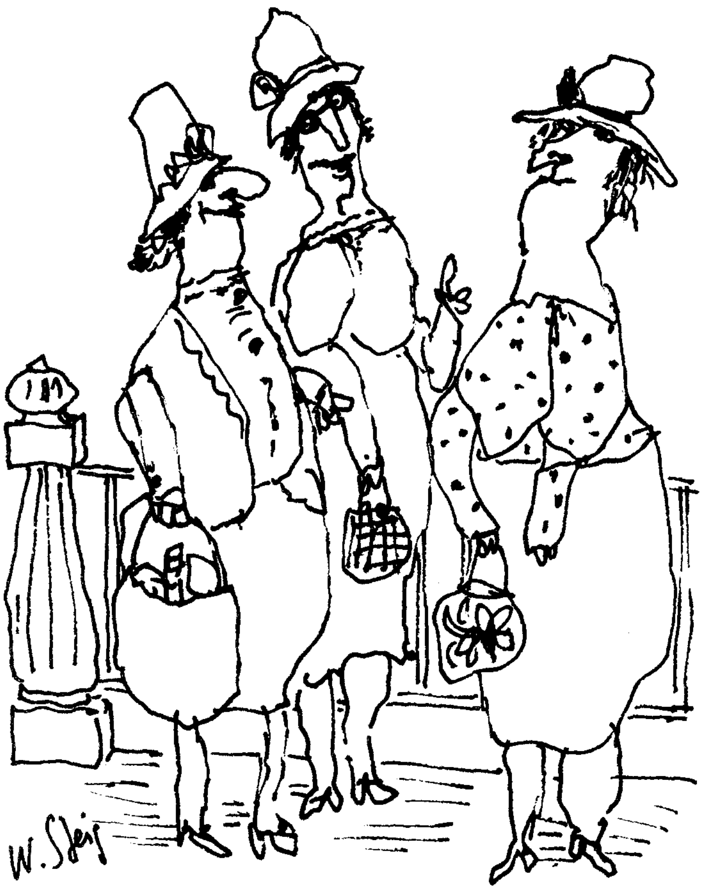
"He makes such a fool out of me," Gertie



"*I grant you, I was hurrying, Officer, yes—but not to 'get' somewhere, just to avoid slipping behind!*"

whimpers later to Ma in the pantry. "Little pitchers have big ears," she adds, waving a finger at me.

Settled on each end of the sofa, Murph and Father are drinking beer in the parlor, brown bottles of Schlitz between their legs. I have carried nine empty bottles back to the kitchen for Murph, two for my father. Half a bottle of Jim Beam and a shot glass rest on the end table alongside Murph. Sunday afternoon. The world on an even keel. Murph stands to light a Lucky. He is not comfortable sitting down.



The Three Fates

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"I'm going to leave him," Gertie says.

"Why don't you?" says Ma.

"And then what? Then what?"

"The doctor comes in the room with this beautiful nurse to check on a patient who's supposed to be dying," Murph tells my father. " 'Hell, there's life in him yet,' says the doc. 'How can you . . .' "

"He doesn't sleep," says Gertie. "He hates to sleep. He's at the tavern every night. His supper gets cold. I don't know what to do."

"I'd give him his supper," says Ma. "Right over his head."

Gertie was someone to feel sorry for. Though we might have entertained the thought of her finally leaving Murph, we knew it was all talk. Husbands and wives just lived together forever. And when Murph finally died, from a bad liver, Gertie began crying how she missed him, how good he was. She rode the city buses day and night, getting lost in subways and odd neighborhoods, afraid to go home to her empty flat. She swore that the ghost of Murph visited her standing on its head upon a kitchen chair. That must have been on her mind more and more after he was gone.

AT World Series time, in October, I would come home from school and Murph would usually be there visiting, watching the game on TV. He always took his vacation at that time, because he knew the New York Yankees would be playing. Though he came from the Irish South Side, a stronghold of White Sox fans, Murph loved the Yankees and old Casey Stengel. Once, though, when school let out at noon, and I came home earlier than usual, Ma made me hide in the pantry with her, pretending not to be home, while Murph stood out on the back porch pressing the doorbell, hollering, "Lu! Hey, Lu! It's me. Open up."

That was when Ma told me that white lies were all right. My father didn't believe in any lies at all. And he would never say anything like what Ma said to Gertie at Punchocar's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary: "If you can't trust him, Gertie, get rid of him." People just never upset him that way. Everything would get better with time. Forgiveness and forgetfulness were the same.

Ma could say whatever she wanted about Gertie's marriage to Murph, about how inconsiderate Murph was, and my father would be quick to remind her how Murph always helped at church carnivals and bingo games, how he took time off before Christmas to work on the truck that made the neighborhood rounds collecting old toys for children in the orphanages. "Yes, and drunk all the while," said Ma.

Drunkenness was no doubt his cross, though he carried it well inside of himself. There was never a hesitancy to his steps. There was a neatness and sureness to him, and then a silence unending. I never saw him fall of his own accord. He was not a crawler, or even a man who sought the stability of his knees in prayer. He stood through each Mass at the back of the church.

Families and lovers have histories all their own, but distant relations forever remain intrusions. I can no more imagine Murph romancing Gertie than I can picture a stranger coming into the kitchen and making love to Ma every afternoon, once a year, when the Yankees played in the World Series.

AS I grew older, I left the neighborhood, went away to college, married, divorced. I would find my way home occasionally for the comfort of finding everything else in place. My father was still passive, kind, accepting. Ma as outspoken as ever, still implying that Murph's antics were intolerable, though I had known, since that time I came home early, that they were lovers. As a child, I honored the secret, fearing that its divulgence might result in the loss of all: Father, Ma, and Murph. As a grown man, discovering my weaknesses, I honored whatever manner of marriage my parents had made for themselves, and I feared the loss of Murph, which I still cannot explain, and the loss of myself. I knew only that I still had all three of them, and I wanted to hear more of Ma's tales about Murph.

"He doesn't want to listen to that," my father would say. But Ma could never leave any story untold. Stories began and ended within my father. Ma had to let go of the words. She was the embroiderer, the puller of stitches, the unknotter of thread. Every year brought a falling-out with one relation or another. People in her hands met a steady unravelling. First, she would go for the laugh. Then, if she was jealous, she would go for the hurt.

"Now, you don't know that for sure." My father would try to reason with her.

"Well, it's true!" Ma would laugh, anxious to go on with it. "Murph was so drunk last week that he left the tavern around midnight with his two buddies, Eddie Holub and that other drunk, Punchocar, and they picked up Sylvia Kanvalinka, that divorced one who sleeps with anybody, and they all went to the airport in a cab and flew to Las Vegas! Poor Gertie couldn't understand what happened to him. She had the police out and everything . . ." Ma broke into laughter again. Father tried not to smile, then joined in the laughter because it was so hearty, so infectious. "So he finally calls Gertie the next morning. 'Mommy,' he says, 'what's for supper? I'm in Las Vegas. I'll be back tonight.' Oh, I'd give him Las Vegas," said Ma, gesturing with her hand. "I'd kill the son of a bitch!"

"He probably wasn't even there," said my father, who would never ask Murph about it. "He probably stayed over at Punchocar's."

"What do you mean he wasn't there? Of course he was there. Are you calling me a liar? Gertie will show you the damn ticket." She turned to me. "You know your father. He doesn't believe anything I tell him."

THE day of Murph's funeral, I found a chair in the back row of Horak's Funeral Parlor, fell into it, and waited for everyone to arrive. When Punchocar showed up, I went next door and had a few drinks with him. Returning to the parlor, I met Sylvia going in and talked her into going next door for a drink.

"This is the way Murph would have liked it," she said. She was old stuff but always new. Either her hair was done up differently or she was dressed in a way no one had ever seen before. She told me that the trip to Las Vegas with Murph was one of the few good memories in her life. "Our feet never left the ground," she said.

When we returned to the funeral parlor, my folks were there. Father motioned to me, and I joined him near the back of the room. Ma was up front comforting Gertie.

"I can't imagine Murph flat on his back like that," I told him.

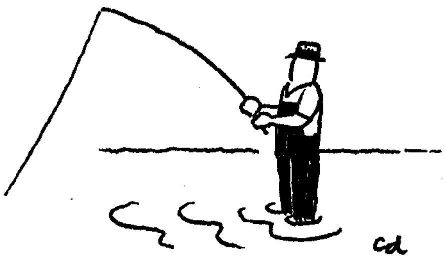
"Yes, well . . . "

I milled among the friends and relatives who began to fill the place with their talk and laughter. I went next door for a few beers with Father, and then again, a little later, with Punchocar. There was a steady coming and going of the men.

Gertie sat in place, sobbing, receiving much sympathy from the women. The men did not know what to say, so shook her hand instead. No one paid much attention to me as I began pulling a few chairs behind me, assembling them in front of the casket.

I got only as far as the second tier when my foot got caught in the folding seat and the whole thing came down. Horak collared me, dumping me into the hands of Punchocar, who had seen the chair trick done right many times before.

It was at Punchocar's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary that Murph had perfected the trick. Over a hundred people—family and friends, plus a few dozen kids—packed Pilsen Hall, where all our celebrations were held. There was a five-piece polka band: two button-box concertinas, a clarinet, a tamburitza, and a drum. Punchocar, with a bald head and red butcher's hands, danced his big wife, Mileko, under the silver paper bell that hung above the dance floor. Streamers of paper dollars rained down. Punchocar, a circle dancer of great skill, guided Mileko through the steps so smoothly there was rhythm enough in his hands to gently pat the bottom of every other woman who came near.



Even Murph was dancing.

"Just look at him," Gertie said as he returned from the dance floor with Ma. Ma was laughing so hard she kept falling into him.

"Murph," Father said, and he motioned with his head. "Sylvia over there wants to dance." It was one of my father's habits at such celebrations to see that everyone was enjoying himself—especially Murph.

"Sit down already," said Gertie as Murph pushed away from the table and headed for Sylvia.

Sylvia Kanvalinka was twice divorced, a distant relation come back to the neighborhood to begin life anew. She had dark skin, dark eyes, blond hair, high cheekbones. Her grandfather was pure Hungarian, they said, and gypsy, rumor had it. Though she was spreading softly with middle age, Sylvia retained a hard beauty. A little heavy in the thighs, but bosomy

THE ANGELS INFORM THE WORLD

We have all seen them,
I think, heard the garbled messages.
They send us skidding
into snowbanks, inches from poles
that waited woodenly for our final skate.
Midnight the clock slickers into place.
What are they doing
by the bed? They hurry away, trailing
a foreign voice and breath.

Night after sodden night we sat awake
in the hospital corridor
on the blue plastic bench, but they never showed.
They must be bewildered by human time.
Even now they are struggling down,
pulled by the stale wind of what we wanted.
They fall on slow ceremonial wings,
nothing in their hands, silk sails tangled,
as we promenade under them, sulky and unaware.

—L. M. Rosenberg

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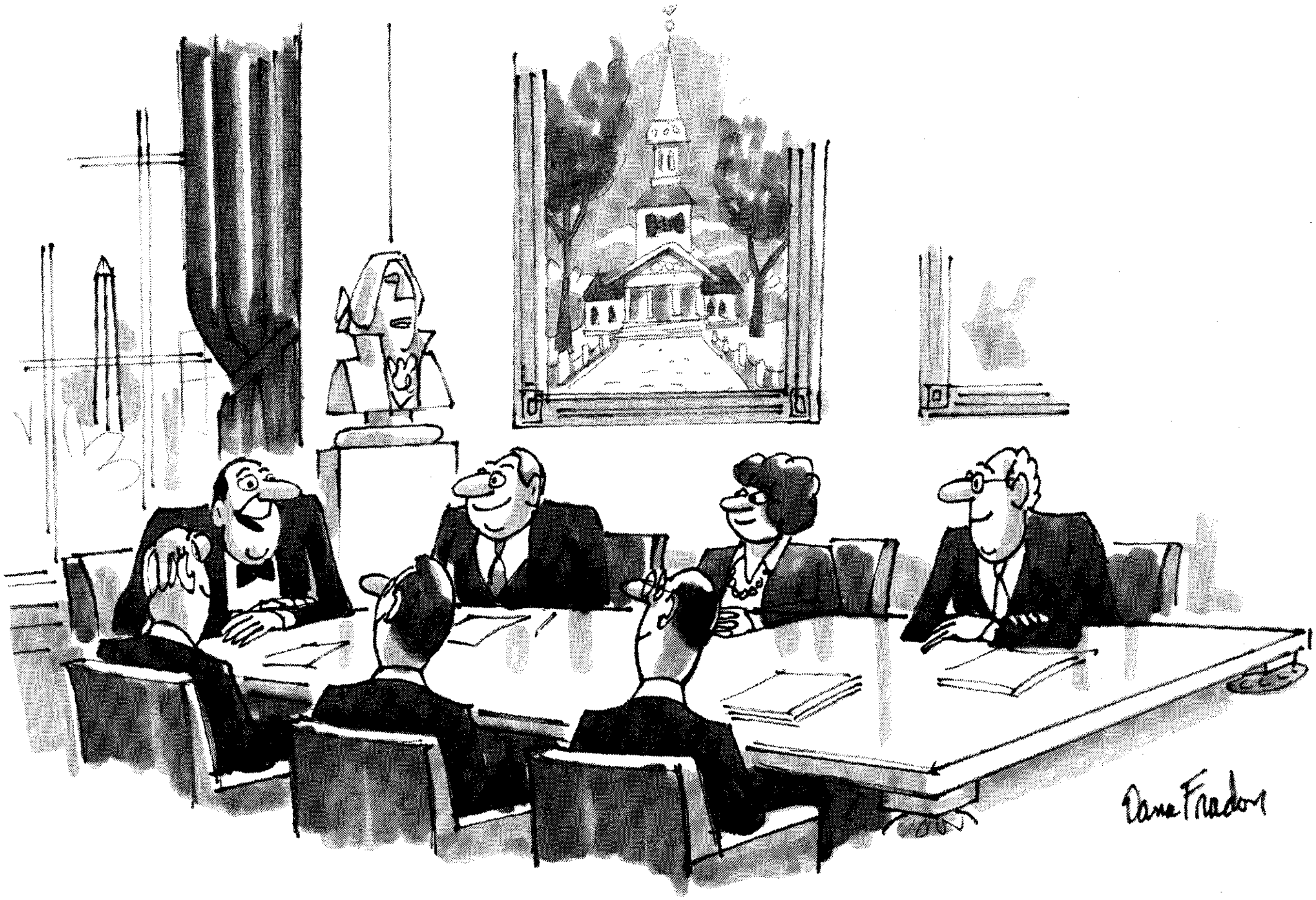


"Then it's agreed. The problem's not our fault, because the country's run by low-level bureaucrats."

• •

enough for the men of the tribe. She had everyone's attention on this occasion, and was danced and romanced to death by all the old Serbs and Croatians. Punchocar himself led the pack until Murph stepped onto the dance floor—the Irish jig in his legs, and his head held straight and high—and lifted Sylvia into shouting leaps of polka.

"I never knew he could dance like that," said Father.

"She's just a whore," said Ma.

"There he goes, making a damn fool of me again," said Gertie.

Murph danced most of the night with Sylvia. Later, when some of the people were beginning to leave, and when the bar was no longer busy, my father smiled and nudged Ma. "Look, there goes Murph with the chairs." It was almost time for the band to begin playing "Good Night, Ladies."

"I'm going," said Gertie, heading toward the cloakroom to get her things.

I saw myself on the threshold of young manhood that night. Leaving the others at the table, I began gathering the chairs for Murph.

"I'll get the band for you," I told him. And he nodded. "Let's have your coat," I said.

He rolled up his sleeves, moved the arrow clasp to the bottom of his tie, and rubbed his chin. "Wait," he said. "I think I'll try a table this time." Together, we moved an empty banquet table to the dance floor.

"When we get all the chairs together," I instructed the band, "I'll give you the signal. He needs a drumroll. Keep an eye on him. When he's finished, then you can go into your 'Good Night, Ladies.' "

Usually he did it with a pyramid of six chairs. But he took ten chairs this time, which meant he had to stack them four tiers high upon a table. He easily lined the first four chairs straight across and secured three chairs on top of them. The next two took some reaching and climbing.

There was no helping Murph from this point on. Those who tried were politely told to get out of his way, and if they didn't they faced the prospect of Murph standing dead still in the space he had cleared for himself until the privacy of his act was acknowledged.

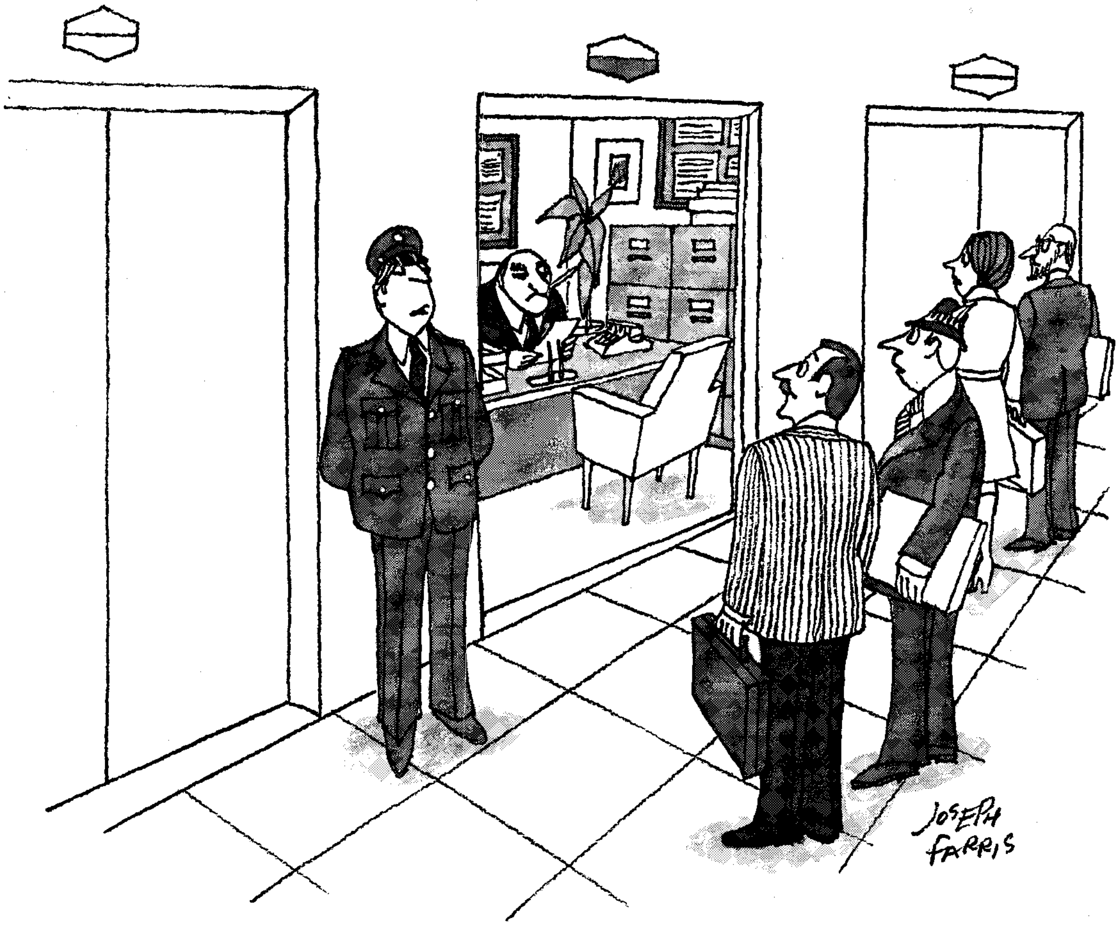
The final chair, the very point of the pyramid, took the most time for him to set up. He carefully climbed up on the second tier, testing it, then the third, grasping the chair seats in both hands, testing again the solidness of the footing. Then he moved down backward, grabbed the last chair in one hand, and extended it away from him till he had climbed high enough to put it in place at the top. He would never know how firm the final chair was until he committed himself to it.

I signalled for the drumroll.

Gertie, in coat and hat, waited in a far corner of the hall. Murphy took the white handkerchief from his back pocket, wiped his forehead, then suddenly broke his concentration when he saw her wave. He emptied his pockets into Sylvia's hands.

Another drumroll. I returned to our table to watch.

Murph began in the middle of the



"Next car, please."

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first row, one foot on each of the two center chairs. He paused dramatically and snapped his fingers for another drumroll. A few people began to clap.

He started with his left foot toward the second tier, then firmly planted his other foot in place to an accompaniment of *ta-dah!* from the band, a few whistles, and some applause.

The third tier, of two chairs, took greater concentration. He removed his shoes, letting them drop with little regard. He proceeded cautiously in his black-stockinged feet, right foot first, then the left. More applause. People were gathering beneath him now.

His act was usually complete at this level. He would stand still, raise both arms over his head, then bring them down slowly till they extended at his sides as if he were encompassing everything in space, while the people below whistled, clapped, shouted, and the band went into "Good Night, Ladies."

This time, with the additional chairs, it was obvious that he would attempt something more. Women began covering their eyes, peeking between their fingers. The men in the bar assembled into a group by the doorway. As Murph leaned into the top chair for steadiness, Gertie bid him goodbye. "You're a damn fool! I've been crazy to put up with you all these years!"

People laughed and told her to be still.

"You don't have to live with this," she told them. "You don't know what it means to be married to such a fool. What it does to you." And then she was gone.

In the silence of his approach to the last chair, it became evident, even from where I stood, that Murph was in new territory. His arms and legs seemed to tremble.

He gripped the top chair tightly in both hands and proceeded, little by little, to lift his body till he stood on his head and seemingly disappeared in the darkness beyond the light.

He was awarded loud applause and shrill whistles while the band moved unexpectedly from a final drumroll to a rousing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Murph remained in place through it all, until the band slid softly into "Good Night, Ladies" and the dancers and well-wishers moved closer to welcome his descent.

"What the hell does he think he's trying to do?" said Ma. We moved from our table to the dance floor. My father squeezed his way up front and stood next to Sylvia. Then Ma and I shoved our way through till we stood directly in line with the chairs, pressing our shoulders back to keep others from pushing us into the table.

Everyone looked upward, straining, feeling dizzy, trying to catch Murph.

"You'll break your neck, and then what?" yelled Ma.

People began to turn away from him, making excuses to go home, freeing themselves of responsibility.

"Be careful!" shouted my father to one man stumbling near the chairs. "You want to get somebody killed?" He grabbed him by the neck and hurled him back into the crowd.

Sylvia emerged, stood smiling up at Murph's antics, shielding her eyes from the light. My father gently guided the small of her back. "Can you see me, Murph?" she said, reaching with both hands, quietly pressing her fingertips toward him.

It was a small movement at first. It began in his shoulders. Just one twitch. Followed by another, which tore along his side to his knees. Murph brought his ankles closer together and stretched his toes toward the pressed-tin ceiling and the round, milk-white chandeliers that seemed to swing from the heavens like moons on indiscernible chains. He was never coming down.

Ma turned back abruptly and gave way, fully certain of Murph's inevitable return to earth and of the unsteadiness of all men, even her own flesh and blood.

—NORBERT BLEI

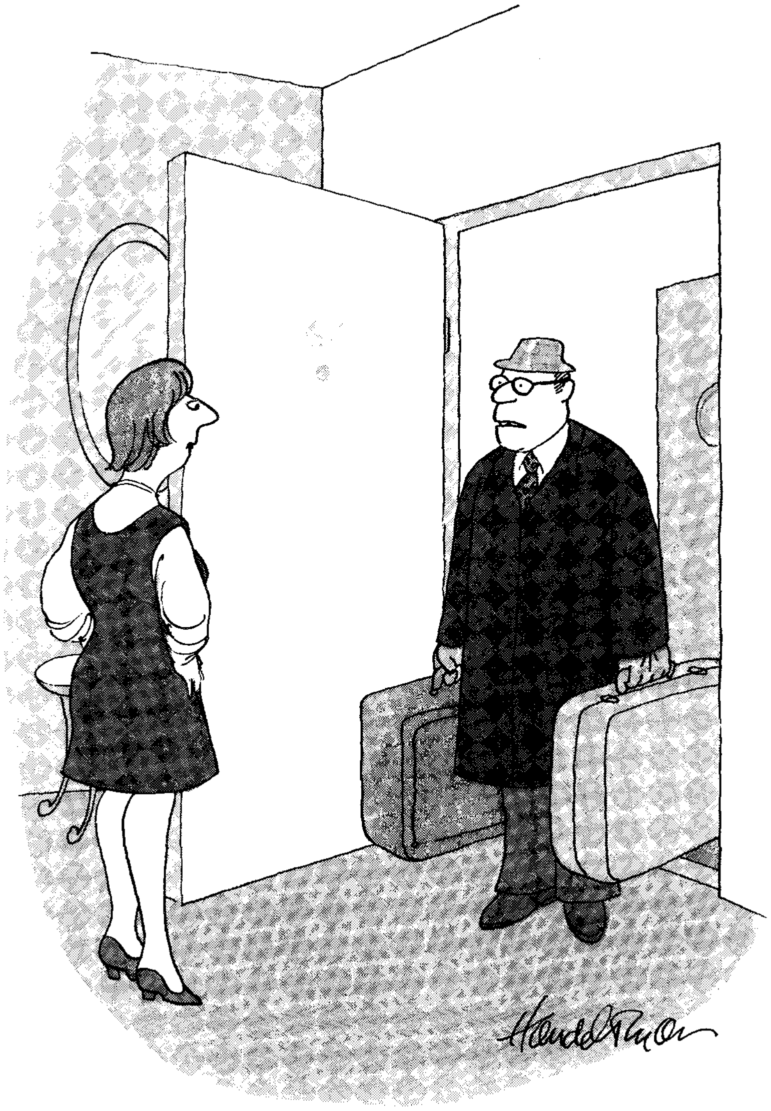
CONVICT

"I'VE never been to a party for a convict before," says Paula Rowland, and this makes the second time Reah Harrell has heard her say it. The evening before Barry Crider begins serving his three months the Harrells are having a little gathering to cheer him. It's not meant to be a gala, or a nose-thumbing at the law, or anything like that. Just a group of village friends, old and young, coming by for a cookout. Barry and his family aren't even supposed to know the party is for him.

Now that he's been sentenced, people feel sorry for him. Even the Rowlands, who think he's the one who, several years back, borrowed their son Toby's bicycle without asking and returned it to their porch in the dead of night broken beyond repair. This, along with the report that Barry was in on the cultivation, last summer, of a row of marijuana at the edge of Granger's cornfield, is part of his village record.

The weather has cleared, but a soggy lawn reminds guests at the Harrells' that water, not delinquency, is the problem here in Worton. For some people there is not enough to bathe in or flush the loos. On the other hand, there is sometimes too much after a heavy rain like the last one. Too much sitting all over the ground. Drain fields are bubbling over. Pipes are backed up.

The same layer of shale that holds the water close to the surface makes the village a bad place for digging wells. Only a little rain can percolate to lower levels. The Harrells use bottled water for drinking. And Reah isn't telling her guests that ice trays for this party have been filled from her cistern.



"I've come back to you, Emily. Charlotte couldn't cope with my pompousness."

Barry and his girlfriend, Marsha, haven't been mixing with the other young people. "They're too mushy for my taste," Reah tells her husband, Jonah. "Come here," she calls to Barry. "I want you to help Mr. Harrell."

"No," Jonah says, not wanting the boy to feel singled out for duty. But Marsha is pulling Barry toward the grill. She's barefooted, dressed in a halter and shorts that make her navel the focal point of her outfit. Taking the spatula from Mr. Harrell and handing it to Barry, Marsha says, "He'll turn them."

"What's over there?" Jonah asks. A group of guests has left the party to stand under the Rowlands' kitchen window.

"It's that damn radio of hers," Reah says. "She can't turn it off for a minute."

In her kitchen, Paula Rowland has a receiver set for police, fire, and rescue-squad channels. Red lights flash across the front in sequence, in search of an excited voice. The Rowlands were first to know about Barry's arrest.

"It's nothing," Paula calls, coming back to the party. "Mrs. Corzine's chest hurts her again and Pete's taking her in, just in case."

"You'd think Pete was her best friend," Reah whispers to Jonah.

Jonah doesn't think there's anything wrong with Paula's referring to rescue-squad members by first name, even though she's never met them. "You used to watch Jimmy on network news," he reminds Reah. "Paula follows Pete on Stilson County radio."

"Hey," Reah says. "Who's letting those hamburgers burn?" Barry and Marsha are fondling each other on the sidelines again. But Marsha comes running back to the grill with the spatula. "She's got too much energy for that boy," Reah says.

Jonah is still trying to explain how normal it is for people to seek local news, when county newspapers can't be expected to give the nasty details.

"Oh, God," Reah says, "I think we forgot the sump pump again. The basement must be full."

She runs to check, and Jonah goes over to have a word with Barry, who's standing alone while Marsha tends grill. Jonah wants to tell him, Keep your nose clean and you'll be home before you know it. Instead, he says, "How do you like your burgers?"

"I was wrong," Reah says, joining them. "It was plugged in all the time."

Sump pumps that

have been working intermittently along the row for days are finally shutting down. Although the line of houses that forms the center of Worton appears to lie on a flat plane, actually the land tilts slightly east to west. Water pumped from the Harrells' basement that doesn't reach the ditch by the road tends to settle around the Rowlands' place, until it is pumped from their basement. And so on down the line. If the ditch isn't kept cleared, front lawns become shallow, stagnant lakes.

"They always dressed her skimpy in the summers," Paula is telling Mrs. Presnell. They're watching Marsha, who's calling for people to come and get 'em. "I've never been to a party for a convict before."

"A nice boy can get in so much trouble," Mrs. Presnell says. "I like them as a couple, though."

No one wants to step between the shining faces Barry and Marsha have for each other. Village mates from the start, they glided all the way into love —on hayrides, school-bus rides, and now joyrides.

Paula has found out they're not sending Barry to the prison in Petersburg. Instead, he's going to be kept here in Stilson County, at Camp 23, and worked on one of the road gangs. "Better to be out-of-doors, don't you think?" she asks Reah, who tries to ignore the question but can't because Paula is explaining to her that some of the men in the prisons are forced to take male lovers. Reah knows Paula and some of the other guests have emptied their ice on the ground and are drinking their tea lukewarm.

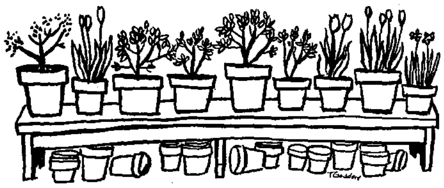
"They can't shoot at a misdemeanor," Reah hears behind her. "Barry's a misdemeanor." It's his little brother, Martin, telling Peter Kearns that Barry won't have to worry about the guards.

"Oh, yeah?" Peter says. "Running from a road gang is a felony. You can shoot at a felony. You have to. A guard that doesn't shoot gets suspended forty days."

How do they know about these things, Reah wonders. And which one of them is right?

The young people have asked the Harrells if they can use the stereo and put the speakers outside. They go home for favorite records, and soon someone is playing a Johnny Cash album of prison songs. When Reah hears "just doing my time," she sends Jonah to take it off, but it's too late. Barry and Marsha have begun to sing along with the others. Worse, someone has bought beer, and the teenagers are drinking it.

Without saying goodbye, Barry's parents are setting off down the road to their house. "Run," Reah tells Jonah. "Say this isn't what we planned at all." Jonah starts after them but decides to let them go. When he comes back, Reah offers him tea.



"Yes, but hold the ice," he says.

Reah doesn't think it's funny. "Everyone knows about the water problems," she says.

Paula, listening in again, says, "Yes, the Criders wanted to build a cabin on the back of their lot for Barry. A place for him to be alone, you know. But, of course, they couldn't get the permit for a new drain field."

Later, cleaning up, Reah wants Jonah to clarify things for her. "He can't be a felon without another trial,

FARM LIFE

Our contract with this world is not complete.
The natural objects seem reticent,
the dogwood hesitates up and down the ridge
to open its skim-milk blossoms.
It is afraid of our disapproval,
or that we will be merely obtuse
in not seeing its analogies,
the petals rusted as if nailed shut all winter.
They are wallflowers,
so I assure them again that they are invited.

We will do so much for money.
My father allows the lumber company
to come in for selective cutting.
The trees hide behind each other
because they have nothing to gain by standing
on tiptoe, the graceful ones,
or at attention, those that are serious
and make efforts at subservience.
They only end up in other people's woodboxes.
I can promise them nothing.

Only the machines rest easy in the shed.
They know they will clear the fields adequately
and will turn chaos into salable bundles.
This is farm life, where we work
at cross-purposes with what was intended.
The monolithic bodies of the cows turn shy
as we move across the grass toward them.
Ahead of us they mingle with the trees.
The calves unfold from their mothers' wombs
in the equivalent dark of the forest.

Once we cut a hole too large in the nipple
of a bottle and drowned a calf with nourishment.
My father and I are complicitous on this earth,
though there are things we don't speak of:
the way he stacks his pennies in regular columns
and places his shoes by the bed
as if he stood over himself while sleeping.
He knows the mimosa leaves will close
if he touches them with his hands,
that the earth as yet is reluctant to receive him.

—Susan Prospere

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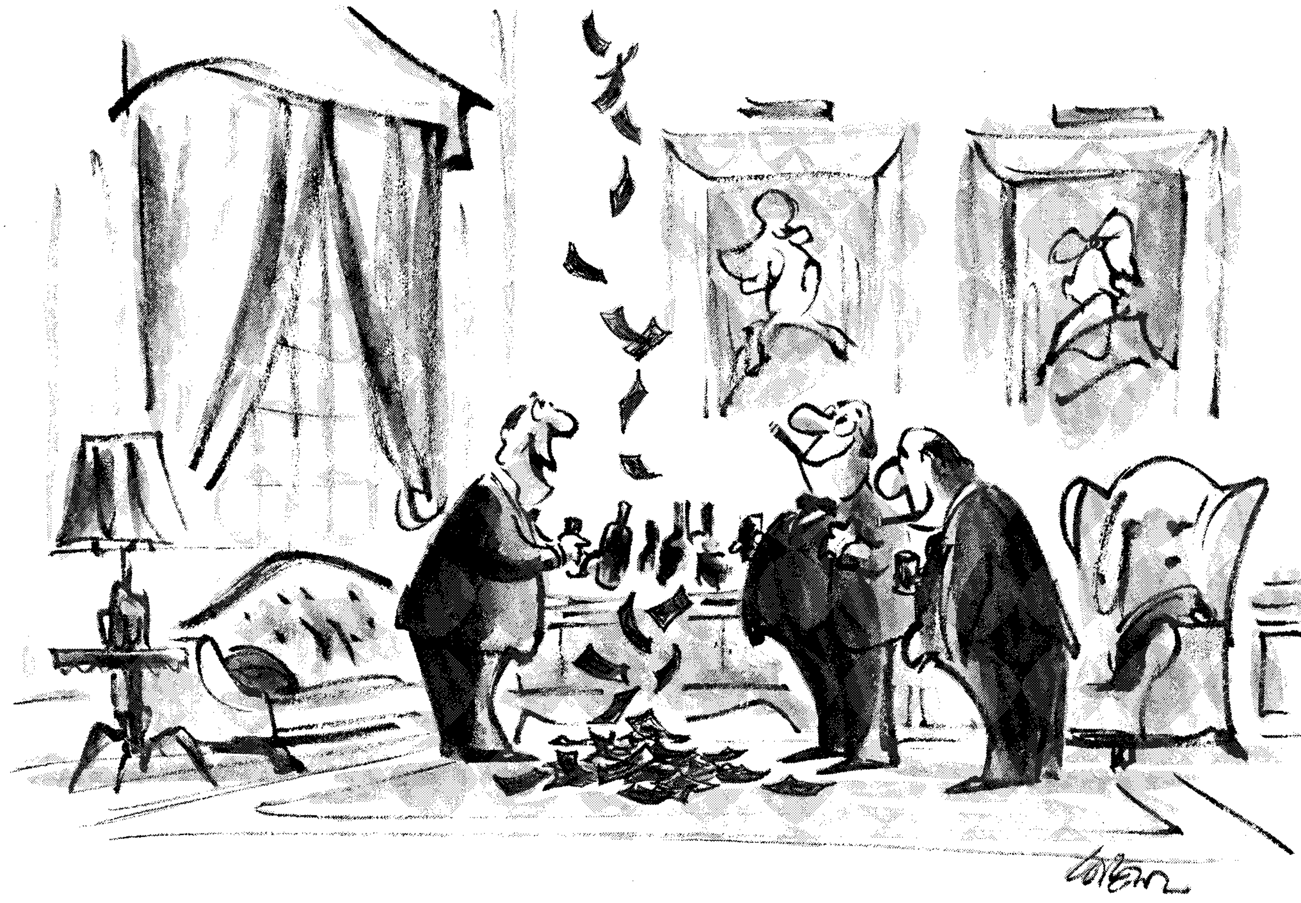


"What a delightful surprise. I always thought it just trickled down to the poor."

• •

can he? I mean, even if he tried to get away."

IN the weeks since Barry's party, the ground has dried. But Reah discovers that the rows of stringbeans, at the end of their garden where the water sat longest, have rotted and new seeds will have to be planted again. Now farmers and their *Almanac* are calling for a drought. Reah says she wonders sometimes why Worton, Virginia, was settled in the first place. Quakers, she reminds herself—as masochistic as the next bunch.

They got along nicely with hand-dug wells and cisterns, Jonah explains. This is beautifully fertile farmland. It's just the strip along the road that has the trouble.

Reah and Jonah have been hoping to get Barry released early, so he and Marsha can begin at the community college in the fall. Reah thinks if the boy doesn't start then, he may never. Jonah has been to the Commonwealth Attorney, who admits the penalty was stiff for first-offense shoplifting. But the manager of Stilson Drug Mart wants to set an example, and the judge didn't like Barry's diffidence.

Early on a Monday morning, Paula phones Reah. "You wanted him home? Look out your window."

Barry and eight fellow-convicts in greasy brown uniforms are clearing Worton's drainage ditch. A supervisor and a guard with a rifle are watching the work from the opposite side of the road, while an orange state truck with a white cage on it waits by the store.

Right away, Reah has a plan for getting Mrs. Crider out the other end of the village for a day of shopping in Stilson. So she won't have to know about it. But Paula has already called Barry's mother to tell her how cruel it is for them to put a son on display in front of his own home.

Reah thinks Barry's working awfully hard—harder than the others. But he won't look up. People must know he's here, because they're staying indoors. Probably all watching from their own hiding places.

By noon, when the convicts eat their sandwiches, they've worked halfway through Worton. Still Barry and the village seem to have their backs turned on each other. All the same, Marsha's friend Donna Kearns drove by once, and when the car was between him and the guard she tried to pass Barry a cigarette. It didn't work, because Barry wouldn't look up.

First contact is made after lunch. Martin Crider has come down from his tree house, where he sat all morning with his BB gun in case Barry needed help if he tried to escape. Mrs. Crider sends Martin down the road with a mason jar of mint and ice water. And she sends lots of paper cups, so Barry is sure to have one of his own. Reah watches the jar fall and break when Barry won't accept it. She thinks Martin may be crying as he walks home.

It just seems to make Barry work that much harder. He's digging deep in the ditch; the men around him are not even trying to keep pace. The supervisor says something to Barry, and he slows down. A group of his friends have gathered at the store, and are drinking beer, watching from there. Someone must have called Marsha at her job in Winchester, because Reah sees her drive slowly by and believes she sees Marsha hold something up to the car's window as she passes the convicts.

On the phone, Reah explains the situation to Jonah. "Maybe you should come home early," she says. "The Granger boy's buying beer for the younger ones again. Mrs. Presnell knows it, but what can she do? And the wooden cage the convicts have to ride in. She says one of the boys locked it and threw the key away."

Jonah is sure the authorities don't know that Barry lives in Worton. It must be against policy to work a man in his own town. He's going to call someone in the Department of Corrections and ask, and make sure it doesn't happen again.

"What about right now?" Reah says. "It's so pitiful. He couldn't even talk to his own brother. And Marsha keeps driving back and forth, trying to make him look up at her."

Reah's phone rings as soon as she hangs up. It's Paula, who wants to know if Reah has heard what she's heard: that Marsha has a change of clothes for Barry in the back seat of the car and is trying to signal him.

From a distance, Reah has decided Barry looks thinner, even gaunt. But they haven't made him cut his hair. In fact, all the white boys on the gang have long hair, and one of them has his in a thick braid. Reah takes this as a sign they're not being abused, not being denied their personal freedoms. Mrs. Crider's only letter from Barry said he was getting good work reports. And he was such a short-timer that the guards trusted him and would let him do almost anything.

Marsha's car is coming down the road once more, even slower than before. She's gone home and changed—got herself in the skimpy outfit she wore to the cookout, and all made up, with her lips red enough to be seen from Reah's window. The guard ought to be suspicious. But he just stands there, head down, with his rifle pointing at his own toes.

Next time Marsha comes by, he looks up and smiles as if she's got herself fixed up for him. She drives on and parks behind the store. And the bunch that's been hanging out there moves up to the Kearnses' yard, right across from the convicts.

Paula calls again to ask Reah if someone shouldn't tell Marsha's mother what's going on.

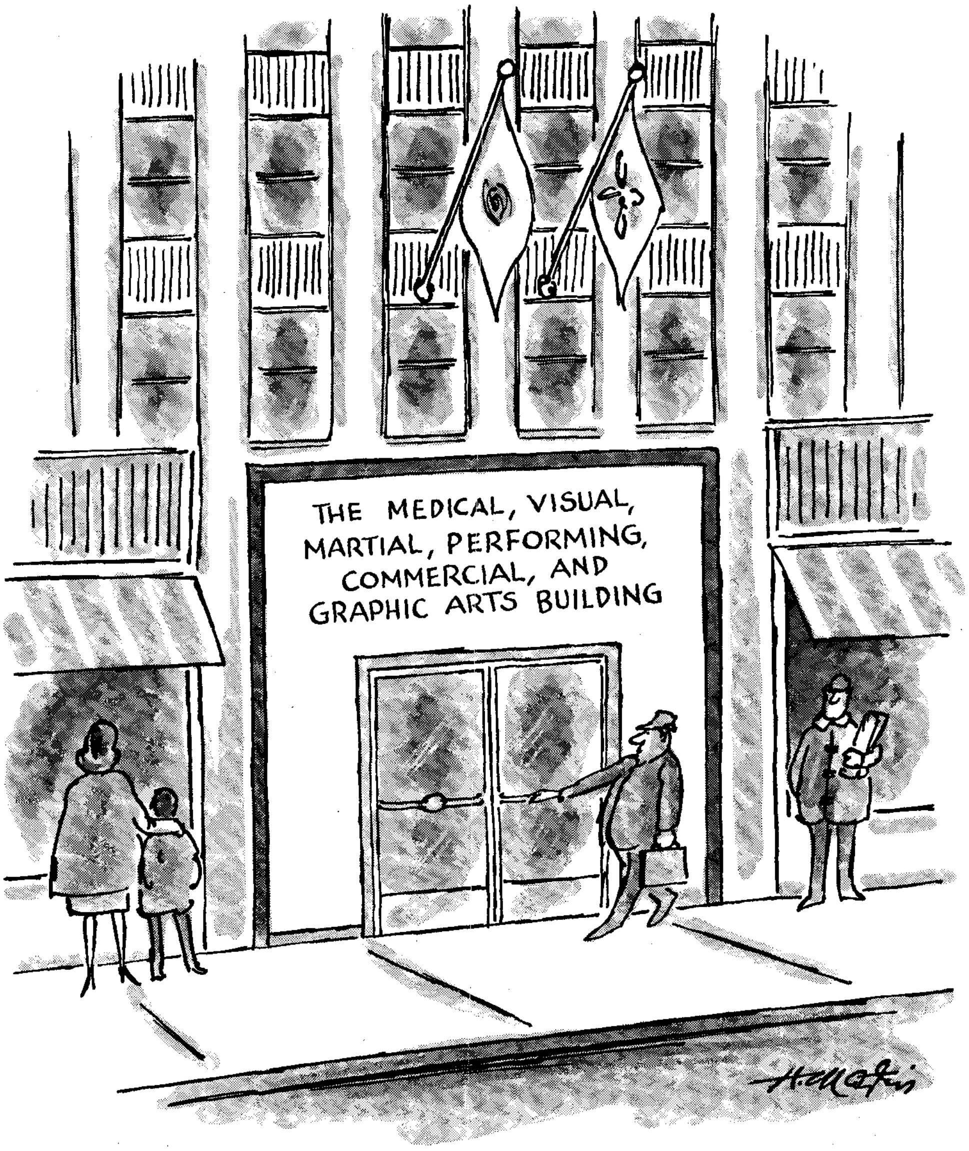
"Nothing's going on!" Reah says. But when she gets back to her window the scene has changed.

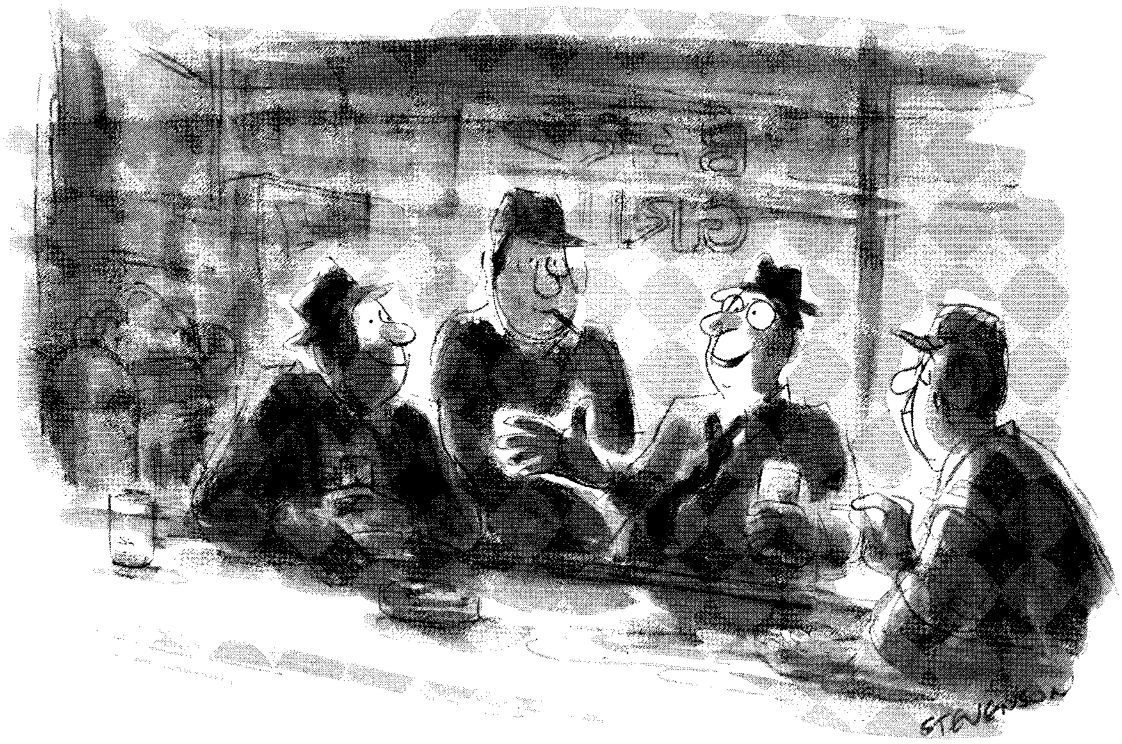
Another state truck is there, being loaded with the dirt from the ditch. And Barry is walking backward, toward the store. It looks to Reah as if he's keeping the second truck between him and the other convicts. Halfway to the store, he turns and moves quickly, still not running. Reah thinks she should put a stop to this, but by the time she gets the window open to call to him he's around the store, out of sight.

Leaning out, she can hear the partying up in the Kearnses' yard. The youngsters have put stereo speakers outside again, and they've aimed the noise at the convicts—Merle Haggard's "Mama Tried." Reah recognizes it as one of the records they kept playing at her party until she had to take it off herself. The album jacket has a photo inset in the corner, of a woman in a rocking chair, hand to brow, grieving for her prisoner son.

Minutes are going by. Too long, she thinks, for her to be doing nothing. Looking up, she sees the translucent decal of a butterfly she put on one of her windowpanes, and remembers how Jonah objected—carried on as if she'd given the house a tattoo, something permanent and common. She told him to think of it, instead, as stained glass.

She hears gravel spray against the store as Marsha's wheels spin in the parking lot; then there is a long squeal as the tires catch on pavement. At the ditch, the guard turns and counts down his row of brown shirts, stabbing his finger at each, and yelling at the supervisor, who's already pulling out the antenna of his two-way ra-


THE MEDICAL, VISUAL, MARTIAL, PERFORMING, COMMERCIAL, AND GRAPHIC ARTS BUILDING



“. . . *and that’s the way I see it. And now back to you, Ralph.*”

• •

dio as he runs toward the store.

MOMENTS later, Paula comes through the door of Reah’s house with details. Deputy Sheriff Snooky Peterson is on his way from Chamberton to the intersection of Routes 630 and 611. Marsha’s car has to go past there to get on a main road. They’re not bringing the dogs yet; they don’t think they’ll need them. But extra cruisers are coming from Stilson.

Paula is gone, quickly as she arrived, back to her radio. So Reah is alone when she sees a brown shirt moving past her side window. There’s enough time to imagine general escape, her house in siege to criminals, before the figure emerges in her front yard. It’s Barry, walking across the lawn, up the road and past the guard, into the ditch. He’s worked up a sweat by the time his supervisor returns from the corner.

When men and trucks are gone for the day, people begin to come out to the road to inspect the ditch dug by convicts. That evening, taking her stroll with Jonah, Reah says, “What he must have done is come around behind the store when he finished his little visit with Marsha, and then walked along in back of the houses until he came across our yard. Right here’s where the man with the rifle was standing. Mrs. Presnell says the supervisor told her all Barry said afterward was he had to ‘go to the bushes.’ Was the ditch ever this deep before?”

“Doesn’t matter much,” Jonah says. “The water just sits there anyway.” He says he can’t see why Marsha would have peeled out in such a hurry.

“Paula thinks it was diversionary tactics,” Reah says, “but Donna Kearns told her that Marsha was just angry Barry hadn’t written her and said he wasn’t going to.”

BARRY’S home again, free. Some people think he and Marsha have broken up. For the few days remaining before classes started, they wanted to go to the beach and take Marsha’s car, which is actually in her father’s name, but he said they couldn’t use it. Barry defied him over the phone, but in the end they obeyed Marsha’s parents and stayed home. “The only reason you don’t see them,” Paula says, “is because it’s raining again and they’re somewhere indoors.”

When they show up at the Kearnses’ Labor Day picnic Reah claps her hands to see them mingling arms and glances. She feels so grateful to Barry for not trying to escape and, for some reason, for working so hard on the road gang. Even when he and Marsha try to ride double on the Kearnses’ moped and leave a deep rut in the soggy lawn, she’s warmed by their sporting.

Reah moves across the lawn looking for something alcoholic to drink, without ice. She doesn’t really trust Kool-Aid made with water from the Kearnses’ tap.

“Water, water everywhere . . .” It’s Paula again, wanting to know why it always has to rain so hard just before a party.

Jonah has found one of the last cold cans of beer. “We’re not the only ones with the problem,” he says. And he tells Paula his story about the sisters at Our Lady of the Hills Academy, not five miles north, who tried to dig a well last summer. First they hired a water witch, and then hung a rosary on the drilling rig. Went down seven hundred feet and got a dry hole. “Today their ground’s just like this,” he says, stomping his heel, splattering muddy water on his own pants.

“Look what you’ve done,” Reah says, surprised at the pleasure Jonah takes in demonstrating that Worton doesn’t percolate. At the other end of the yard, Barry and Marsha and Donna Kearns are in a three-way splashing war. Barry is the star, taking long slides in the grass, sending spray to waist level.

“We always believed he was the one who ruined Toby’s bicycle,” Paula says. “Of course, that’s past history.”

Reah is looking beyond her, down the road, along the swollen ditch, the whole length of Worton, gladdened by the slight stir of news and water.

—JOHN ROLFE GARDINER

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Such a willingness involves being receptive to work not always associated with the standard repertoire.

“I see as one of my goals the ability to bring indifferent music, not only for the audience, but the orchestra as well,” he said. “It makes the musicians better, and it improves the ear of the audience.”—*Arizona Republic*.

Tin?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THREE MILE ISLAND

II—THE PAPER TRAIL

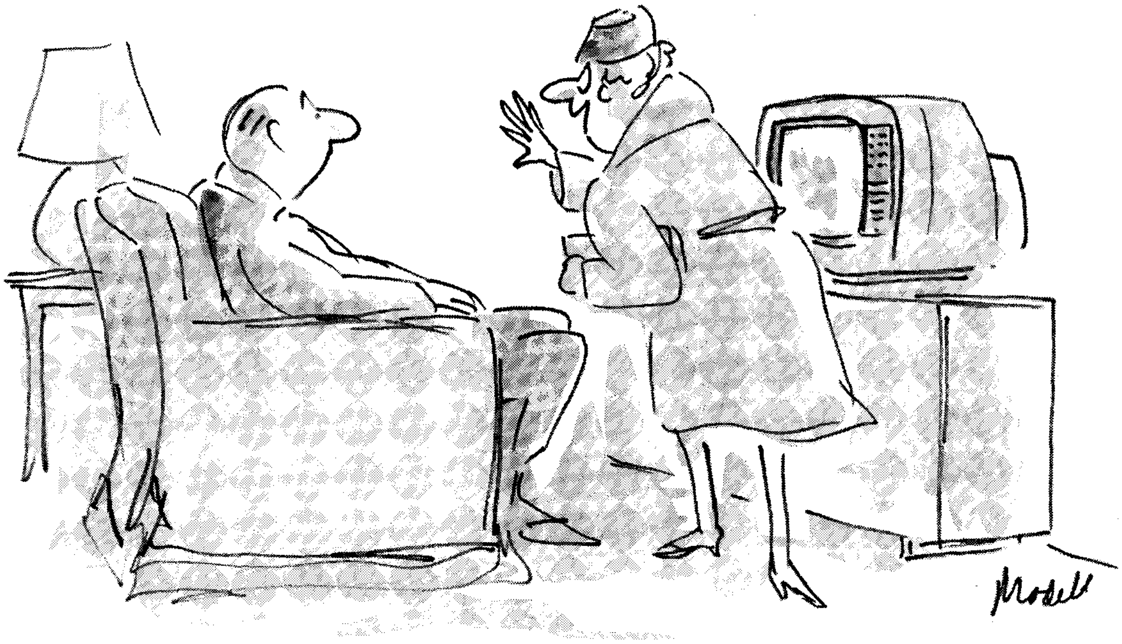
THE safety of the commercial nuclear power plants in this country is the responsibility of the United States Nuclear Regulatory Commission, a small federal agency whose over-all performance—and basic technical and administrative competence—has been widely criticized in light of the accident, two years ago, at Three Mile Island Nuclear Station Unit 2. A Presidential commission set up to investigate the accident, the most serious in the history of the commercial nuclear program, said, "With its present organization, staff, and attitudes, the N.R.C. is unable to fulfill its responsibility for providing an acceptable level of safety for nuclear power plants." The N.R.C. undertook its own post-accident self-examination, conducted by a Special Inquiry Group headed by the Washington attorney Mitchell Rogovin, and this committee, too, passed a strongly negative judgment on the N.R.C.'s regulatory program. "In our opinion the [N.R.C.] is incapable, in its present configuration, of managing a comprehensive national safety program for existing nuclear power plants and those scheduled to come online in the next few years adequate to insure the public health and safety," it concluded. With seventy-one nuclear plants in operation—some near heavily populated metropolitan areas—the lack of effective federal supervision leads to worrisome questions about the safety of millions of Americans.

In one sense, sweeping general criticisms of the N.R.C.'s regulatory program may be unfair, for they may be belaboring "deficiencies" in the N.R.C.'s performance which are not so much a result of sheer regulatory ineptitude as they are the consequence of political decisions about what the agency was expected to do in the first place. The fact is that the N.R.C. was never really intended to tightly constrain the nuclear-power program or exercise ultimate judgment about the acceptability of the risks that might be associated with it. Given the overriding commitment of the federal government to rapid nuclear-power expansion—a bipartisan national goal adopted by Congress in the nineteen-fifties and endorsed by successive Administrations—the N.R.C.'s role in the effort was a largely pro-forma one, the political decision to proceed with a large nuclear program and to accept the (presumably small) risks already having been made. Despite what legislators and bureaucrats refer to as the "boiler plate" language in the statutes that define the N.R.C.'s regulatory powers and duties, the agency, in practice, has been simply the minor government department that hands out licenses to build and operate nuclear plants, much as the State Department's Passport Agency issues passports to travellers. The safety and licensing system set up by the N.R.C., according to Peter Bradford, one of the agency's five commissioners, "was never designed to be an effective regulatory system" but "was constructed for the stamping out of nuclear power plant construction permits or operating licenses at the assembly-line rate of one or two per week for every week in the years from 1975 to 2000." One consequence of the government's single-minded dedication to nuclear-power expansion, Bradford notes, was a regulatory process that fell into "fundamental disarray."

The regulatory arrangements relied on by the N.R.C. are the outgrowth of general policies adopted in the nineteen-fifties and sixties by its predecessor, the Atomic Energy Commission. The A.E.C., which vigorously promoted commercial exploitation of "the peaceful atom," believed that the shortest route to a large nuclear-power program required unleashing "the genius and enterprise of American industry." In order to give the nuclear-power industry the discretion it needed to move ahead swiftly with plant construction, the A.E.C. adopted a relaxed and permissive regula-

"I called you in here, Donaldson, to remind you that you're skating on mighty thin ice."

tory program. Under the scheme it developed, the government would specify general safety goals but would leave their implementation to the emerging nuclear industry, relying on it to have the common sense to build a high level of safety into each plant. The A.E.C. did have a small number of staff engineers and consultants who reviewed the applications for nuclear-plant licenses, but the commission usually gave short shrift to the safety issues raised by its experts. Since the A.E.C. was convinced that technical solutions to these problems could be found, it did not believe that it was running a great risk by deferring such questions while the industry proceeded with nuclear-plant construction. Moreover, when the industry matured and expanded, the A.E.C. still saw no strong need to develop more formal regulatory arrangements. In 1974, however, Congress decided that the conflict of interest inherent in the A.E.C.'s dual responsibilities—to both promote and regulate the nuclear industry—suggested the need for a new, independent regulatory body. Accordingly, Congress passed the Energy Reorganization Act of 1974 to establish the N.R.C.—a separate agency whose only mission would be to regulate the nuclear industry. Reorganization per se did not mean substantive regulatory reform, however, for there was little Congress could do about the bureaucratic inertia that would inevitably make it difficult to change the ground rules for nuclear-power expansion that had been laid down by the A.E.C. Indeed, the carryover of A.E.C. policies by the N.R.C. was a foregone conclusion, since the N.R.C., according to the 1974 act, would essentially *be* the regulatory staff of the old A.E.C., under a new name. Unsurprisingly, the new agency's first official action was to adopt all the safety rules and policies of its predecessor. As a matter of law, the N.R.C. had full and unambiguous power to develop new regulations governing every aspect of nuclear-plant design and construction, all the way down to rules for the installation of the last nut and bolt. Still, the only basic changes in the regulatory process during the next several years were efforts—prompted by the Ford and Carter Administrations—to streamline it so that nuclear plants could be licensed faster.



"Dear, I'm going out now."

• •

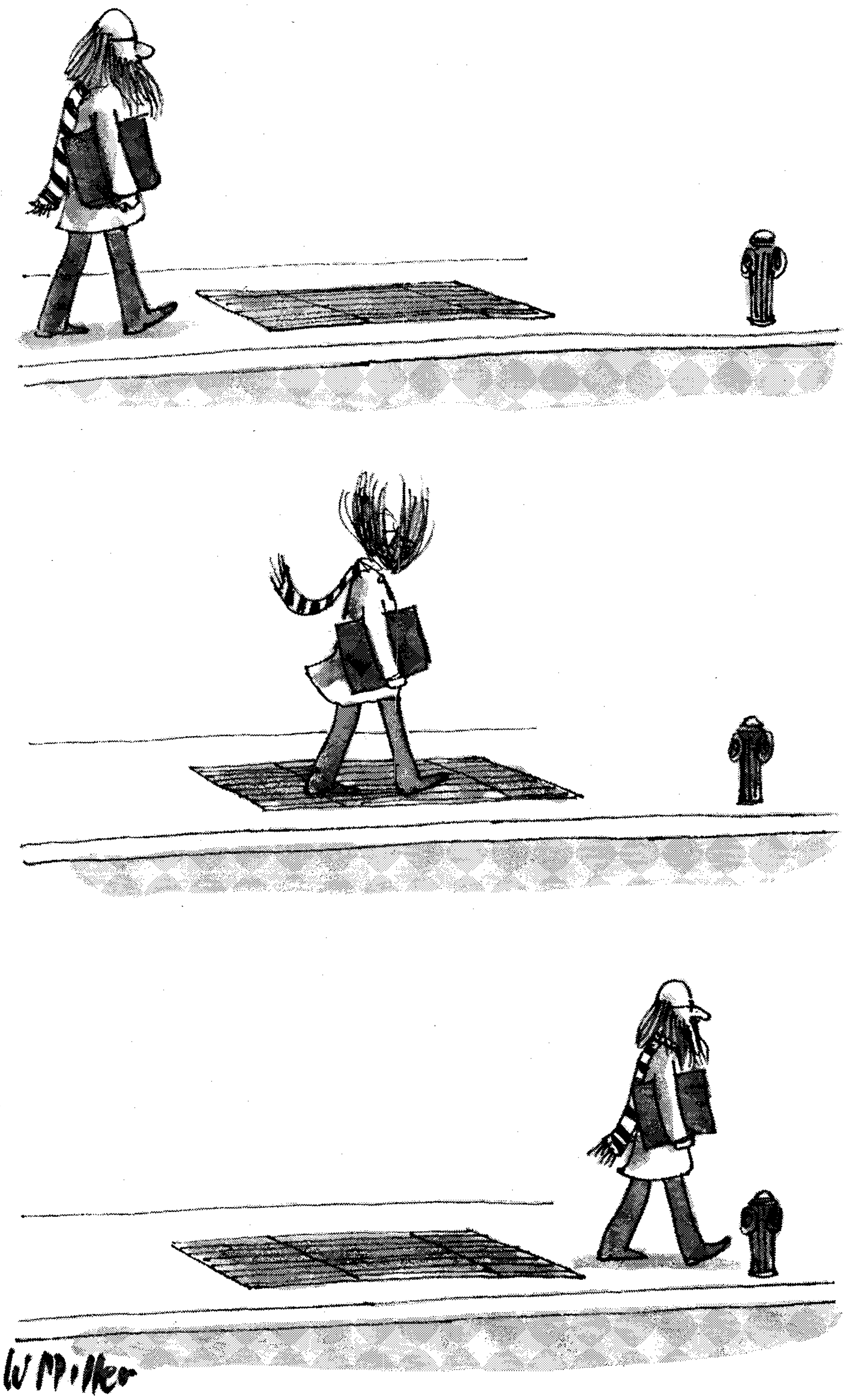
With a regulatory process that remained in "fundamental disarray," it was apparent—to some observers, at least—that sooner or later the government's overambitious nuclear program was going to get into trouble. Indeed, looking back over A.E.C. and N.R.C. records, one can follow what one senior N.R.C. official calls the paper trail that documents the detailed foreknowledge, on the part of both the nuclear industry and the federal government, of the specific safety problems that culminated in the accident of March 28, 1979.

THREE MILE ISLAND Unit 2 is one of nine electric-generating plants in the United States that use nuclear-reactor equipment designed and manufactured by Babcock & Wilcox. As is customarily the case with nuclear-equipment suppliers, Babcock & Wilcox provides only the specialized nuclear steam-supply system and the associated control equipment used in these facilities; its portion is estimated to amount to about ten per cent of the total cost of plant construction, with other suppliers, architect-engineering firms, and construction companies providing all the other services and equipment. (Unit 2, for example, was built by United Engineers & Constructors; its turbine was supplied by Westinghouse; its architect-engineer was Burns and Roe; the pressure-relief valve for its primary-cooling system was manufactured by Dresser Industries.) The various companies that participate in the design and manufacture of each nuclear power plant's components and systems have their own design preferences and requirements, and so do the individual utility companies buying these services; as a result, the nine plants that use Babcock & Wilcox nuclear reactors differ in many of their design details. The nine plants were also built at different times and were therefore subject to different federal safety regulations. Even plants built during the same period and under the same nominal safety requirements may display marked design differences, owing to the varying interpretations that can be given to some of the very general design criteria promulgated by the A.E.C. and the N.R.C.

Still, the plants using Babcock & Wilcox reactors do have a large element of similarity—a strong family resemblance. Certainly the Babcock & Wilcox equipment in all of them is essentially the same in most elementary design respects. The official A.E.C. "Safety Evaluation Report" for Three

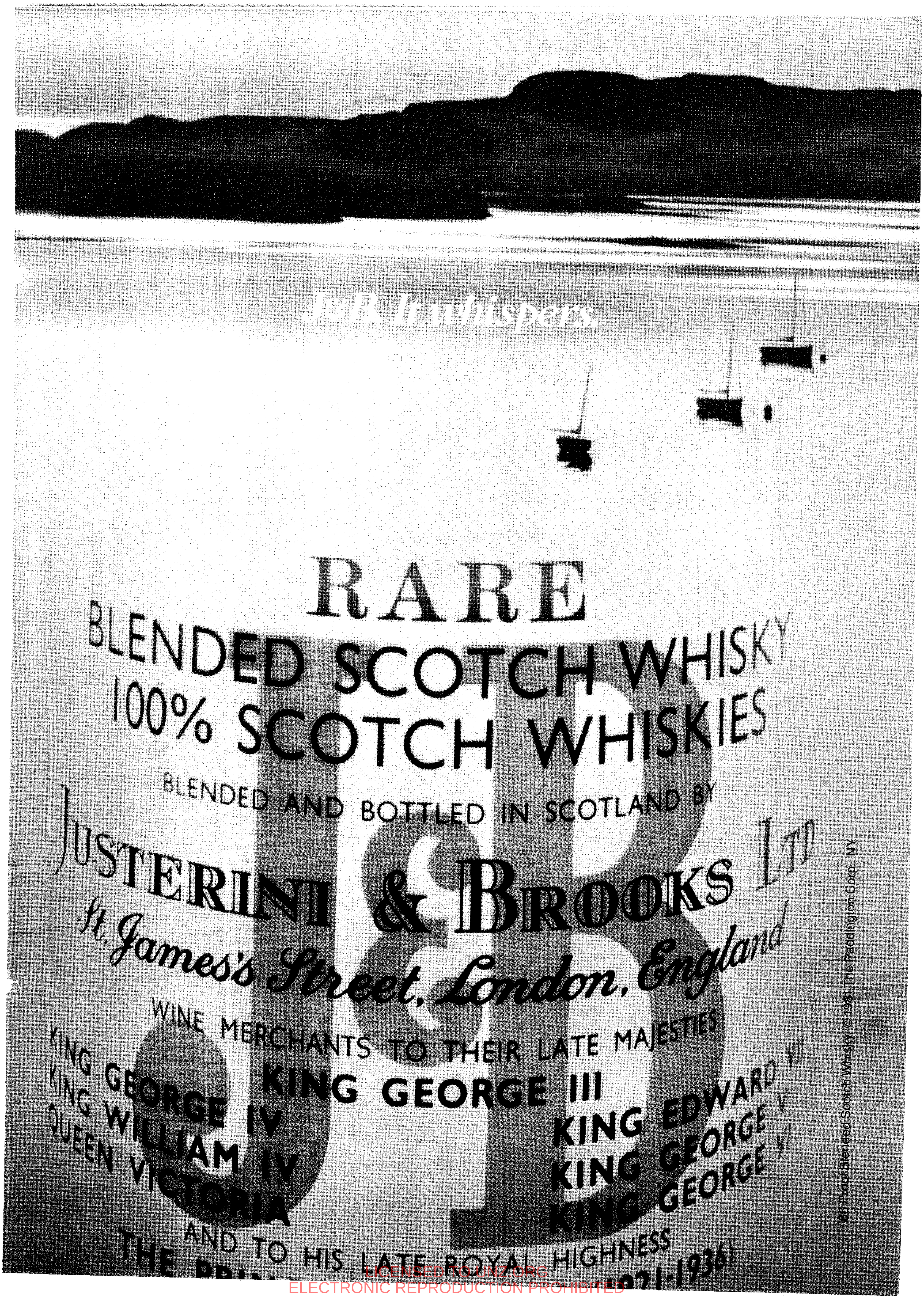
Mile Island Unit 2, issued in September of 1969, noted, "The nuclear steam supply system, engineered safety features, and reactor building are similar in design to the other Babcock & Wilcox facilities at Oconee Nuclear Station, Crystal River Nuclear Station, Rancho Seco Nuclear Station, Three Mile Island Unit No. 1 Nuclear Station, and the Arkansas Nuclear Station, which have already been issued construction permits."

The eight other nuclear plants incorporating Babcock & Wilcox reactors all went into operation before Three Mile Island Unit 2, and as of March, 1979, the nine plants had accumulated some thirty reactor-years of operating experience. The three Oconee plants, which are owned by the Duke Power Company and are situated near Seneca, South Carolina, went into operation in 1973 and 1974. Toledo Edison's Davis-Besse Unit 1, at Oak Harbor, Ohio, between Toledo and Cleveland, has been operating since 1977; the Florida Power Corporation's Crystal River Unit 3, near Crystal River, Florida, since 1976; the Sacramento Municipal Utility District's Rancho Seco Nuclear Generating Station, in Sacramento, California, since 1974; the Arkansas Power & Light Company's Arkansas Unit 1, in Russellville, Arkansas, since 1974; and Three Mile Island Unit 1, which, like Unit 2, is operated by the Metropolitan Edison Company, since 1974.



The operating records of the earlier Babcock & Wilcox nuclear reactors provide concrete, practical information about the performance characteristics and over-all reliability of Babcock & Wilcox systems and components. The design of nuclear power plants is based on predictions of how equipment will behave under both normal and emergency conditions. While laboratory tests and experiments can provide some check on the design engineers' predictions, operating experience affords far more realistic and valuable data. Thus, as nuclear power plants of a given type and design operate, careful study of their cumulative track record can serve a number of ends. The operating history can be used to check design adequacy; it can suggest needed procedural improvements; it can prompt new regulatory requirements or, possibly, the elimination of unnecessary ones; it can be used as a basis for other regulatory determinations (such as the competence of individual utility companies to operate nuclear power plants); and, most important, it can provide possible early-warning signs of developing safety problems.

The N.R.C. has never given high priority to an effort to study and use the operating records of commercial nuclear plants as a basis for its regulatory actions. Its scientists and engineers are otherwise engaged. N.R.C. safety analysts, for example, perform prelicensing safety reviews of each proposed nuclear power plant; they are concerned principally with the general design features of new plants and, as a rule, limit their inquiries to standard questions about safety-system design which have been on the official technical agenda since the mid-nineteen-sixties. Meanwhile, in the various government laboratories where N.R.C. safety research is conducted, scientists and engineers concentrate on a relatively narrow set of technical questions about certain "hypothetical accidents"—advanced scientific issues that have been the dominant interest of these research centers for the last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fifteen years. Thus, the federal agency in charge of nuclear-plant safety, given the duties and preoccupations of its technical experts, has concerned itself only casually with the actual day-to-day safety problems at American nuclear plants. One manifestation of this attitude is in the N.R.C.'s handling of reports of safety deficiencies at the plants. Although the commission annually receives four to five thousand reports on equipment breakdowns, operator errors, and other safety-related or potentially safety-related incidents, it had, before the accident at Three Mile Island, no systematic program to discover what lessons could be learned from the data; that is, there had been no centralized effort to review the data on a regular basis, to extract significant trends, to analyze the fundamental safety issues underlying recurrent problems, and to oversee corrective action.

"That's a bird, spelled b-i-r-d."

• •

The N.R.C. does have a Division of Operating Reactors and an Office of Inspection and Enforcement, and these presumably are responsible for reviewing the safety problems of nuclear plants already in service. According to Victor Stello, Jr., who was the head of the former division and is now the head of the latter, the N.R.C. "collects, digests, analyzes," and otherwise deals with the reports from the operating plants, but just how these efforts fit together into an over-all system Stello was reluctant to explain. "No, I don't like to summarize it," he said in an interview a few weeks after the accident. The task of reviewing these data, he remarked, is spread among various agency divisions and offices. "There's no assigned group that sits down and is devoted to the task of just looking at all of the licensee event reports from all of the plants—it's not done that way," he said. Some offices do collect the data from the plants, he continued, adding, "I would think" that they "do what they can to analyze it." Other N.R.C. branches, according to Stello, have "a whole host of people" who analyze individual events at the operating plants "fairly comprehensively."

Harold Denton, who as the director of the Office of Nuclear Reactor Regulation supervises these specialized branches, has a different impression of how the N.R.C. safety analysts have dealt with routine reports of equipment malfunctions and other safety problems over the years. The reports "all come in, they all get logged, and identified, and printed up," Denton says, but "some branches are far more interested in operating experience than others." While a few offices have "historically really monitored" and "worried" about such developments at the licensed reactors, he says, "other branches don't tend to think that operating experience is as valuable in input, and it hasn't got done." After the Three Mile Island accident, Denton said, "The commission has asked us on a crash basis now to propose a new scheme to be sure that licensee event reports do get proper attention in the future."

Even Stello conceded that the N.R.C., before the accident, had no coördinated method for identifying patterns in the safety-system deficiencies reported to it. "The individual reports are analyzed," he said. "The trending is not. The trending is ad hoc."

Unless some N.R.C. officials merely happened to discover it, a trend suggesting safety difficulties could easily remain buried in the voluminous reports that the N.R.C. receives from each operating plant. Over the years, Dr. Stephen H. Hanauer, who is an engineer with the N.R.C. and one of the federal government's chief nuclear-safety experts, has sent out memos on the need to review the information flowing into the agency from the plants. "Not a day goes by without one or more mishaps at licensed reactors," he noted in a memo on September 13, 1971, in which he urged the orderly compilation and "periodic review" of these data. Other officials have privately discussed the "gold mine" of safety-related data that was being officially ignored, although a few abortive attempts were made to set up a program for extracting useful—and possibly critically important—information from all the routine reports of nuclear-plant mishaps. Still, the

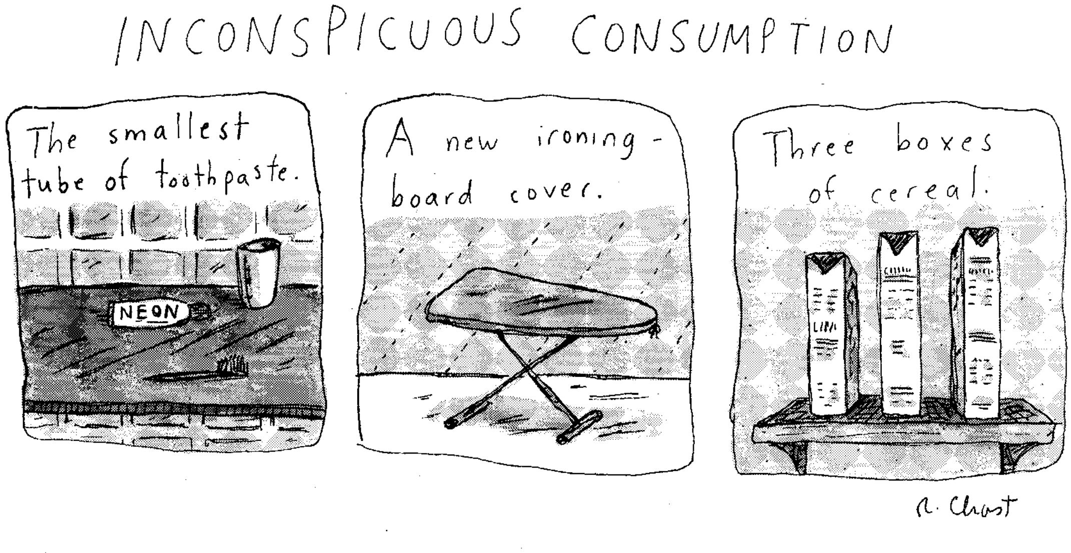
N.R.C.'s safety-review and safety-research priorities had never been amended to emphasize the task of taking a careful look at what was really happening at operating nuclear plants.

A REVIEW of the documents that accumulated in the N.R.C.'s files pertaining to the nine Babcock & Wilcox reactors shows what the N.R.C. would have learned if Stello's division or Denton's other specialized branches had elected to monitor these reports periodically. Although many of them—they are available for inspection at the N.R.C. Public Document Room, in Washington—are fragmentary, containing raw data about specific incidents and malfunctions unaccompanied by engineering analyses or commentary, they nevertheless suggest a pattern of safety problems seemingly inherent in Babcock & Wilcox designs. The problems are not, however, limited to Babcock & Wilcox reactors; the reactors of Westinghouse, Combustion Engineering, and General Electric have also experienced a wide range of safety-related difficulties, as a review of plant malfunctions suggests.

On September 16, 1978, a serious problem developed in the electrical equipment that powers and controls safety systems at Arkansas Nuclear One—Units 1 and 2. Arkansas Unit 1 uses a Babcock & Wilcox reactor, and Unit 2 uses a pressurized-water reactor designed and manufactured by Combustion Engineering. The difficulty, which could result in the disabling of all the safety equipment at both plants, was officially characterized as a case of "degradation of engineered safety features." The accident began with the sudden closing of a single valve in one of the main pipes that delivers steam to the turbine in Arkansas Unit 1, which was operating at full power. Unit 1 should have simply gone into a routine shutdown, leaving Unit 2, which was being tested before going into commercial operation, unaffected. Instead, because of a wrong interconnection of the two units, all of Unit 2's emergency safety systems were activated. Emergency diesel generators started up, valves opened or closed, pumps began pumping; the plant reacted as if there had been a major accident instead of a spurious electrical signal. Moreover, electrical-system problems at Unit 2 signalled certain valves to open prematurely—a development that caused other emergency equipment to operate out of the correct sequence. This meant that if there had been an actual crisis, such as a pipe rupture that required emergency cooling to prevent a core meltdown, the emergency cooling system at Unit 2 would not have worked. At Unit 1, meanwhile, a more routine shutdown occurred, and initially there was no evidence of deficiencies in its electrical systems. But a subsequent N.R.C. review disclosed that in a real emergency the fuses in all of Unit 1's control circuits for safety equipment could have blown, leaving the safety apparatus disabled. On February 16, 1979—five months after the accident—the Nuclear Regulatory Commission issued a notice informing other utility companies of the "unusual sequence of events" that had occurred at the Arkansas plant. Although the N.R.C. has full legal authority to "modify, suspend, or revoke" the licenses for nuclear plants whenever it determines that a safety defect may exist, it allowed all Babcock & Wilcox and Combustion Engineering plants to continue in operation.

The commission's reference to the sequence of events at Arkansas Units 1 and 2 as "unusual" may be somewhat misleading. N.R.C. records reveal that in July of 1976 a similarly widespread electrical-system failure disabled the safety equipment at the Millstone Nuclear Power Station Unit 2, in Waterford, Connecticut, on two separate occasions. That plant's pressurized-water reactor and related control equipment were designed and manufactured by Combustion Engineering. The commission had assigned one of its staff electrical experts to study this type of potential electrical problem long before either of the Millstone incidents. In his reports, the engineer concluded that circuitry failure might be a generic deficiency in the entire nuclear industry—a likely sequence of events in certain circumstances in any plant. The N.R.C. took no corrective action in response to his concern or in response to related safety problems noted soon afterward by other members of its electrical-systems branch. The reluctance of the N.R.C.'s senior management to take action on several dozen safety issues pointed out by N.R.C. engineers—a list that included the problem of mistaken operator interference with the emergency cooling apparatus—led to a decision by five licensing engineers to testify before the Senate Governmental Affairs Subcommittee on Energy, Nuclear Proliferation, and Federal Services, on December 13, 1976, at a hearing chaired by Senator John Glenn, in order to call attention to the problems, explain their seriousness, and possibly help bring about needed remedies. They told the subcommittee that the N.R.C. was "covering up" a set of safety problems that some of its own principal experts believed to be extremely grave. Their testimony stimulated none of the corrective actions they desired, although it did provoke the N.R.C. to reassign four of them two days later. The fifth engineer had already resigned from the agency in protest.

Another significant shortcoming in a nuclear plant using a Babcock & Wilcox reactor was revealed by an accident at the Rancho Seco Nuclear Generating Station, near Sacramento, on March 20, 1978. At 4:25 A.M., an operator who was replacing a burned-out light bulb on the main control panel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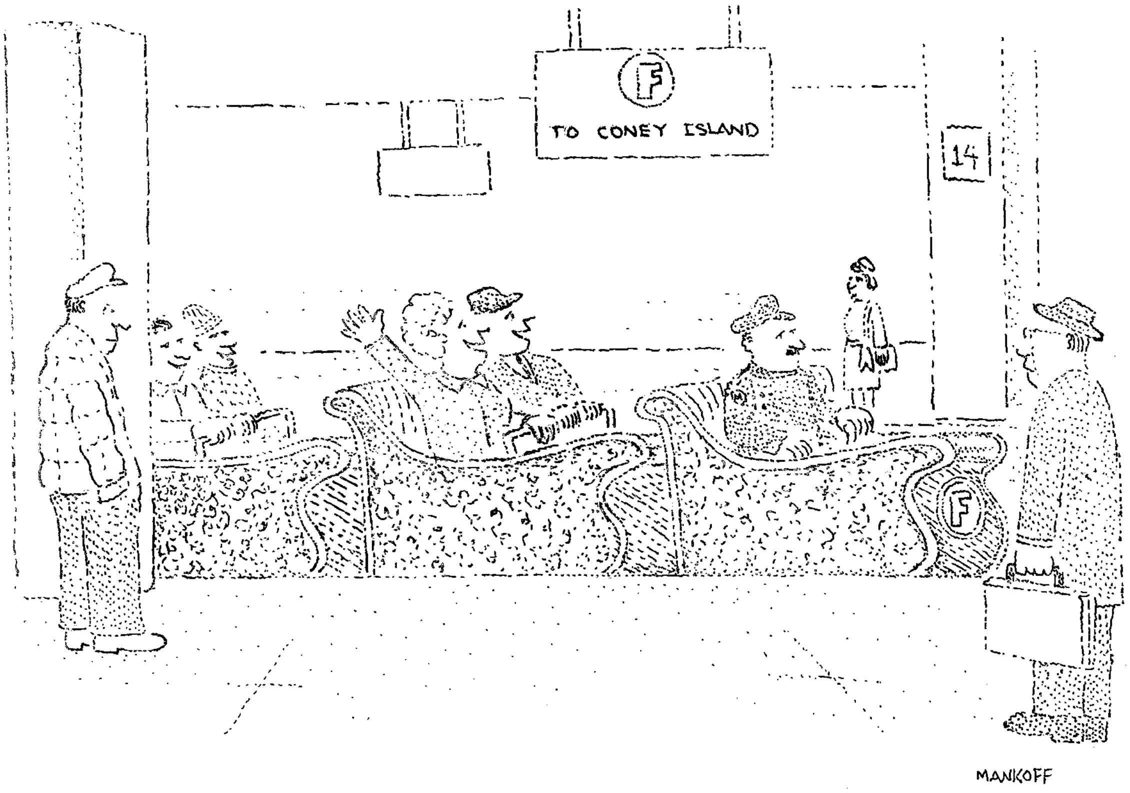

dropped the quarter-inch bulb into the panel. The plant, which was operating at seventy per cent of capacity and was supposed to be capable of coping with pipe ruptures, fires, earthquakes, and other contingencies, could not handle this seemingly trivial mishap. According to a description in a private Babcock & Wilcox report, the dropping of the light bulb caused short circuits that in turn interrupted the power supply to "a substantial portion" of the instruments in the control room which monitored key parts of the plant. The instruments included those used to control the main feedwater system, which immediately began to malfunction. Because of the instrument failure, however, the operators did not have the information they needed to determine the appropriate emergency actions. Automated equipment was available to assist in controlling the reactor, of course, but the correct automated actions were not carried out, either, because this equipment also failed to receive the appropriate signals from the malfunctioning instruments. To make this dangerous situation worse, the instruments started sending erroneous signals to the plant's integrated-control system—an automated master control that, among other things, regulates the main feedwater system. The integrated-control system then initiated a series of maneuvers that, according to Babcock & Wilcox, sent the reactor on a "severe thermal transient," which involved a rapid surge in pressure in the reactor—causing a safety valve to open temporarily—followed by a prolonged pressure drop. The emergency cooling apparatus was also activated. "For about the first seven minutes, the two events"—at Rancho Seco and a year later at Three Mile Island—"looked almost identical," according to Daniel Whitney, a Rancho Seco nuclear engineer. The Babcock & Wilcox report on the incident, which was dated August 9, 1978, and was written by Ivan D. Green, the site-operations manager at the company's headquarters, in Lynchburg, Virginia, concluded, "Plant operators had extreme difficulty in determining the true status . . . of the plant . . . and in controlling the plant because of the erroneous indications in the control room." After an hour and nine minutes, the operators finally figured out how to restore power to their instruments, and they were then able to bring the plant back under control. The Babcock & Wilcox report, intended to alert the operators of the company's other reactors to the problem, was sent out to all the utilities except Metropolitan Edison. Babcock & Wilcox officials believed that it was not necessary to inform the company of the problem, since a similar event at Unit 2, on March 23, 1978, had already been discussed with Met Ed officials.

THE copy of the Babcock & Wilcox report on the Rancho Seco accident sent to the Davis-Besse Nuclear Power Station, in Ohio, was ultimately seen by James S. Creswell, a thirty-five-year-old reactor inspector in the Midwest regional office of the N.R.C.—in Glen Ellyn, Illinois, near Chicago—whose duties included overseeing the start-up of Davis-Besse. Although reports of the Rancho Seco accident, and also reports of accidents that had occurred at the Davis-Besse plant, had been sent to the N.R.C., these reports, far from stimulating an N.R.C. review of Babcock & Wilcox plants, had received scant official attention. Creswell was deeply concerned about the accidents, however, and about several other problems that had come to his attention at Davis-Besse. On his own initiative, he raised a number of questions about Babcock & Wilcox reactor problems not only with plant officials but also with officials of the N.R.C. He felt that there might be safety flaws inherent in the Babcock & Wilcox equipment—a view not shared by senior N.R.C. officials.

One of the accidents that worried Creswell had occurred at Davis-Besse on September 24, 1977—an accident that, it is clear in retrospect, bore a striking resemblance to the one at Three Mile Island eighteen months later. At Davis-Besse, the main feedwater system failed—as it did at Three Mile Island—and then a pressure-relief valve opened and, because of a missing electrical relay, cycled open and closed about nine times, finally jamming in an open position. (It is still not known whether the pressure-relief valve at Three Mile Island stuck open because of an electrical-control problem or for some other reason, since the continued high radiation levels inside the containment building have made a physical inspection impossible.) The operators at Davis-Besse, like the operators at Three Mile Island, did not immediately

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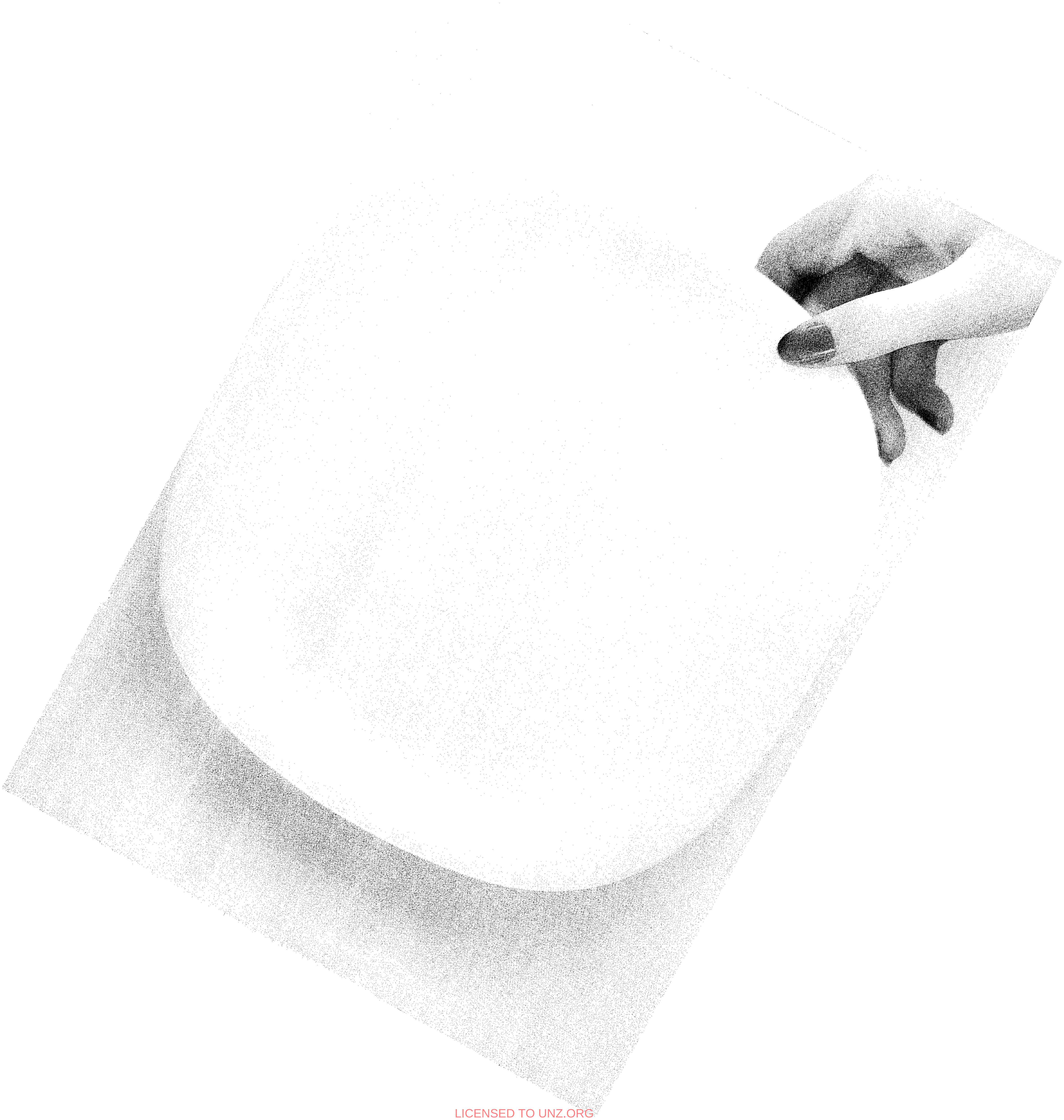

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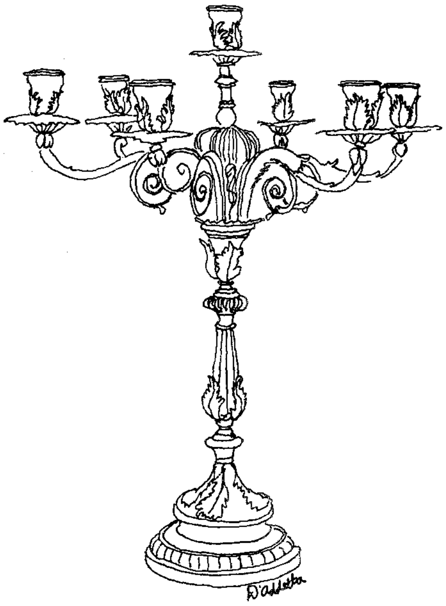
Worrying about the adequacy of nuclear plants and their safety systems was something that was supposed to be done by the hundreds of safety analysts at the N.R.C.'s headquarters, and not by a field inspector like Creswell, who was expected to be more of a bookkeeper than an engineer. His principal assignment was to monitor the paperwork connected with a utility company's quality-assurance programs and to review other aspects of its administrative procedures. The N.R.C. had elected not to have its inspectors carry out comprehensive physical inspections of the actual equipment and components installed in nuclear power plants—not to test equipment performance, or periodically check sensitive pipes for cracks, or determine whether specific components had been built and installed in accordance with N.R.C. safety requirements. Instead, as a 1978 report on part of the N.R.C.'s inspection program by the General Accounting Office noted, the N.R.C. preferred to "rely heavily upon the utility company self-evaluation." For all practical purposes, in other words, the commission delegated most safety-inspection tasks to the individual utility company and limited its own role to spot-checking the utility company's records of such work. Without direct inspections and independent testing of the actual equipment, of course, the N.R.C. could not verify the accuracy of the company's records but merely their ostensible completeness. N.R.C. inspectors had complained privately for years that this loose supervision of the industry had resulted in a low "confidence level" concerning the degree to which operating nuclear plants actually complied with federal safety rules. That this indirect system of auditing safety conditions at American nuclear plants may have been responsible for the belated detection of safety defects also prompted the General Accounting Office to recommend that the N.R.C. "improve its basis for judging the quality of nuclear power plant construction." Creswell, in the light of the safety problems that he saw at Davis-Besse, was not content to stick to his narrow formal assignment and overlook what he took to be the possible generic safety ramifications of the September 24, 1977, accident and the problems related to it. Nor was he satisfied that he could rely on the N.R.C.'s determination that the plant's Babcock & Wilcox equipment was adequately designed or on the utility company's own "self-evaluation," which stated that the various "incidents" at the plant were no cause for concern.



"The problems at Davis-Besse just bugged me," Creswell said in an interview a few months after the Three Mile Island accident. His pursuit of these matters, he recalled, began in earnest after a routine three-day inspection that he made at the plant starting on December 6, 1977. The focal point of this particular inspection was an occurrence at the plant a week before, on November 29th. A temporary power failure had caused the plant to shut down suddenly—a

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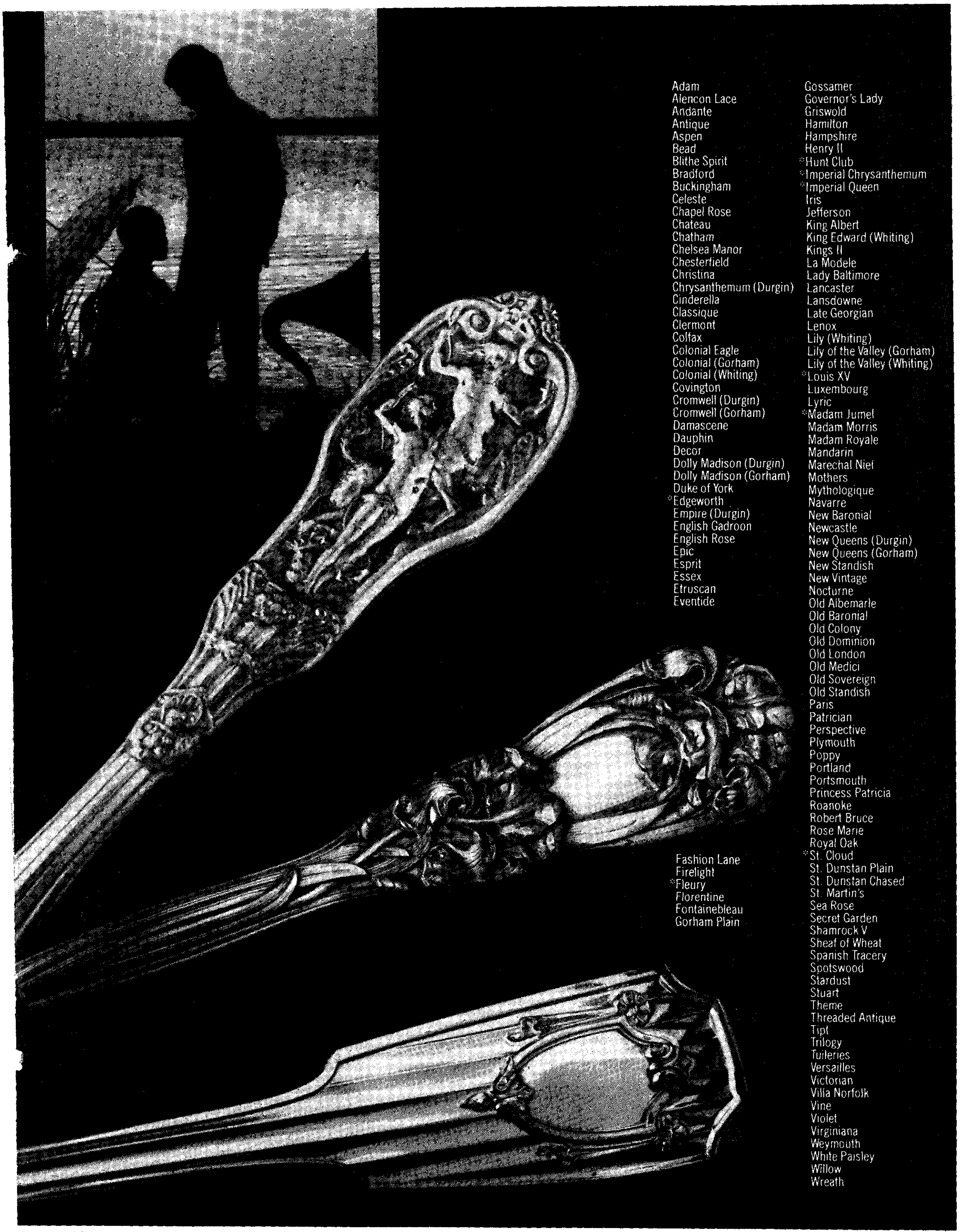

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relatively common experience for any type of electric-generating station. As Creswell reviewed the records of the incident, however, he became concerned about the strange behavior of the pressurizer-water-level instrument during the incident. This is a device that reactor operators use in lieu of an instrument telling them how much water is in the reactor. During the November 29th incident, the pressurizer-water-level instrument indicated that the pressurizer—a tank connected to the reactor's primary cooling system—had no water in it. With that instrument showing "zero," the operators had no indication—not even this indirect one—of how much water was in the reactor. Although the incident ended quickly, and with the reactor satisfactorily stabilized, the behavior of the pressurizer-water-level instrument presented several serious problems. Creswell began to worry how operators of pressurized-water reactors could possibly cope with plant emergencies if they didn't know how much cooling water was in the reactor.

Creswell talked with Davis-Besse officials about the pressurizer-instrument problem during his inspection of the plant in December of 1977 and several times afterward, during ten inspections he made in 1978. As he looked over the records for information about how the pressurizer instrument on Babcock & Wilcox reactors behaved, he gathered more details about the September 24, 1977, incident —the one that so strongly prefigured the accident at Three Mile Island. He learned that the operators at Davis-Besse, on the basis of the pressurizer-water-level-instrument readings, had prematurely shut off the emergency-cooling-system pumps—even though the reactor's cooling water was still being lost through the stuck-open relief valve. (This key fact had been omitted in the "licensee event report" on the accident that the company submitted to the N.R.C. on October 7, 1977.) Creswell formally asked Davis-Besse officials to review the operating procedure according to which the control-room personnel had deliberately disabled the emergency cooling system, telling them that the action was contrary to the way in which the system was intended to work. Company officials were not responsive, Creswell says; they replied that a review of the matter was "in process" and, moreover, that it was really outside the scope of Creswell's responsibilities as

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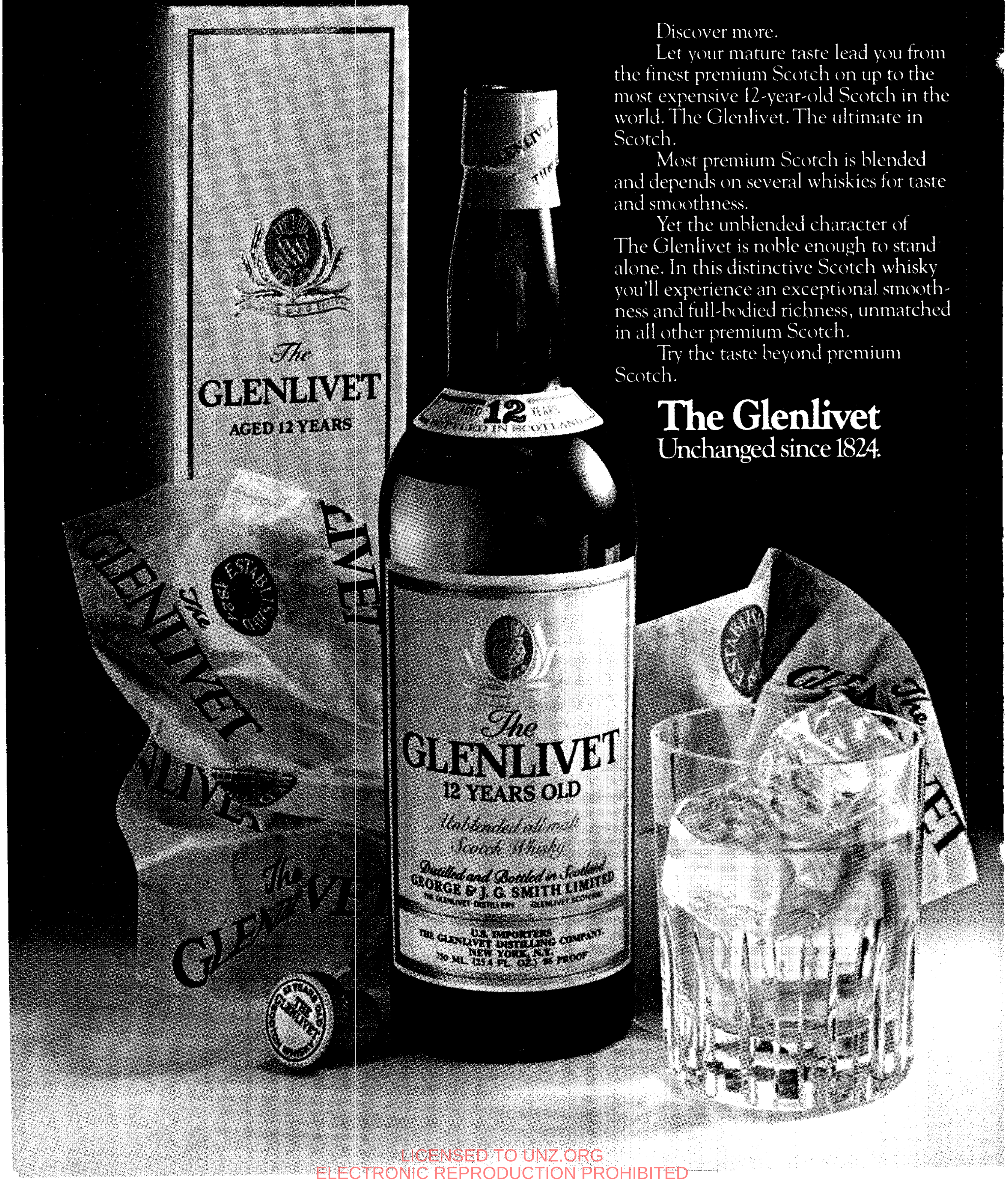
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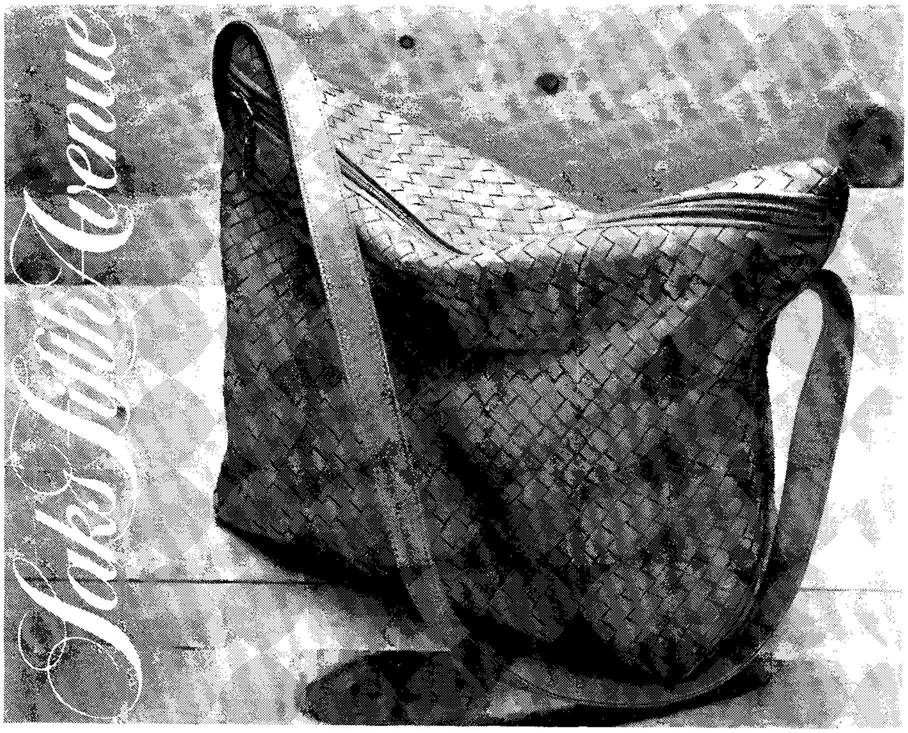
an inspector, being a subject more properly addressed by safety analysts at N.R.C. headquarters.

N.R.C. headquarters, it turned out, had inquired into the September 24th accident. Denwood Ross, a senior official in the Division of Systems Safety, dispatched Gerald Mazetis, a reactor-systems engineer, to Davis-Besse to attend a special meeting on September 30th, at which the accident was to be reviewed. In his report on the meeting, Mazetis noted that the operators had disabled the emergency cooling equipment and that there were "many questions . . . to be addressed." The accident was then reviewed on October 3rd, at a meeting in the office of Dr. Roger Mattson, director of the Division of Systems Safety, which was also attended by Karl Seyfrit, an assistant director of the Office of Inspection and Enforcement. This office assumed responsibility for investigating the event further—a responsibility confirmed in a follow-up memorandum from Ross. Item 2 in the memorandum, which was dated October 20, 1977, states: "The operator's role in participating in the event should be related. . . . The operator's decision to secure [emergency cooling pump] flow based on pressurizer level indication should be explained." There is, however, no evidence that a satisfactory follow-up investigation was ever carried out. Creswell himself, during his continuing review of the September 24th incident, called N.R.C. headquarters asking for documentation on how the matter was resolved. He was told, he says, that there was none.

Instead of encouraging Creswell to investigate the safety issues raised by the accident at Davis-Besse, his superiors at the N.R.C. were, he says, "quite negative" about his continuing work on these matters. It has been tacit N.R.C. policy, Creswell explains, not to aggressively pursue safety questions that could have a major adverse economic impact on the nuclear-power industry. There is, of course, an obvious trade-off between the safety and the economics of nuclear power—one that the N.R.C. has had to finesse constantly. N.R.C. officials, in view of the long-standing federal policies favoring nuclear-power expansion, and their own personal and professional commitment to the program, have often been sympathetic to the industry when they have decided where to draw the line. This has been especially likely to happen when a safety concern has arisen that might



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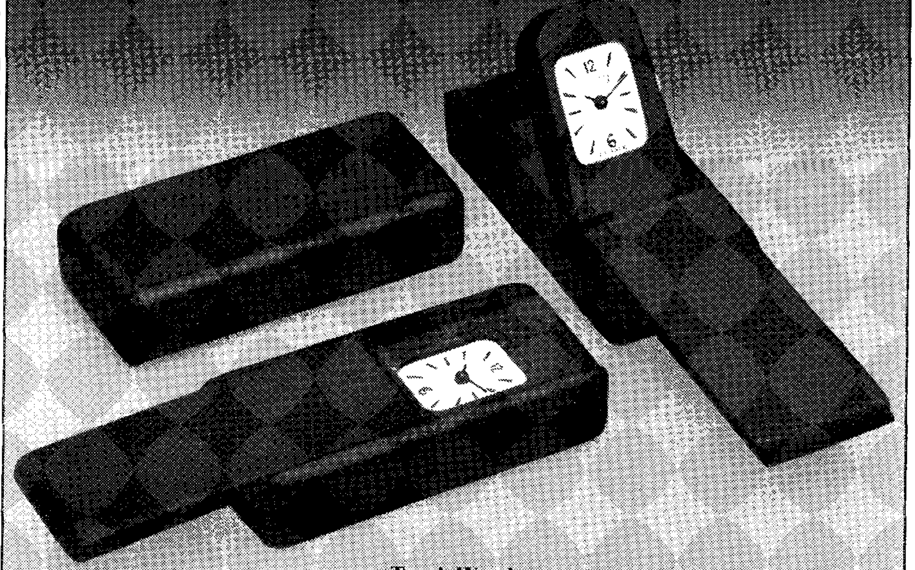

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necessitate the shutdown of an operating nuclear plant—something that the N.R.C. is extremely reluctant to order. The agency's tolerant attitude toward newly discovered safety problems has also been influenced by a general complacency, after years of seeing such problems come and go, about the risk that one of them might grow into a serious accident. The N.R.C. has had what Creswell calls the "mind-set" that such accidents just "couldn't happen." Creswell, who in 1978 had been with the agency for only two years, had yet to absorb the official outlook, and could not so easily dismiss the safety problems he saw at Davis-Besse.

For fourteen months, despite the opposition of his superiors, Creswell did everything he could think of within the N.R.C. to call attention to the problems of Babcock & Wilcox reactors. He pestered Davis-Besse officials for more information about the accidents there until they complained to his superiors; he asked for an investigation, under the commission's regulations covering the disclosure of safety defects by the industry, to determine whether Babcock & Wilcox might have withheld information about the safety of its plants; he wrote memos that urged further investigations of various technical issues; and, generally, he pulled every bureaucratic lever he had available to him. He got nowhere. Finally, he decided to press his concerns far outside the normal channels. In a memorandum dated January 8, 1979, he set out his views on the over-all problems at Babcock & Wilcox plants, and formally asked to have this memorandum submitted to the N.R.C. licensing boards considering authorizations for additional Babcock & Wilcox plants. This maneuver would, in effect, make public the concerns he had expressed within the N.R.C., because all correspondence received by the licensing boards becomes public. Creswell hoped that his memo might attract the attention of technically competent critics outside the N.R.C., who would put more pressure on the commission to resolve the problems. Even though official procedures specified that his superiors must transmit his memo to the licensing boards, they were hesitant to do so, since this would mean that the official N.R.C. safety evaluation of Babcock & Wilcox plants would be called into question in public licensing hearings. Creswell's memos were distributed to senior officials throughout the N.R.C., but it was not until March 29, 1979—the day after the Three Mile Island accident began—that they were sent to the licensing boards.

The manner in which the N.R.C. disposed of Creswell's concerns can be deduced from the "Weekly Information Report—Week Ending December 29, 1978," which was sent directly to the five commissioners by the N.R.C. staff, and which refers to one of the major problems Creswell raised. At issue was the performance of the emergency feedwater system in the Davis-Besse plant—the same piece of safety equipment that failed at Three Mile Island three months later and that had partly failed at Davis-Besse on September 24, 1977. The main feedwater system pumps water into the steam generators, where it absorbs heat from the water coming out of the reactor—the primary cooling water—and is thus converted to steam. By carrying off the heat that the nuclear fuel adds to the primary cooling water, the main feedwater system keeps not only the temperature of the nuclear fuel but also the pressure of the primary cooling system under control. So essential are these tasks that all pressurized-water reactors must be equipped with backup feedwater systems—the emergency, or auxiliary, feedwater systems—to compensate for any failure of the main feedwater pumps. If the main feedwater pumps fail, the reactor has to be shut down quickly; that is, control rods have to be inserted into the reactor's core to stop the nuclear chain reactions that generate heat to turn water into steam. The reactor, however, would still be heating up, because of the decay heat from accumulated radioactive waste materials. The emergency feedwater systems must continue to supply water to the steam generators to remove the decay heat and keep the temperature of the nuclear fuel under control. If the main feedwater system fails and the emergency feedwater systems also fail, no satisfactory method for cooling the reactor is available. The uranium fuel could then overheat dangerously, as happened during the accident at Three Mile Island Unit 2. (On some pressurized-water reactors of German design, extra "residual-heat-removal systems" have been installed to cool the reactor in the event of total failure of the main feedwater and emergency

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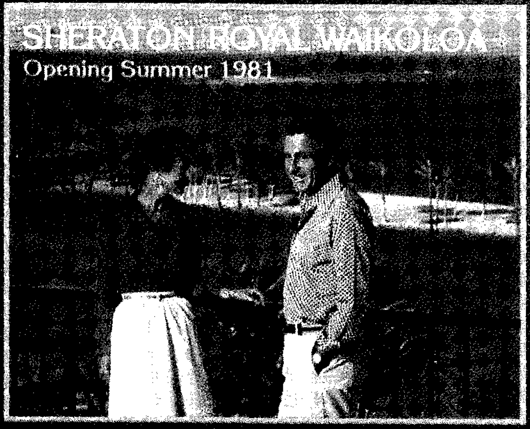
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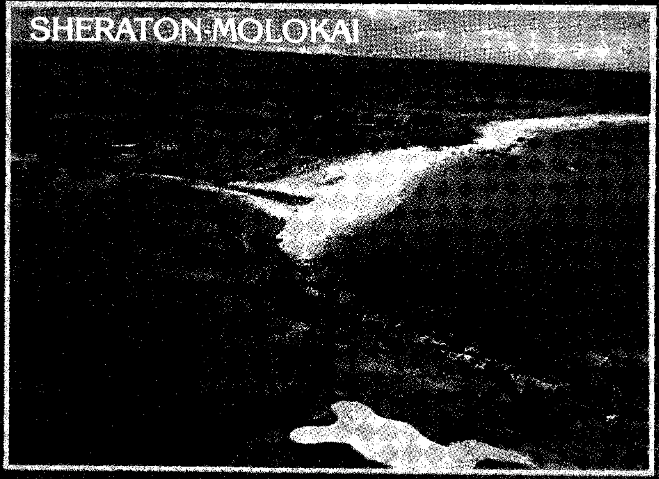
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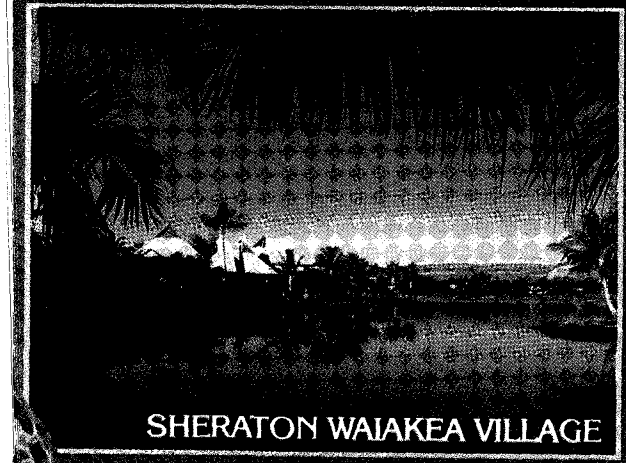
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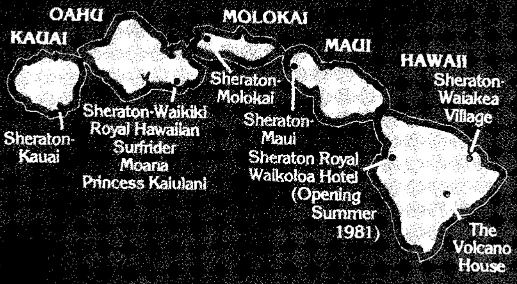
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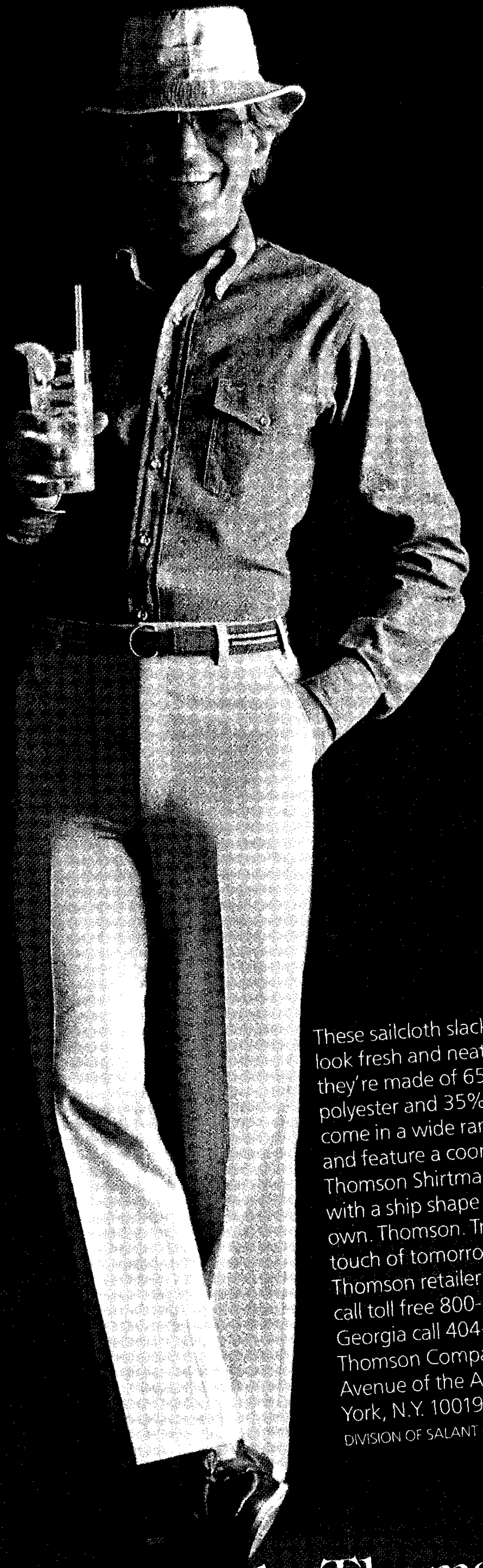

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feedwater systems. American reactor designers, with the acquiescence of the N.R.C., have chosen not to install this expensive additional equipment; if they had, the accident at Unit 2 would have easily been controlled.)

There was another aspect to the feedwater-control problem noted by Creswell—something that has long been known to reactor-safety experts: too much emergency feedwater flow can be as destabilizing as too little. If more emergency feedwater than is required to remove the heat produced by radioactive decay is pumped into the steam generators, the high pressure in the primary cooling system can be suddenly reduced. Some of the primary cooling water could then start to boil and flash into steam, posing two problems for the reactor's hot uranium core. First, if the core is filled with steam or a mixture of steam bubbles and water instead of just water, the uranium fuel is not as adequately cooled, because water removes heat from the surface of the fuel rods better than steam does. Second, if a large steam bubble develops inside the reactor, it could block part of the piping system and interfere with the circulation of water through the reactor; this could make it difficult to keep the core temperature under control. What is needed, in short, is just the right balance of emergency feedwater flow to keep the pressure and the temperature of the primary reactor system under control. The Rancho Seco electrical failure led to incorrect emergency feedwater flows, and to a dangerous pressure decrease in the reactor system. Similar accidents had occurred at Davis-Besse. Creswell wondered whether there were generic defects in Babcock & Wilcox reactors that allowed these accidents to happen. Babcock & Wilcox denied that any such problems existed.

On December 22, 1978, in response to Creswell's persistent criticism, the owners of the Davis-Besse plant had submitted to the N.R.C. an "Additional Safety Evaluation" prepared by Babcock & Wilcox. This report argued that the plant's emergency feedwater systems were fully capable of dealing with any contingency, including the possibility that "overcooling transients" from "excessive" feedwater might jeopardize plant safety. The report asserted that Creswell had raised "no unreviewed safety question" and no other matter that had not already been satisfactorily taken into account in the design of Davis-Besse and

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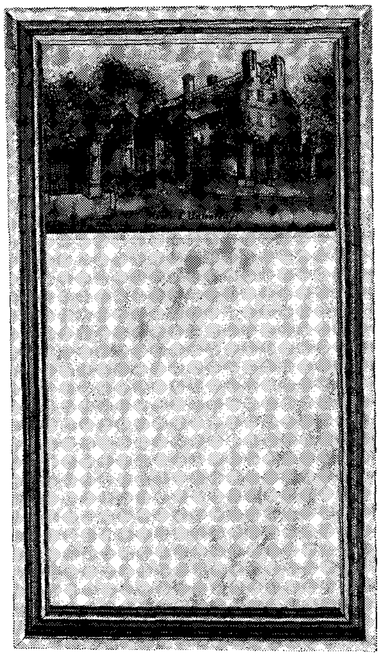

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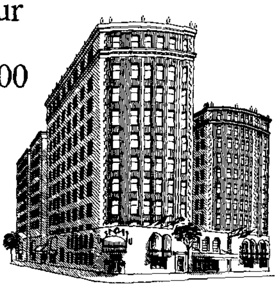

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all the other Babcock & Wilcox plants. Point-by-point responses by the company to Creswell's concerns included the declaration that steam bubbles—or "voids," as the company called them—"will not collect in reactor coolant piping and no flow blockage will occur." Further analyzing the contingencies, the company said that "during the course of" such incidents "no core problems develop." The company engineers added, "We conclude that no safety problem exists. . . . No adverse consequences . . . have been shown and, therefore . . . no concerns to the safe operation of the plant."

A day after receiving the Babcock & Wilcox report, the N.R.C.'s Division of Operating Reactors concluded that no action was required. The swift determination in favor of the owners of the Davis-Besse plant was, for this particular N.R.C. division, a routine move—one that it could make without detailed deliberations, and one that squared with the outlook of Victor Stello, its director at the time. Stello, a large man with a broad, swarthy face and a booming voice, is one of the most influential members of the N.R.C.'s top management. He is also a controversial figure, and some of his colleagues have privately criticized his optimistic views on the adequacy of nuclear-plant safety precautions. Like a number of other key N.R.C. officials, Stello was a member of the upper echelon responsible for many of the basic safety policies under which Babcock & Wilcox reactors and dozens of others received their official safety certifications. For these officials, to acknowledge a serious safety problem with one of these units is to raise questions about the correctness of their own past decisions. To admit even broader safety problems, such as generic defects in an entire set of previously licensed plants, is to concede major blunders. Such concessions—what bureaucrats delicately term "backpedalling"—are all the more difficult in the light of the growing nuclear controversy and what one N.R.C. technical-review group in 1978 termed the consequent "siege mentality" of some senior members of the N.R.C. staff.

"After the regional inspector questioned the licensee's determination that no unreviewed safety question was involved," the "Weekly Information Report—Week Ending December 29, 1978" said, the Division of Operating Reactors "requested a copy of the licensee's evaluation and, subsequently,

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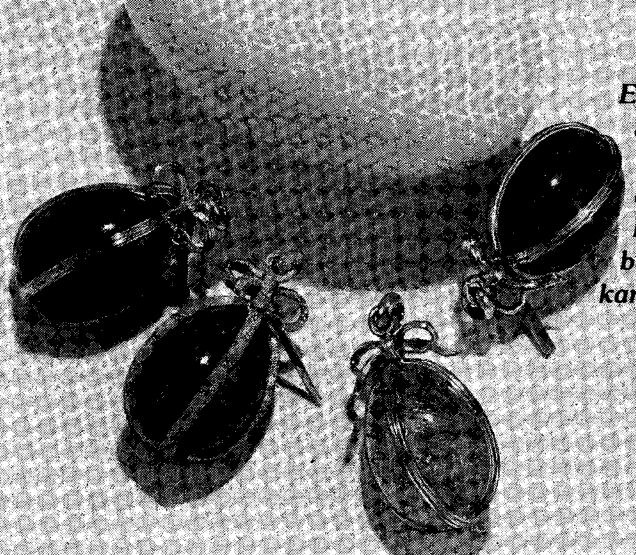
additional information." The report continued, "The additional information was submitted on December 22, 1978. After review on December 23, 1978, D.O.R. concluded that because no fuel damage would occur . . . no unreviewed safety question was involved and no licensing action was required." This summary dismissal of Creswell's concerns left Davis-Besse, Oconee Units 1, 2, and 3, Rancho Seco, Crystal River Unit 3, Arkansas Nuclear One—Unit 1, and Three Mile Island Units 1 and 2 licensed for full-power operation with the approval of Stello's division and the concurrence of the entire senior management of the commission.

Still, Creswell, who was now confronting the heads of staff and no longer merely his immediate supervisors, continued to challenge the N.R.C.'s conclusions about the safety of Babcock & Wilcox plants. It was at this point that Creswell had decided to write the memorandum that would go to the N.R.C. licensing boards and thus, he hoped, put some public pressure on the agency. His January 8, 1979, memo pointed out "certain issues [that] have come to my attention" during "the course of my inspections at Davis-Besse." Creswell mentioned six problems, including the feedwater-control problem and a related one—having to do with the pressurizer-water-level instrument. Creswell's memo went from office to office inside the N.R.C. By March 6, 1979, the memo had been delivered not only to Stello but also to Harold Denton, the director of the Office of Nuclear Reactor Regulation; Edson Case, Denton's deputy; Darrell Eisenhut, deputy director of the Division of Operating Reactors; Brian Grimes, assistant director for engineering and projects in the Division of Operating Reactors; Steven Varga, chief of Licensing Branch No. 4; Dudley Thompson, executive officer for operations support in the Office of Inspection and Enforcement; and other senior N.R.C. officials.

"I don't think I had read Creswell's memo at that time," Denton, the most senior N.R.C. official who received it, said in an interview not long after the Three Mile Island accident. Denton conceded that he and other senior N.R.C. officials had "sort of made a misallocation of resources" by not studying the memo. "Creswell was right on in many of his ideas, but for some reason, the system didn't elevate Creswell's concern to a priority where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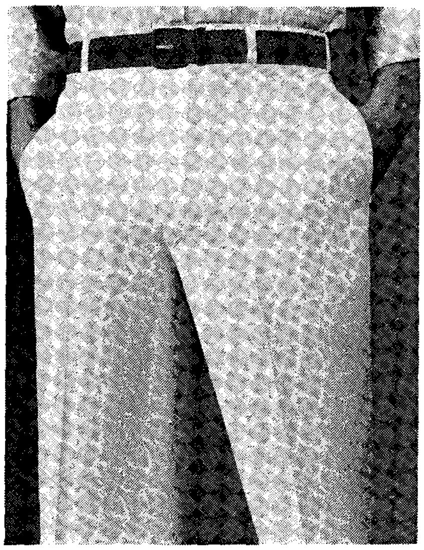

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it was recognized above many other ones that were thought to be high priority," he said. Denton strongly resisted any suggestion that the agency was negligent in its handling of Creswell's memos, saying that "whatever the accident" that might strike a nuclear plant, there would always be a "paper trail" in the agency's files showing that somebody had previously worried about that kind of thing. Denton offered no specific reasons that Creswell's memos and such seemingly serious events as the Davis-Besse and Rancho Seco accidents failed to attract his attention or that of others in the senior management of the N.R.C. Nor did he suggest why the officials who received Creswell's memos took no action to see that the safety problems pinpointed in them were corrected. It was only a few weeks after they received Creswell's January memo that all these key officials hurriedly assembled in the N.R.C.'s emergency-response center, in Bethesda, Maryland, or went off in helicopters to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to see Creswell's diagnosis of the Babcock & Wilcox safety problems proved right. "Well, in retrospect, Creswell was pretty much on target," Denton said. "It just wasn't recognized."

Creswell was discouraged but not defeated by the response his reports received from the N.R.C.'s top officials. Confident of his technical ground—and relying on a background in nuclear engineering gained during five years in the operations division of the Tennessee Valley Authority, in Chattanooga, Tennessee—Creswell decided to go directly to the N.R.C. commissioners. In a maneuver that a conventional bureaucrat would regard as paralleling an attempt by a corporal to make an appointment with the Secretary of Defense, Creswell set up a meeting for himself with Commissioners John Ahearne, a physicist and former Defense Department official, and Peter Bradford, a lawyer and former chairman of the Maine Public Utilities Commission. He thought that, of the five commissioners, these two, who were the most recently appointed and had no association with the A.E.C., would give him the fairest hearing. He had to take a day off from work to go to Bethesda for the meeting, and he had to make the round-trip flight from O'Hare International Airport, in Chicago, at his own expense. The meeting went well, he thought: the two commissioners agreed to take a close look at the issues he had raised. The

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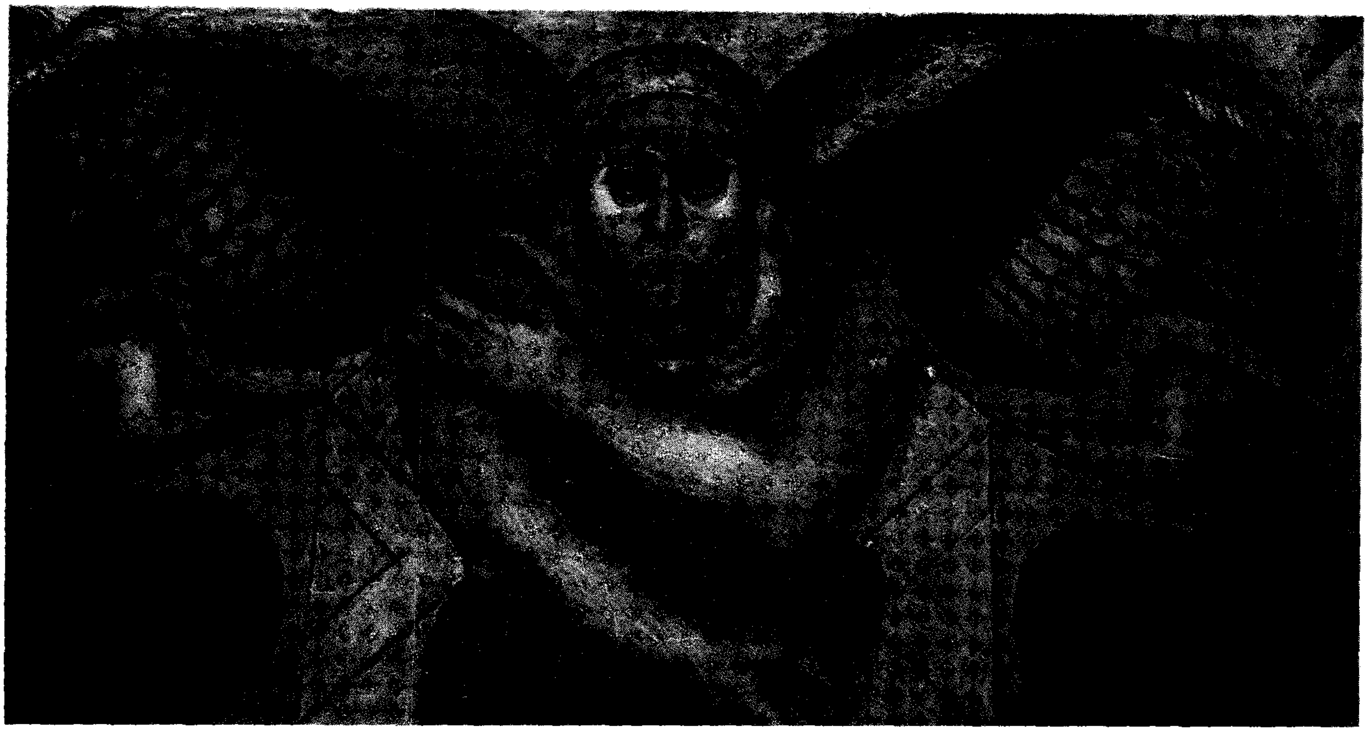

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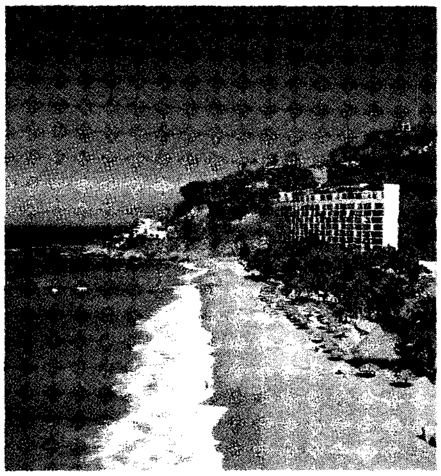

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following week, Ahearne rewarded Creswell's fourteen months of persistence: he prepared a memo to the N.R.C. staff asking for a report on some of the safety questions affecting Davis-Besse that Creswell wanted answered. Ahearne's memo—the only positive response by any influential member of the N.R.C. to the concerns expressed by Creswell—was too late: the accident at Three Mile Island Unit 2 had occurred the day before.

Six months later, Creswell was given a special N.R.C. award of four thousand dollars, in recognition of his diligence in trying to alert the agency to important safety problems. Stello and Denton, whose two divisions ignored Creswell's warnings, also received awards—of ten thousand and twenty thousand dollars, respectively—for their part in the N.R.C.'s efforts to respond to the accident. The appropriateness of these latter awards has been publicly questioned by Mitchell Rogovin, of the Special Inquiry Group. Rogovin has said that it would have been more fitting for "the senior officials of the N.R.C. to owe the government money," given their performance. They have not done so and remain the most important heads of staff inside the N.R.C. Creswell, on the other hand, recently submitted his resignation, explaining in an interview that he thought there were "greater opportunities" for him outside the agency.

ALTHOUGH Creswell did not know it at the time, he was not alone in his efforts to alert the N.R.C. to the problems that might undermine the safety of Babcock & Wilcox reactors. In late 1977, at practically the same time that Creswell had begun raising the issue, Carlyle Michelson, a senior nuclear engineer at the Tennessee Valley Authority who worked on safety analysis, was completing a detailed technical analysis that emphasized some of the same basic concerns. Michelson had been working on a review of the T.V.A.'s Bellefonte Nuclear Plant, which is now under construction in Scottsboro, Alabama, and which incorporates a Babcock & Wilcox reactor. Along with Jesse Ebersole, a retired T.V.A. engineer, who began serving as a member of the N.R.C.'s Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards in 1976, Michelson had been questioning a number of nuclear-safety assumptions—an activity not entirely welcomed by the T.V.A., which is heavily committed to nuclear power—and had been particularly concerned about small loss-of-coolant accidents: leaks in the reactor's primary cooling system caused by ruptures of small pipes or by a relief valve stuck open. Michelson and Ebersole felt that such accidents had been overlooked, or only superficially studied, because of all the emphasis on hypothetical loss-of-coolant accidents caused by ruptures of large pipes. The prevailing assumption behind the official N.R.C. safety analyses was that this emphasis was "conservative," since if a plant could cope with a big loss-of-coolant accident it would presumably have no difficulty in coping with a small one.

In January of 1978, Michelson finished a thirty-four-page technical report on how small loss-of-coolant accidents might affect Babcock & Wilcox reactors—a document that demonstrates just how refined and specific the warnings had been about the type of accident that struck Three Mile Island on March 28, 1979. (The technical analysis of his report is directly related, however, not to a reactor of the size installed at Unit 2—which is described as a one-hundred-and-seventy-seven-fuel-assembly reactor—but to the larger Babcock & Wilcox model, with two hundred and five fuel assemblies, that was being installed at the Bellefonte plant.) The report specifically addressed the "heat-removal problem" that could arise during small loss-of-coolant accidents in two-hundred-and-five-assembly Babcock & Wilcox reactors, and its conclusions were quite straightforward: it might be extremely difficult to keep this reactor adequately cooled during such emergencies. There were "one or more impediments to decay heat removal" in Babcock & Wilcox plants which would prevent the emergency cooling equipment from performing as intended. Among these "impediments" was the formation of a steam bubble that could lodge inside various parts of the reactor's cooling system and prevent the circulation of cooling water. It was, of course, a steam bubble that Babcock & Wilcox had insisted, in its response to Creswell's criticism, could not form but that did form during the Three Mile Island accident. Another serious problem was that the pressurizer-water-level instrument was "not a correct indicator of water level over the reactor core" and that there might not be adequate "emergency operating procedures and operator training" at Babcock & Wilcox plants to allow the operators to handle serious

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reactor-cooling problems. The operators, Michelson predicted, might mistakenly turn off emergency cooling equipment, because of misleading pressurizer-instrument readings—exactly what happened on March 28, 1979. Michelson recommended that studies be carried out to get more information on the "stability" of Babcock & Wilcox cooling equipment and on the "adequacy of instrumentation and components" used in these systems. In a letter dated April 7, 1979—ten days after the Three Mile Island accident—the Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards asked the N.R.C. to carry out some of Michelson's recommendations. Some of the *"impediments" to heat removal in* Babcock & Wilcox reactors which had been described in Michelson's report had by then been demonstrated.

IN September of 1977, Jesse Ebersole gave a handwritten draft copy of Michelson's report to Sanford Israel, a mechanical engineer in the Reactor Systems Branch of the N.R.C. Ebersole says that he wanted to find someone in the N.R.C. who would be "receptive" to the report and "competent to analyze it." In November of that year, Ebersole again raised some of the issues identified by Michelson at an Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards meeting, and his questions were forwarded to Israel's branch at the N.R.C. A few months later, Israel wrote a two-page memo that was sent to other members of the Reactor Systems Branch. The memo, dated January 10, 1978, was distributed over the signature of Thomas Novak, chief of the Reactor Systems Branch—a standard N.R.C. procedure under which the branch chief adds an endorsement to the work of a staff engineer. Israel's memo noted that there were some peculiarities in the pressurizer design at Babcock & Wilcox plants—specifically, in the way this tank was connected to the piping coming out of the reactor. Israel stated that "under ordinary circumstances" these design features were "inconsequential" but that "under upset conditions," such as a "prolonged relief valve opening," the loss of cooling water from the reactor "may not be indicated by pressurizer level," and noted, "This situation has already occurred at Davis-Besse 1 when a relief valve stuck open." A "full" reading on this instrument, he noted, interpreted by the control-room operators in the standard way, could lead them to "ter-

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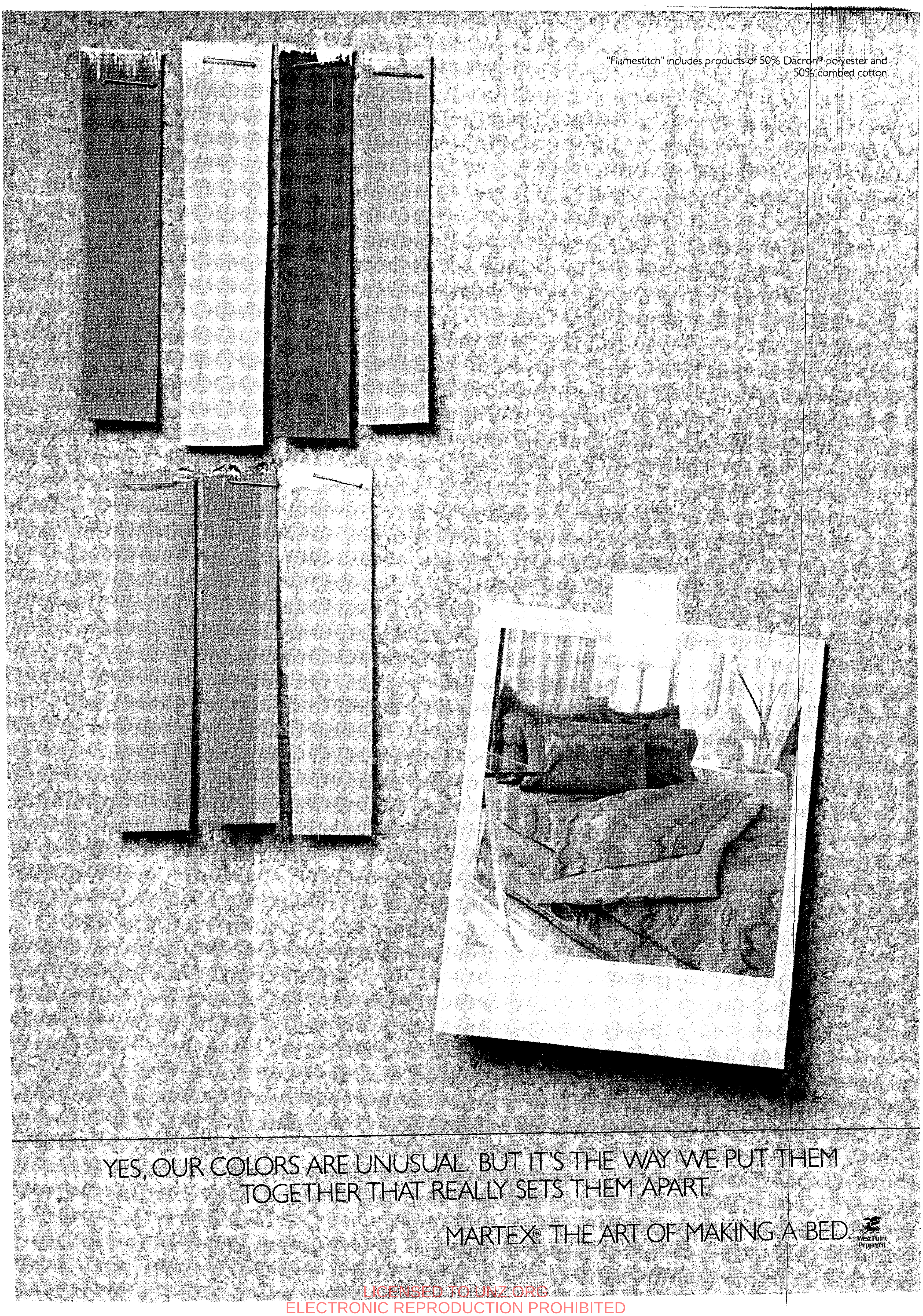

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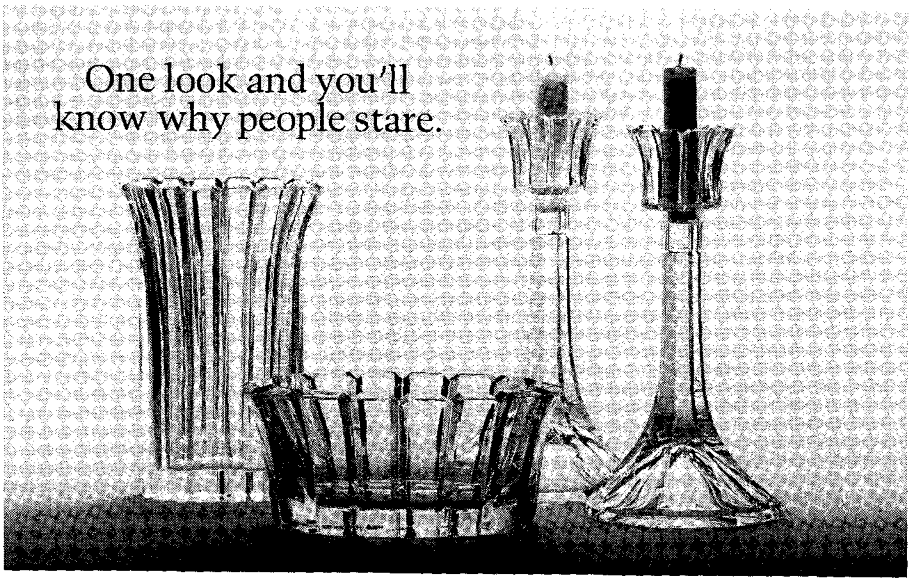
minate” emergency-cooling-system pumps when it was imperative to keep them running. The memo suggested that it was a matter of some urgency to review the pressurizer-design requirements and operating procedures for new Babcock & Wilcox plants to correct this problem. However, the memo made no mention of corrective action for the nine Babcock & Wilcox plants already in operation. This was not a casual oversight on Israel’s part. The nuclear industry vehemently opposes new safety requirements—especially retroactive ones entailing basic changes in plants that have already been licensed and put into commercial service. Since it is much easier to make changes when a proposed plant is still on the drawing boards, the N.R.C. tries to limit mandated safety improvements to new plants, thereby sparing the industry what might otherwise become a never-ending program of costly post-construction modifications. By sidestepping the question of the operating Babcock & Wilcox reactors, Israel was simply following standard agency practice. He explained in an interview that he had written the memo simply to remind N.R.C. engineers to look at the pressurizer-instrument problem the next time a new Babcock & Wilcox plant came up for safety review. Israel says that he got “no feedback” from the N.R.C. officials who received it. Certainly none of them took any action—not even the simple precaution of informing the operators of the nine Babcock & Wilcox reactors that a deficiency had been found in one of the key control-room instruments used during emergencies.

The most senior N.R.C. official to receive a copy of Israel’s memo was Denwood Ross, who was then assistant director of the Division of Systems Safety. Among other duties, Ross supervised an engineering staff responsible for studying how well the emergency cooling systems in each nuclear plant would function during major emergencies. He has a doctorate in nuclear engineering from Catholic University, in Washington, and, like most other top members of the N.R.C. staff, worked for the A.E.C., which he joined in 1967. Ross took no action in response to Israel’s memo—a circumstance that is particularly puzzling in the light of Ross’s earlier apparent concern over the Davis-Besse accident of September 24, 1977. It was Ross, after all, who had promptly sent Ger-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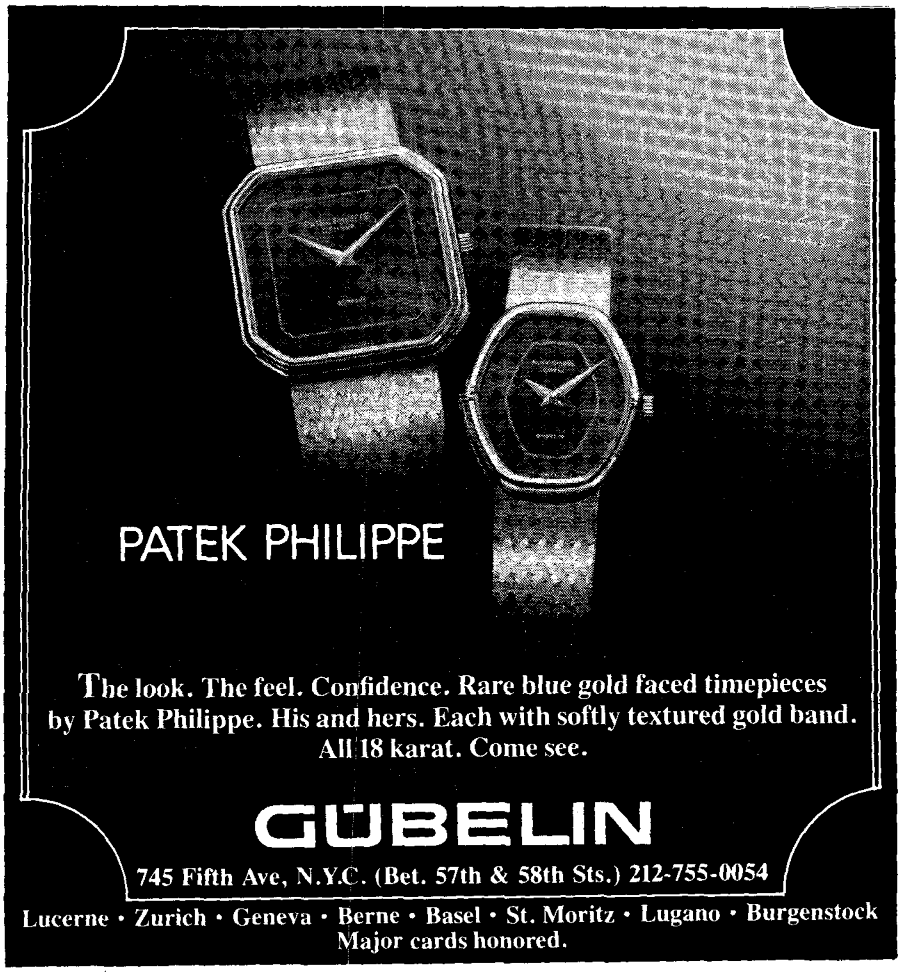
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ald Mazetis to Davis-Besse to investigate that accident and had written the memo of October 20, 1977, asking the N.R.C. Office of Inspection and Enforcement to find out why the operators at Davis-Besse had shut off the emergency cooling pumps. Israel's memo, on its face, provided Ross with a precise technical answer to his question: the pumps were shut off because of the misleading pressurizer-water-level-instrument readings. Nevertheless, Ross did nothing when he received Israel's memo—an "oversight" that he cannot readily explain, he said in an interview. "In retrospect, I'm not sure why the memo wasn't sent to the Division of Operating Reactors," he said, indicating what he thought was "the right thing to have done with it," since Israel's finding affected the safety of the Babcock & Wilcox reactors then in operation. Ross suggested that his failure to forward the memo through the appropriate channels was—in some measure, at least—a bureaucratic slip-up. "The Davis-Besse analysis was under the jurisdiction of the Office of Inspection and Enforcement, and I guessed that if anything needed to be done they would do it," he said. Ross candidly admitted, however, that his own over-all attitude toward nuclear-plant safety—he had been one of the staunch defenders of the adequacy of the safety rules developed by the A.E.C. and used by the N.R.C.—was also involved in his failure to pursue Israel's memo further and to get to the bottom of the Davis-Besse accident. "We screwed up—and I mean by 'we' the nuclear community, the vender"—Babcock & Wilcox—"and the N.R.C.," he observed. "Davis-Besse was ample warning, and if we had paid ample attention to it Three Mile Island could have been prevented. If you want to use the term 'complacency' to describe our behavior, I won't quibble with you, but the term I'd rather use is 'mind-set,' or 'attitude.' I'd had the attitude that reactors were fairly forgiving, in the sense that they could withstand a lot of problems without having those problems turn into serious accidents. I don't feel that way anymore."

BABCOCK & WILCOX was immediately notified of the incident at Davis-Besse on September 24, 1977—the event that so strikingly foreshadowed the accident at Three Mile Island. Obviously, the company's large scientific and engineering staff was intimately familiar with the fea-

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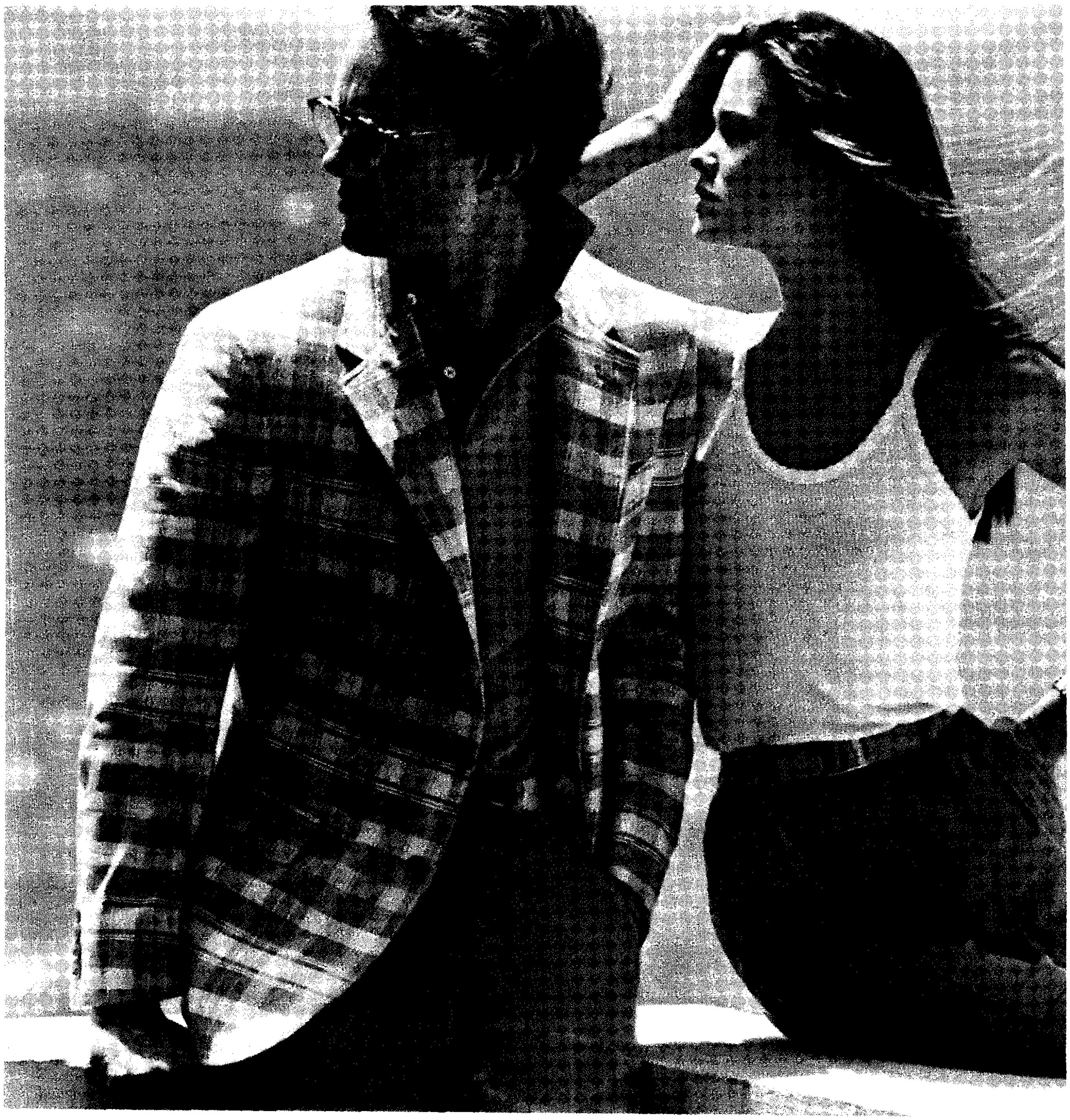

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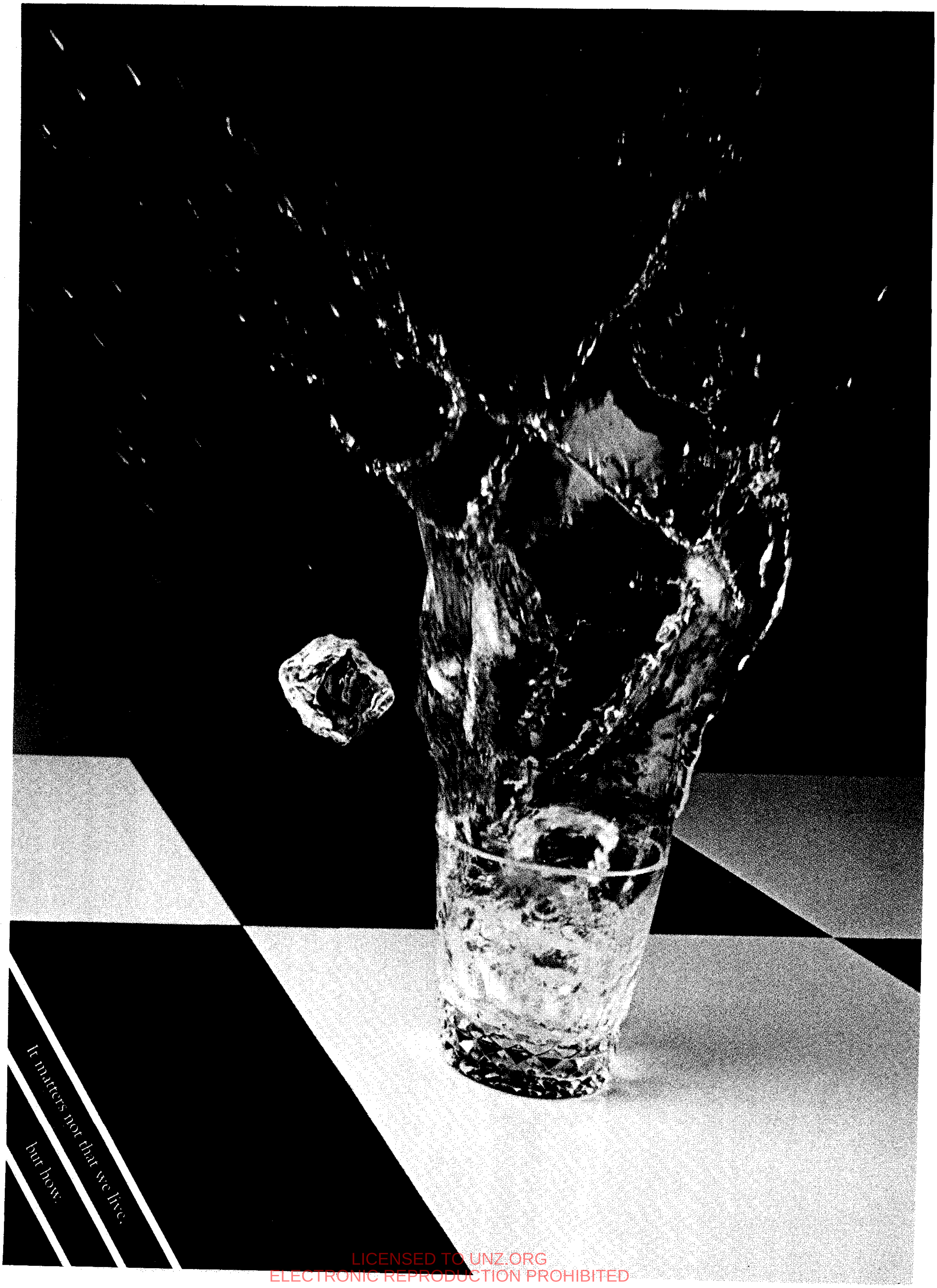

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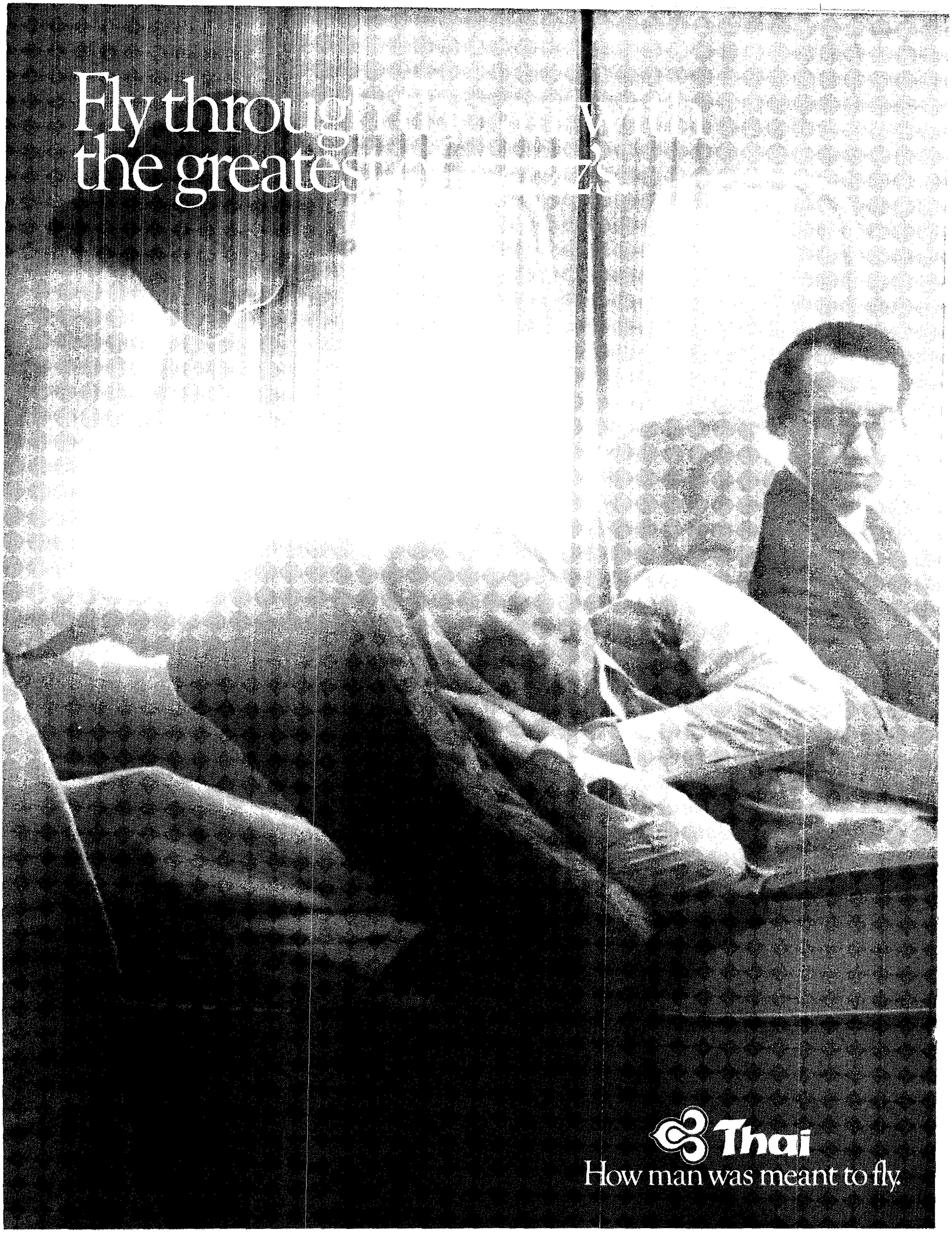
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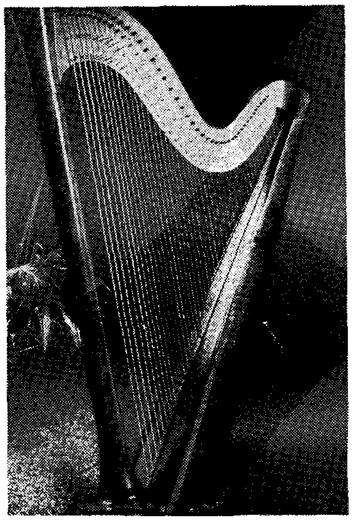
tures of its nuclear-reactor systems, and therefore was much better equipped than outsiders—such as Creswell, Michelson, and Israel—to assess the implications of the Davis-Besse accident. Babcock & Wilcox records subpoenaed during the official investigations of the Three Mile Island accident show that the company's safety experts quickly appreciated the significance of the Davis-Besse episode and readily understood that remedial action was necessary to prevent an accident like the one at Three Mile Island. Babcock & Wilcox, however, according to their records, never told the operators of the nine licensed Babcock & Wilcox reactors about its findings.

On September 25, 1977—the day after the accident—Joseph Kelly, an engineer in the plant-integration unit, which coördinates the design of the various components used in Babcock & Wilcox reactor systems, was sent to Davis-Besse from the company's headquarters, in Lynchburg, Virginia. No office or individual within the company had formal responsibility for analyzing the accidents that occurred at plants with Babcock & Wilcox reactors, according to the investigation by the President's Commission on the Accident at Three Mile Island, and the company itself did not usually even receive the full reports on such accidents which its customers filed with the N.R.C. Babcock & Wilcox is preoccupied largely with the business of designing and selling new nuclear reactors, and it devotes little time or money to looking over its shoulder, so to speak, at the equipment it has already sold. Still, the problem at Davis-Besse was such a complicated and unusual one that the company's customer-service department, which gives operating instructions to the owners of Babcock & Wilcox reactors, asked to have someone sent to investigate it. Kelly returned to the Lynchburg headquarters after about two days at the Davis-Besse site, and briefed a group of some thirty Babcock & Wilcox employees on the basic details of the accident. In his audience were the heads of several major company departments and the vice-president of the Babcock & Wilcox Nuclear Power Generation Division, John MacMillan. Kelly's report mentioned the problems with the stuck-open relief valve, the misleading indication on the pressurizer-water-level instrument, and the fact that the operators had shut off, or throttled, the emergency-cooling-system pumps. It did not occur to Kelly until after the meeting, though, that this operator interruption of the emergency cooling pumps had serious safety implications—a fact that was pointed out to him by Bert Dunn, the manager of emergency-cooling-system analysis. Dunn explained to Kelly that there were "scenarios"—such as having a reactor at full power rather than at the nine-per-cent power level of the Davis-Besse plant—in which mistaken interference with the emergency cooling equipment could lead to serious difficulties. This was the first of several discussions between Dunn and Kelly on these potential difficulties.

Senior Babcock & Wilcox officials took no formal action after Kelly's briefing, although for the next several months the matter was the subject of memorandums, meetings, and conversations involving officials from at least seven different departments of the company. Kelly himself went to the training-services section in October to discuss the instructions that were being given to plant operators about the proper operation of the emergency cooling pumps. John Lind, the chief instructor, assured Kelly that the correct instructions were being given, but he could not explain why the operators at Davis-Besse had shut the pumps off on September 24th. Kelly also continued his discussions with Dunn and prepared a formal memorandum, dated November 1, 1977, in which he set out some of his concerns. This memo was sent to seven Babcock & Wilcox officials. Kelly briefly summarized the Davis-Besse accident of September 24th, and noted that a similar event occurred at the same plant on October 23rd, in which the operators deliberately prevented the emergency cooling pumps from operating. "Since there are accidents which require the continuous operation" of these pumps, Kelly wrote, "I wonder what guidance, if any, we should be giving to our customers on when they can safely shut the system down following an accident? . . . I would appreciate your thoughts on this subject." He himself proposed that a two-sentence guideline be issued to reactor operators admonishing them, for example, not to prevent the activation of the emergency cooling pumps "under *any* conditions except a normal, controlled plant shut-



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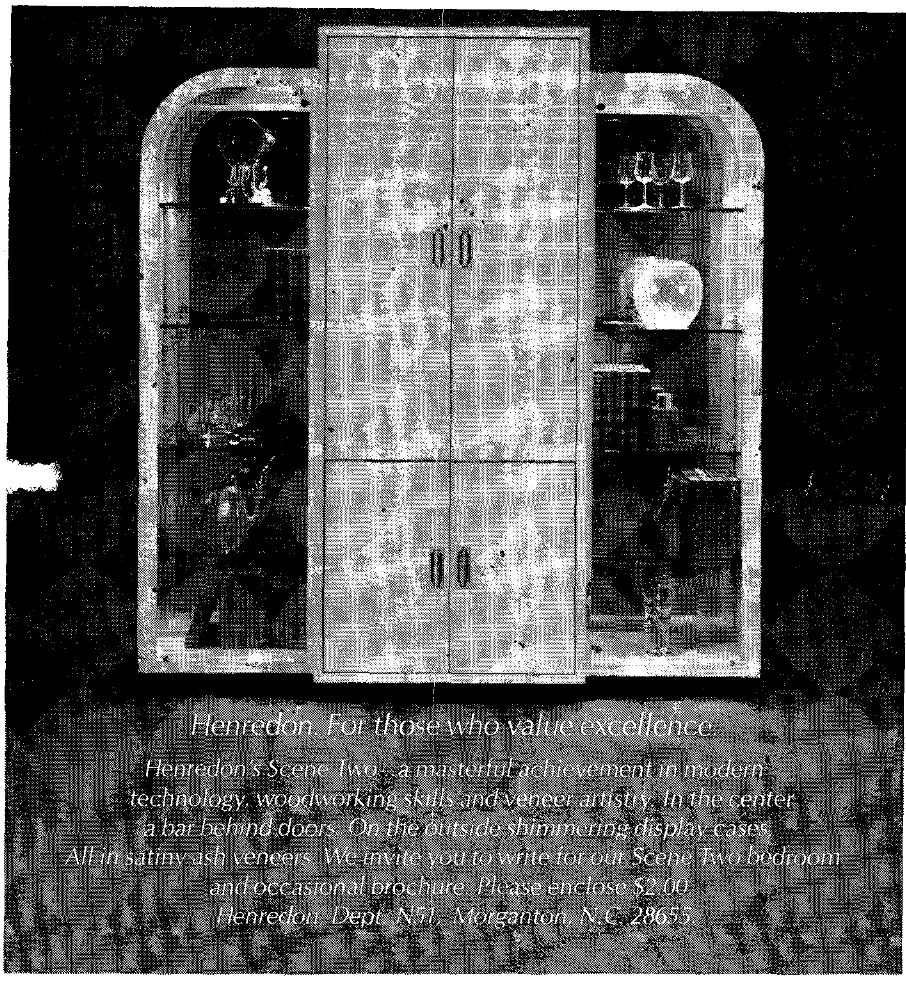

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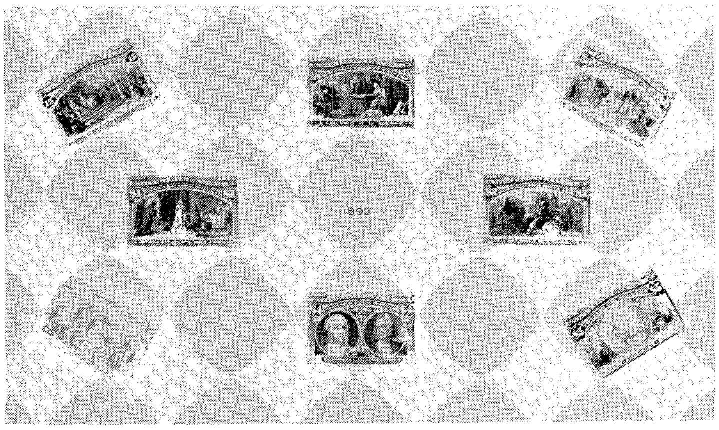

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down." No action was taken on Kelly's memorandum, and none of the seven officials to whom it was sent responded.

Three months later, after discussing the matter further, Kelly and Dunn decided to try to compel some action. Dunn, the senior of the two, wrote a memo, dated February 9, 1978, to James Taylor, the manager of the company's licensing section, who was supposed to inform the N.R.C. whenever any problem was discovered that could create a substantial safety problem at an operating nuclear power plant. (Full compliance by the nuclear industry with this disclosure requirement is an essential element in the N.R.C.'s scheme of industry self-regulation.) Dunn sent copies of his memo to ten other company officials, two of whom had received Kelly's memo on the subject. Dunn, a physicist who had worked on emergency-cooling-system analysis for the company for almost a decade, noted at the outset of his memo that he had "a serious concern" about operator interference with the proper functioning of the emergency cooling system. During the September 24th accident at Davis-Besse, Dunn wrote, the operators "terminated" the emergency cooling pumps because of "an apparent system recovery indicated by high [water] level within the pressurizer," even though, according to Dunn's subsequent analysis, the reactor was still losing its cooling water. "I believe it fortunate that [Davis-Besse] was at an extremely low power" when the event occurred, he continued. "Had this event occurred in a reactor at full power . . . it is quite possible, perhaps probable, that core uncovery and possible fuel damage would have resulted. The incident points out that we have not supplied sufficient information to reactor operators." He concluded his memo with the emphatic observation "I believe this is a very serious matter and deserves our prompt attention and correction." He did *not* get a written response from Taylor, or, indeed, any reply at all that he can recall. Taylor told Dunn later—after the Three Mile Island accident—that his memo must have been "misdirected," because it had not been submitted on the appropriate form to qualify as a "safety concern."

A copy of Dunn's wayward memo had been sent to the customer-service department, which held a discussion in mid-February of 1978 in which Dunn agreed to a proposed set of new guidelines to be sent to plant operators, tell-

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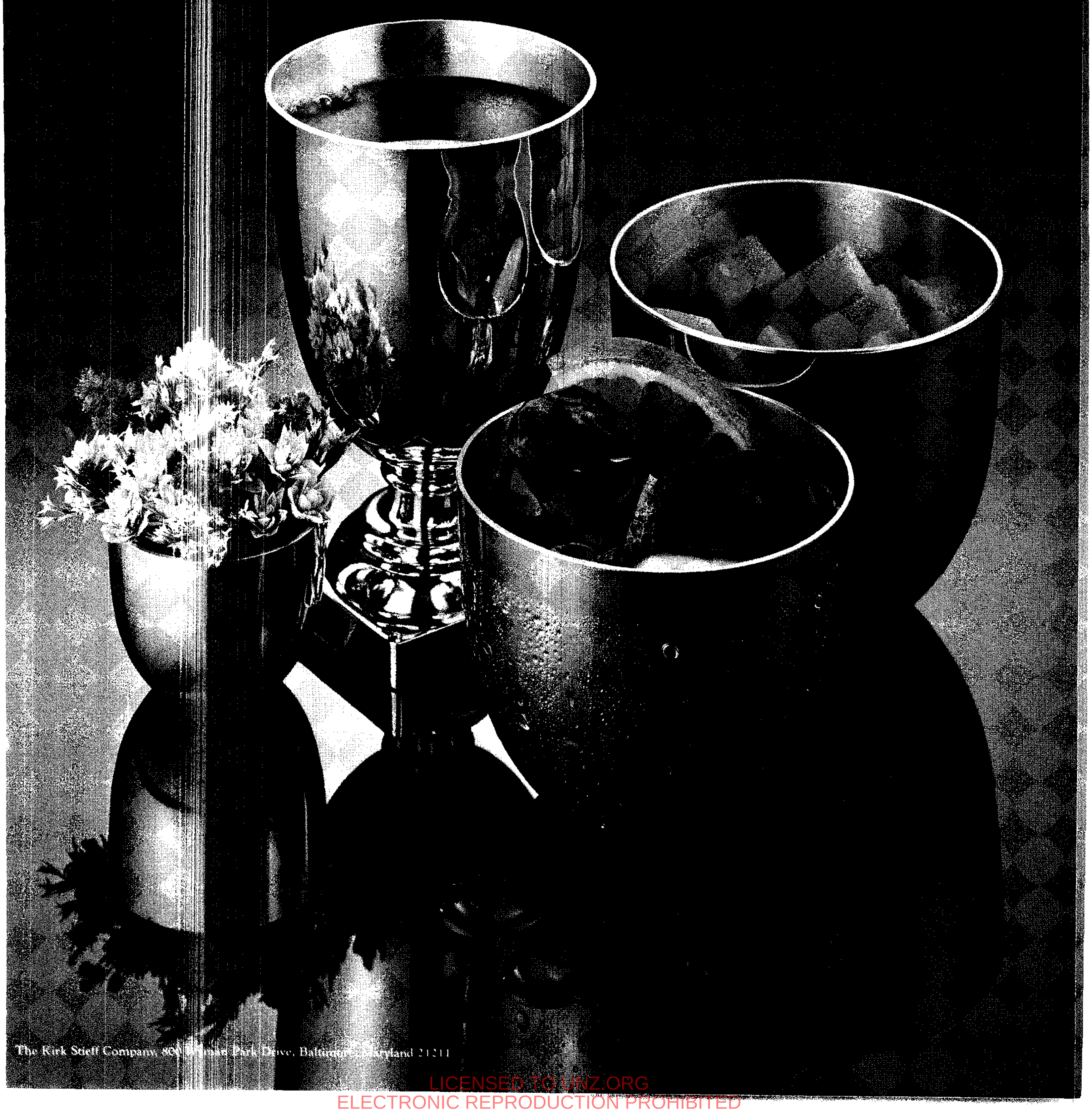

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ing them how to operate the emergency cooling pumps. Dunn believed that the guidelines took care of his concerns, and so informed Taylor in another memo, dated February 16, 1978. Dunn then considered the matter closed. Unfortunately, the customer-service department had some second thoughts about the proposed guidelines, and they were never sent to the operators of Babcock & Wilcox plants—a fact that Dunn has said he did not learn until after the Three Mile Island accident.

The fitful response by Babcock & Wilcox officials to Dunn's memorandums continued throughout 1978 and into early 1979—long after Dunn had turned his attention to other matters. During the spring and early summer of 1978, for example, the customer-service department sought the assistance of analysts in the plant-integration unit, asking, in particular, for a revision in the operating procedures that were leading plant operators to shut off the emergency cooling pumps. By August of 1978, there was still no response from the plant-integration group, and Donald Hallman, of the customer-service department, sent yet another memo trying to direct some attention to the problem. A memo on August 3, 1978, noted that "to date" the customer-service department "has not notified our operating plants" to change their emergency-cooling-system procedures, as Dunn's memos had suggested. Bruce Karrasch, the manager of plant integration, skimmed the memo and, considering it a routine matter, forwarded it to one of his deputies, who does not remember receiving it. Hallman says that he attempted to discuss the matter with Karrasch several times in the period between August 3, 1978, and March 15, 1979, but had no success. Hallman has said that he did not himself assign a high priority to the issue, and Karrasch has told federal investigators, "All I can remember is that in the fall of 1978 things were very, very busy . . . and my attention and the whole group's attention [was given] to what were perceived to be higher-priority matters." The entire problem, company officials have told investigators, simply fell between the cracks.

Babcock & Wilcox internal documents, which show that company officials knew about the unresolved problem of operator interference with emergency cooling equipment, raise the question whether the company complied with the N.R.C. requirement

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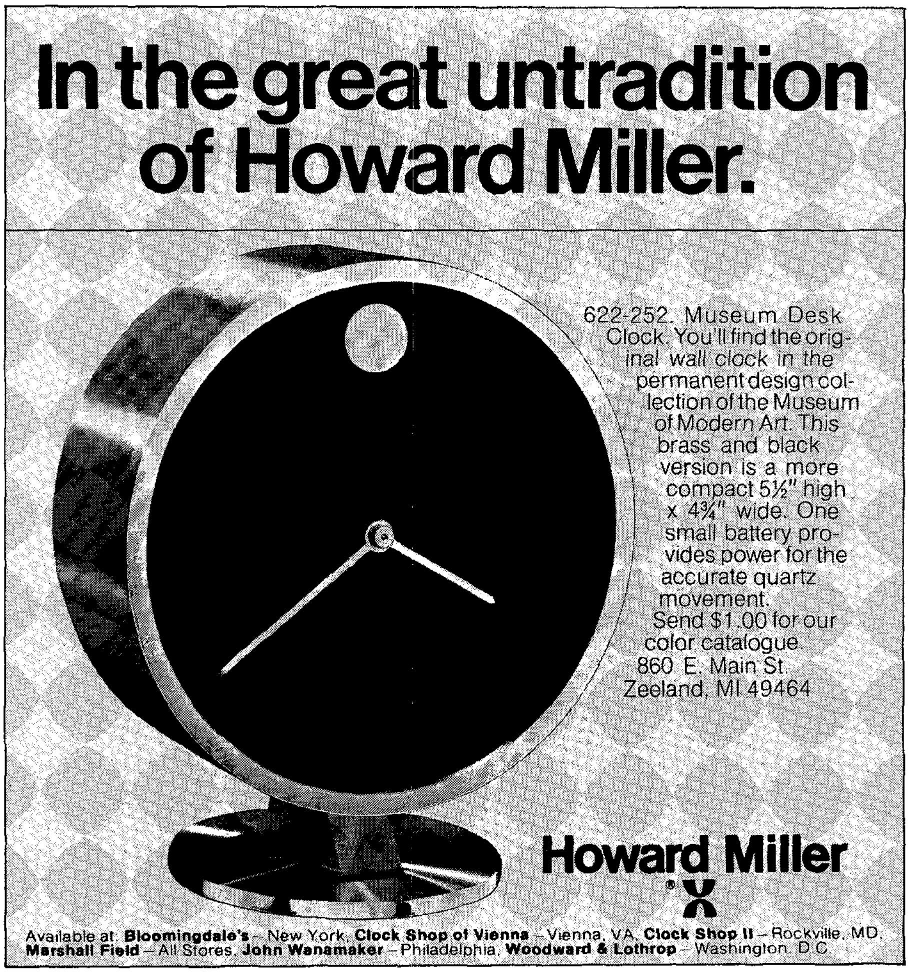
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covering the disclosure of safety-related data. The company, after all, told neither plant operators nor the N.R.C. of the problem, though N.R.C. regulations state that all companies doing business in the nuclear-power industry are required "to immediately notify" the N.R.C. whenever they obtain "information reasonably indicating" that any licensed nuclear plant "fails to comply" with N.R.C. safety regulations or "contains a defect" that could create "substantial safety hazards." (The disclosure requirement is set forth in Part 21 of Title 10 of the Code of Federal Regulations, in a section entitled "Reporting of Defects and Noncompliance.")

In light of the Babcock & Wilcox internal memos, the N.R.C.'s Office of Inspection and Enforcement conducted an investigation and determined that the company had violated the disclosure provision. A fine of a hundred thousand dollars was imposed on Babcock & Wilcox. The company denied the charges but said it would pay the fine in order to avoid the time and expense of fighting the N.R.C. The company did announce, however, that it was instituting new procedures for the "processing of safety concerns," so that in the future it would comply with the N.R.C. disclosure requirement. According to the new procedures, safety concerns were henceforth to be reported by employees on company form BWNP-20208. The concerns would then be logged and numbered and would be distributed within the company, as specified in a twelve-step "flow chart," in accordance with Management Directive 205 T4.4, dated April 10, 1980. At the end of all this, the N.R.C. would be notified, if the company found it appropriate to do so.

In addition to informing plant operators that the pressurizer-water-level readings might be a misleading indicator of the amount of water inside the reactor, there were other, more positive steps that Babcock & Wilcox could have taken to help the plant operators handle accidents with the reactor-cooling system. One of the most obvious steps, of course, would have been to install instruments that measured how much water was inside the reactor. Measuring the amount of water in the reactor is preferable to having to infer it from the amount inside the pressurizer. The operators would then know, without ambiguity, whether the essential safety goal of keeping the hot uranium fuel adequate-

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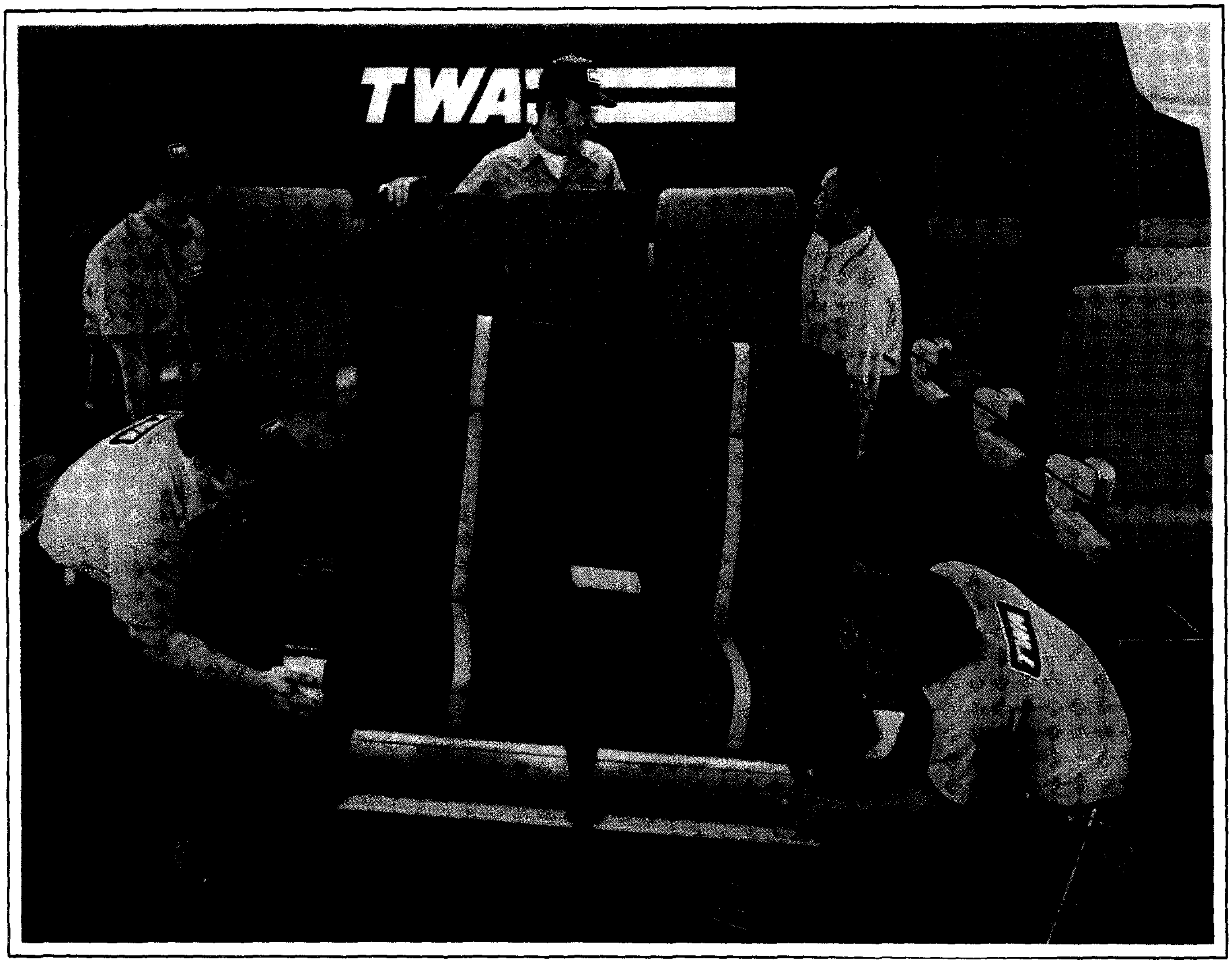

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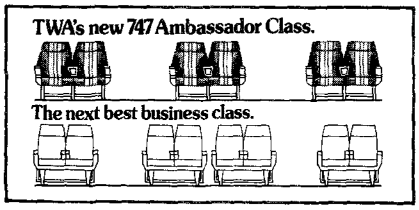
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ly covered with water was being achieved. Reliable equipment to measure the water level in the reactor, however, had never been installed on any of the pressurized-water reactors in the United States—including those manufactured by Westinghouse and Combustion Engineering as well as those manufactured by Babcock & Wilcox. Cost-conscious utility companies had preferred not to invest in this "extra" instrumentation, and had been content to rely on the pressurizer-level indicator as a cheap surrogate instrument to give the operators the data they needed about conditions in the reactor. "This problem of what we call vessel-level indication for pressurized-water reactors has been kicked around probably at least for the last ten years," Carlyle Michelson has said. During normal operation, when the reactor is always full of water, he admitted, such a device has no real point, but during a loss-of-coolant accident "it would be awfully nice to know" the water level in the reactor—yet, he added, "it was never deemed to be quite nice enough to know to justify the cost."

A LOOK at the operating records of the nine nuclear power stations with Babcock & Wilcox reactors underscores the urgency with which the warnings of Creswell, Michelson, Israel, Kelly, and Dunn should have been treated. Summary statistics now available from the N.R.C. show that a virtual epidemic of serious cooling-system difficulties had been occurring at these nine reactors since the first of them—at the Oconee plant, in South Carolina—went into operation, in 1973. Such data, however, were not systematically compiled and analyzed by the N.R.C. or by Babcock & Wilcox, and no official notice was taken of the disturbingly high frequency of these events. One particular statistic, which would have helped the N.R.C. evaluate the problem of small loss-of-coolant accidents arising from relief-valve openings, was the actual rate at which the relief valve was being forced to open at the nine plants. This valve is supposed to open only infrequently—when it becomes necessary to reduce excessively high pressure inside the reactor. The reason for this is obvious: the valve's function is to remove vital coolant from the reactor, and this is hardly something that a prudent designer would wish to have happen very often. Yet, according to belatedly assembled N.R.C. statistics,

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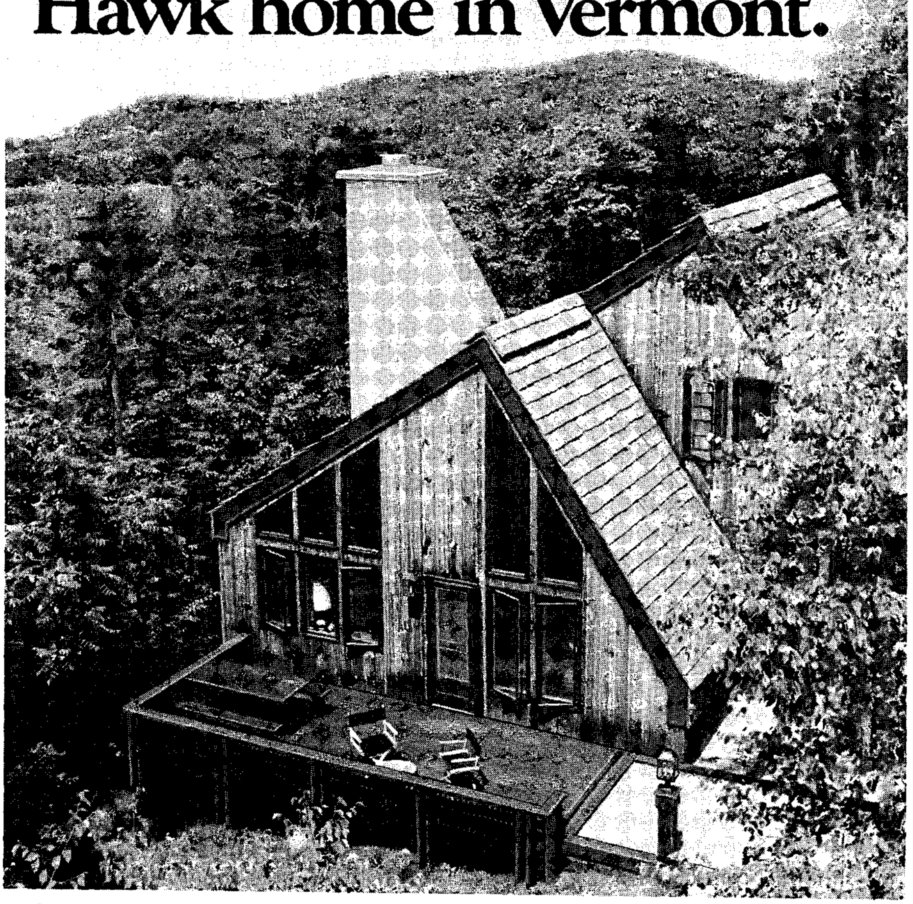

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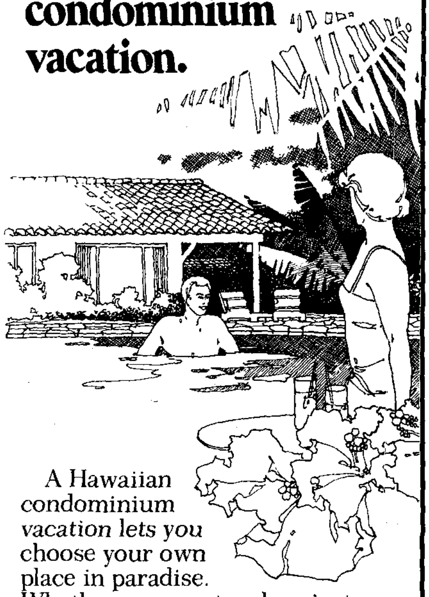

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the relief valves on the nine Babcock & Wilcox reactors had opened on at least a hundred and fifty occasions before the Three Mile Island accident. (The official bookkeeping is not precise, since the utility companies operating the plants did not always notify the N.R.C. when relief-valve openings occurred.) Each of the plants experienced, on the average, five relief-valve openings per year of operation.

The high rate of relief-valve openings is attributable to design weaknesses inherent in Babcock & Wilcox reactors. Unlike the pressurized-water reactors designed by Westinghouse and Combustion Engineering, Babcock & Wilcox equipment has a pronounced susceptibility to sudden increases in the pressure of its primary cooling water whenever a plant has to be shut down quickly. This occurs for two principal reasons. First, the steam generators in Babcock & Wilcox reactor systems contain less water than those of the two other companies. This means less cooling capacity and a greater likelihood, during a sudden plant shutdown, of an increase in the temperature and the pressure of the primary cooling water—which, of course, is the condition that causes the relief valve to open. Second, there was a time delay inherent in the control system that shut off the Babcock & Wilcox reactors whenever common electric-generating-plant malfunctions—such as problems with the turbine—necessitated an unscheduled reactor shutdown. Because a Babcock & Wilcox reactor would continue to operate for several seconds after the turbine had failed, the excess energy in the reactor, which was no longer being used by the turbine, caused the pressure of the primary cooling water to increase. The excess pressure, in turn, caused the relief valve to open. (The reason for the time delay was economic: Babcock & Wilcox designers wanted to avoid a costly reactor shutdown every time a minor malfunction occurred in some other part of the plant.)

Not only had the relief valves at Babcock & Wilcox plants opened with uncommon and undesirable frequency but they had also—on at least nine occasions before the Three Mile Island accident—opened and stuck open. (The valves themselves—which weigh about a hundred and seventy-five pounds each and cost some thirty thousand dollars—are made by specialty valve manufacturers, such as Industrial Valve Operations of Dresser Industries, not by Babcock & Wilcox.) These events were all the more serious because in some cases plant operators remained unaware for appreciable periods that, as a consequence, the reactor was losing its coolant. As the operating records indicate, various conditions were responsible for the failure of the valves to reclose properly. In the Davis-Besse accident on September 24, 1977, a missing electrical relay was to blame; at Arkansas Unit 1 on an unspecified date in 1974, improper venting was the cause; at Oconee Unit 3 on June 13, 1975, a relief valve stuck open because valve components had warped as a result of heat expansion, chemical contaminants had built up on a valve lever, and a bracket in the valve's electrical control system had bent; and at Three Mile Island Unit 2 on March 29, 1978—one year before the major accident—an electrical-system malfunction (a blown fuse) caused the valve to open and remain open. Given the complexity of the valves and their control systems, it is hardly surprising that they are susceptible to many possible types of failure. It is therefore obvious that systematic testing, inspection, and maintenance are essential if this equipment is to function reliably. The failure rate indicates, however, that attention to such tasks has not been a priority of either the N.R.C. or the utility companies involved. The N.R.C. does not classify these relief valves as safety equipment, and so does not review their design carefully in its prelicensing safety procedures. Moreover, the N.R.C. has never required that the valves be tested periodically. After the Three Mile Island accident, the agency did a survey of other Babcock & Wilcox plants, and found that none of the relief valves at the plants had been tested since their initial installation. Such testing requires that a plant be shut down and the valves be removed and checked at a special facility—a procedure that means time and expense for the plant's owners. In sum, the relief valves at these plants—like other "non-safety-related" components—had fallen into one of the large regulatory gaps that exist in the N.R.C.'s program for supervising the nuclear industry.

THE cooling-system deficiencies that have plagued Babcock & Wilcox reactors are not limited to relief-valve malfunctions. If the information that accumulated in the N.R.C.'s own files had been reviewed systematically, it would have alerted regulatory

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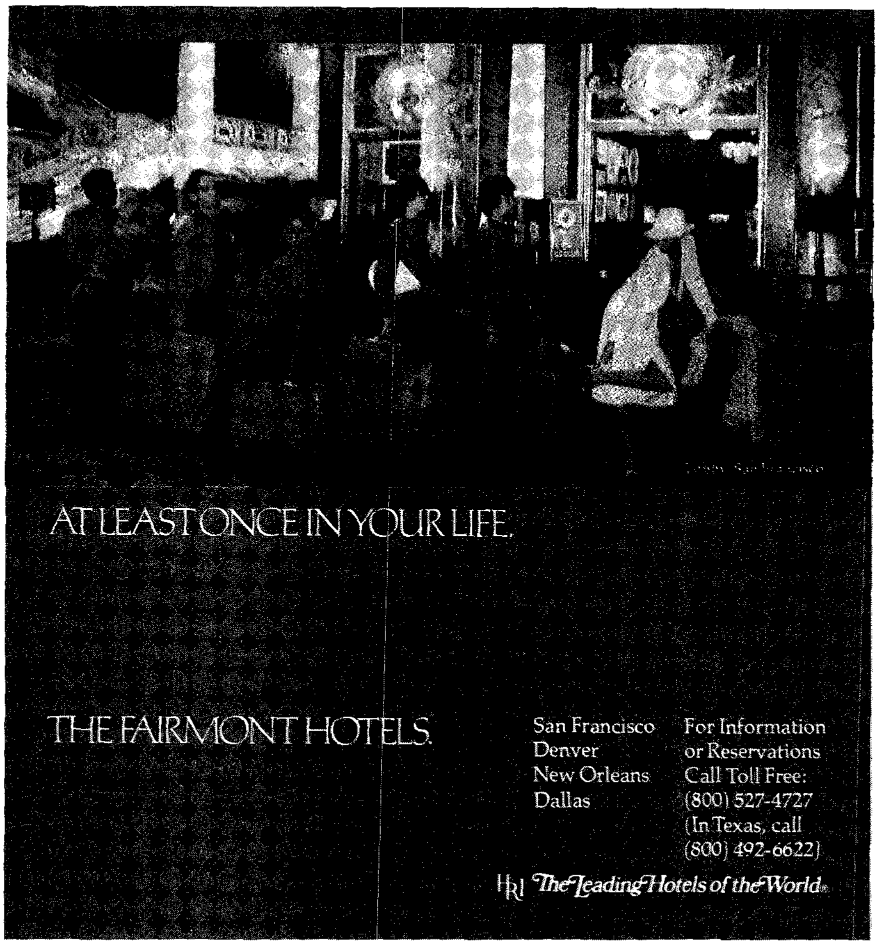
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authorities to another safety problem common to these nine reactors—the excessive frequency with which the main feedwater system was malfunctioning. In just the twelve months before the Three Mile Island accident, for example, the main feedwater system at one or another of the nine plants broke down on twenty-seven occasions. In fact, the failure of the main feedwater system—which left the reactors without their normal method of heat removal—was responsible for many, though not all, of the relief-valve openings in these plants. (The reason was that a main-feedwater-system failure, compounded by other design weaknesses, such as the time delay in the reactor-shutdown controls, produced a sudden pressure surge in the reactor.)

The causes of the failures in the main feedwater systems, like the causes of malfunctions in other complex nuclear-plant systems, were varied. Human error, of course, both in the initial installation of the main feedwater systems and in their subsequent operation, played a prominent role. At Three Mile Island on November 3, 1978, for example, an instrument technician working in the basement of Unit 2, near the polishers, accidentally shut off an electrical circuit on the polisher control panel, and so caused all the outlet valves on the polishers to slam shut and immediately stop the main feedwater flow—the same sort of event that brought about the accident on March 28, 1979. On this earlier occasion, the technician mistakenly thought he was turning on a light switch.

Despite Creswell's concern, the N.R.C. did not begin collecting information about the frequency with which the main feedwater system at Babcock & Wilcox plants malfunctioned. This problem was beyond the scope of the safety aspects that the N.R.C. customarily dealt with. Like the relief valves, the main feedwater system was classified as "non-safety-related" equipment, and since the commission had not officially concerned itself with the safety aspects of the main feedwater equipment in the first place, it allowed the individual utility companies, without benefit of federal safety standards or technical reviews or inspections, to design their main feedwater systems as they saw fit. The utilities, in turn, delegated this task to their own designers or architect-engineering consultants. As a result, there is no standard design for the main feedwater system in plants using Babcock & Wilcox reactors.

The N.R.C.'s official justification for exempting the main feedwater system from safety review was its requirement that plants have redundant emergency feedwater systems, the theory being that these would eliminate any safety problem that could otherwise be caused by a failure in the main feedwater system. However, emergency feedwater systems have not always been part of the safety equipment required for pressurized-water reactors. The importance of emergency systems was not fully appreciated until about 1972, when an anonymous letter to the A.E.C. led to the recognition of the role that this equipment would have to play in controlling certain types of accidents. Although the N.R.C. mandated the installation of such systems in all new nuclear power plants, it chose not to apply this decision to plants already operating or under construction. The three Oconee plants, for example, which used the first large Babcock & Wilcox reactors, had been operating until mid-1979 with only a single emergency feedwater pump each, rather than with the duplicate pumps now called for. Moreover, apart from requiring that some type of equipment be installed to provide emergency feedwater, the N.R.C. has left unanswered a variety of questions about how the equipment is to be designed, controlled, and powered to insure its reliability. These unanswered questions have been allowed to remain on the N.R.C.'s official list of generic "unresolved safety issues" for several years—a fact that has drawn repeated protests from a number of the commission's own safety reviewers.

If the N.R.C. had checked on the performance of the emergency feedwater systems at the Babcock & Wilcox reactors, it would have found them to be remarkably unreliable. According to the official records, the emergency feedwater systems at the nine plants had malfunctioned at least fifty-three times before the Three Mile Island accident. (Given the somewhat informal official record-keeping for such mishaps, the actual figure may be much higher.) These malfunctions included numerous occasions when the emergency feedwater pumps failed to start as well as occasions when, having started, they broke down. Other cases involved various deficiencies that could degrade the performance of the system under accident conditions.

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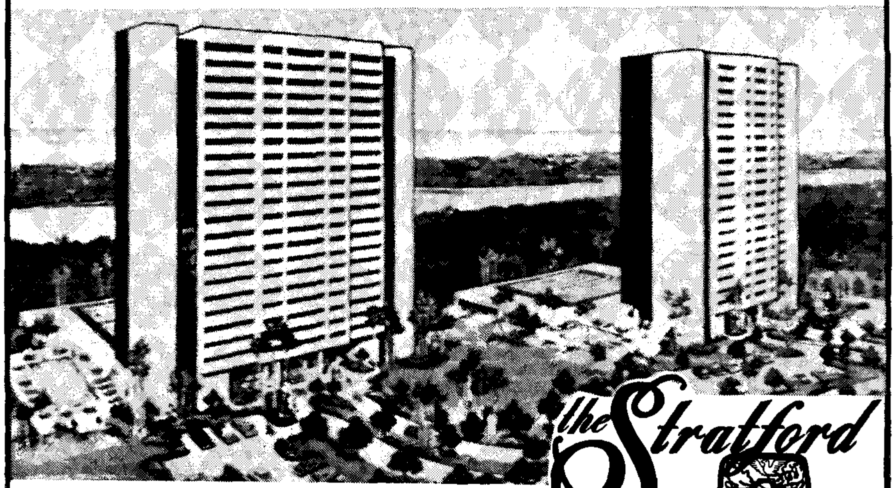

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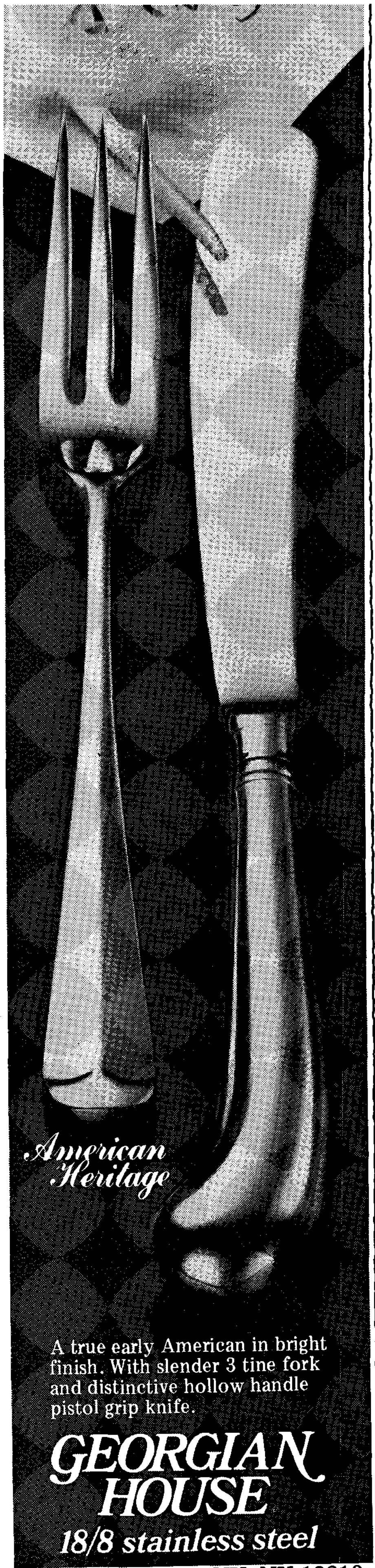

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emergency feedwater systems in Babcock & Wilcox reactors have malfunctioned. They have failed as a result of operator errors, the improper installation of components, defective electrical switches, jammed valves, improperly closed valves, and other problems. Excerpts from the official records of the Babcock & Wilcox plants show some of these systems' multiple frailties.

On August 3, 1977, when the emergency feedwater system at the Davis-Besse plant being tested, an emergency feedwater pump failed to start. An investigation found that a valve that should have been open was closed, and that it had been stepped on. Plant managers warned workers not to step or lean on these valves in the future.

On July 17, 1977, at the Crystal River Power Plant Unit 3, near Crystal River, Florida, a steam-driven emergency feedwater pump failed to start. The cause was water in the steam-supply line, which prevented a throttle valve from closing fast enough to keep the pump from overspeeding. As a result of overspeeding, the pump automatically shut off.

On November 22, 1977, a steam-driven emergency feedwater pump at Crystal River Unit 3 was tested. The pump started satisfactorily, but after running for ten minutes it broke down. Insufficient bearing lubrication caused bearings inside the steam turbine to fail.

On June 24, 1976, it was discovered that a pipe in the emergency feedwater system at Arkansas Unit 1 was leaking. The leak, which was in the line used to deliver water from the feedwater pumps to one of the steam generators, occurred at a place where the pipe penetrated a concrete floor, and corrosion is believed to have resulted from contact between the pipe and the reinforcement steel in the floor.

In June of 1975, one of the two emergency feedwater pumps at the Rancho Seco plant, which had been started during a test, suddenly stopped. An attempt to re-start the pump was unsuccessful. The pump motor had stopped because of electrical failures resulting from a loose nut.

In April of 1975, the emergency feedwater pump at the Oconee Nuclear Station Unit 3 was tested and found to be inoperable. A leak had been reported in the pump eleven days earlier, and packing had been used to seal the pump and stop the leak; the packing was too tight, and rendered the pump inoperable. The pump had been returned to service after the repairs with no verification of its operability.

In April of 1975, the emergency feedwater pump at Oconee Unit 2 was automatically activated after the main feedwater pumps had been shut down, but the valve supplying emergency feedwater to one of the steam generators did not open. It was jammed.

On August 6, 1977, a steam-driven emergency feedwater pump at the Davis-Besse plant failed to start during testing. A disconnect switch for the main valve that supplied steam to power the pump had been bumped slightly. The switch was on a panel in a narrow corridor.

On February 19, 1977, an operator at the Rancho Seco plant discovered that one of the emergency feedwater pumps was disabled. It had been tested the day before, but after turning the pump off an operator failed to reset the switches properly so it could be turned on again.

In October of 1974, an error by an operator at the Rancho Seco plant destroyed one of the emergency feedwater pumps. While the pump was being used to transfer water from a storage tank to the steam generators, the operator failed to open a valve that would have supplied water to cool it. The pump started smoking, and lead packing inside it melted. Parts of the pump casing were frozen to the pump impeller, and the pump bushings were frozen to the drive shaft.

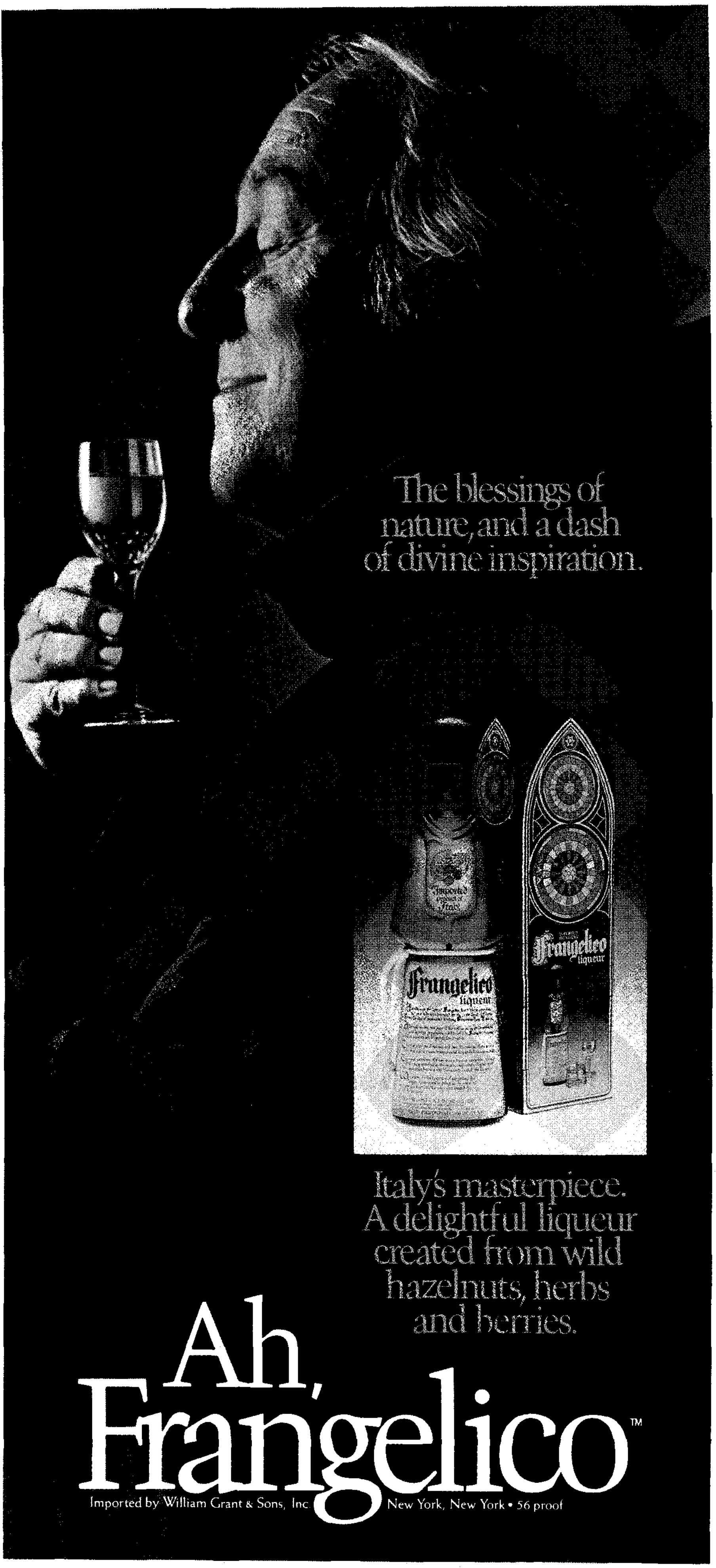
In 1975, a valve in the emergency feedwater system at Three Mile Island Unit 1 would not remain open, because an electrical switch, which was wet and corroded, had short-circuited.

Although the Nuclear Regulatory Commission had received numerous reports of malfunctioning emergency feedwater systems at Babcock & Wilcox plants, it failed to oversee corrective action. All nine plants using Babcock & Wilcox reactors, which in certain accident circumstances would have to depend on these faulty emergency feedwater systems, were allowed to continue operating.

The N.R.C.'s general failure to alert the operators of Three Mile Island Unit 2 to some of the known or suspected deficiencies in the equipment installed there—and to the findings of

Creswell, Israel, and Michelson, in particular—has been cited in an unprecedented damage claim that General Public Utilities, the owner of the plant, recently made against the agency. The company maintains that the N.R.C. "knew or should have known" from its investigation of incidents such as the one at Davis-Besse in September, 1977, that Unit 2 faced serious, uncorrected safety problems, but that the N.R.C. "negligently failed to warn" the company and allowed the plant to remain in operation. The damage claim seeks four billion dollars from the N.R.C. to cover the cleanup operations—which threaten the company with bankruptcy—as well as other losses and expenses it has incurred or expects to incur as a result of the accident. Some observers believe that the claim—filed on the standard government claim form that might be used, say, by someone who slipped on an icy post-office sidewalk—is merely a ploy in the company's lobbying effort to get federal funds for the cleanup work. Lawyers for the company insist, however, that the damage claim is not frivolous and that it will be pursued through the courts. The N.R.C. has not yet commented formally on the G.P.U. claim, but senior agency officials have privately expressed amazement that, in an industry that routinely protests government overregulation, a company now argues that it was not actually regulated enough and should not have been allowed to operate its plant. "It seems like the new industry position is a plea to 'Stop us before we kill again,' " one N.R.C. commissioner remarked.

DESPITE the official optimism about safety, there have always been doubts about the hazards of nuclear power plants. Some of these doubts have involved purely technical issues: the reliability of this or that piece of apparatus or the adequacy of the design of some specific safety-system feature. The broader questions about institutional and human performance, however, have been more troublesome. Technical questions are generally amenable to some technical solution—one can seek appropriate answers in laboratory research programs, for example—but, at best, all that scientific prowess can provide is the blueprints for an ideal nuclear-power-plant design. It will then require—and here the preponderant difficulties arise—an unprecedentedly high level of human care and diligence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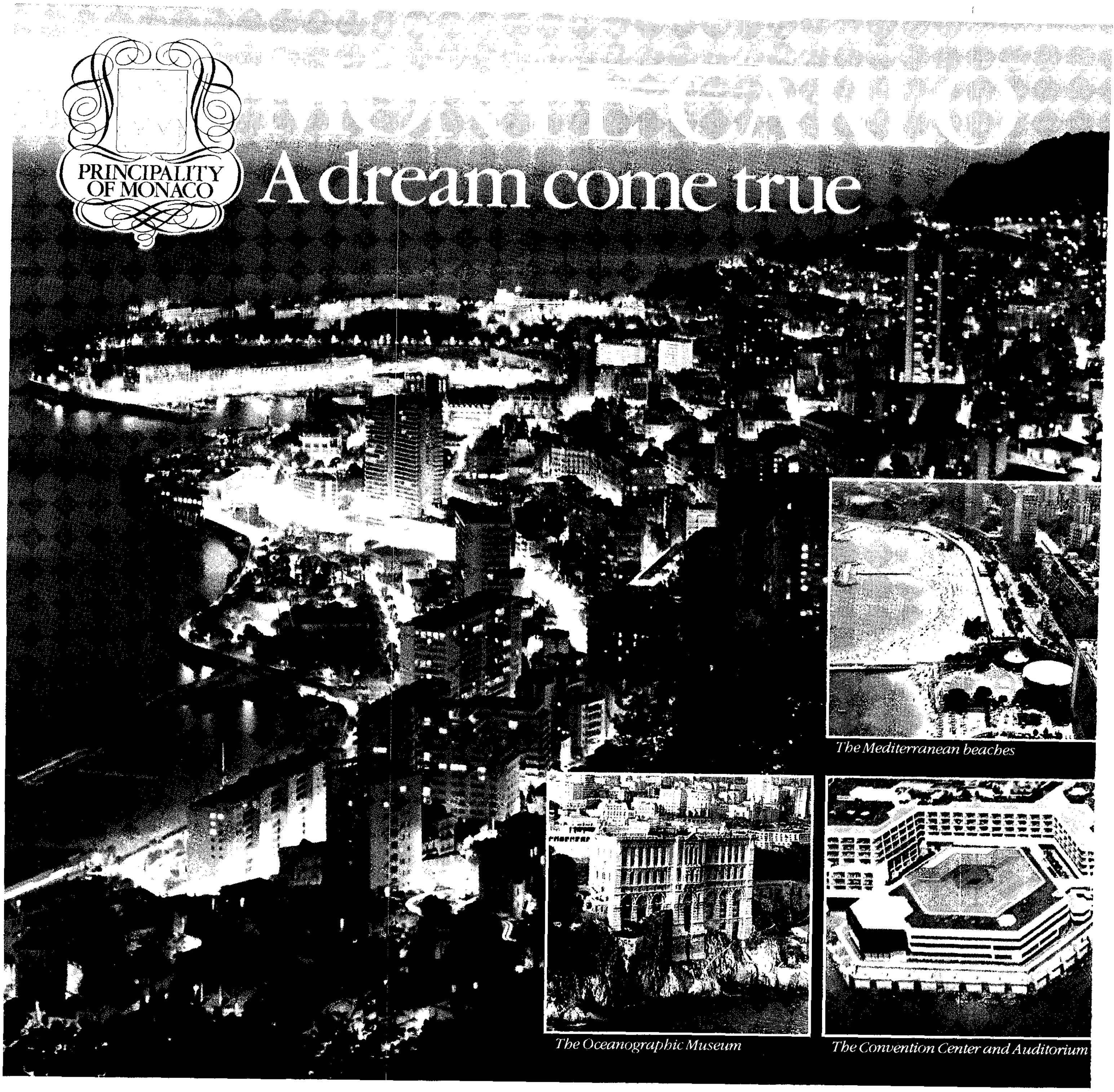

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to translate these theoretical possibilities satisfactorily into actual commercial nuclear power stations. Thousands of people are involved in the construction of each large nuclear plant, and they have to carry out numberless small tasks. There is much room for error and compromise, and how closely the nuclear industry adheres to the expensive safety precautions required and how scrupulously these requirements are enforced by the regulatory authorities will determine the degree of safety that is ultimately achieved. A good scientific theory about safe nuclear-plant design and the best official intentions are not enough.

The institutional setting for the development of commercial nuclear power in the United States was established by the Atomic Energy Act of 1954. This law assigned the Atomic Energy Commission the role of overseer, and provided for what would become a coöperative nuclear-power venture on the part of the A.E.C. and a handful of large corporations with which the federal government had already worked on the development of reactors for nuclear-powered submarines. The parties involved in the emerging nuclear-power business, in both government and private industry, focussed on the goal of making nuclear energy, as soon as possible, a major supplier of the nation's electric power. As plans for this program evolved over the next decade, they eventually encompassed a construction effort that would be one of the greatest industrial undertakings in history. In its official "projections," the A.E.C. foresaw a thousand large nuclear power stations operating in the United States by the year 2000, at which point nuclear power would be the dominant producer of electricity. According to the proposed—and widely accepted—scenario, nuclear plants would be built throughout the country; California, for example, would have an average of one large nuclear plant every twelve miles along its coast, all the way from Mexico to Oregon. For the prospective manufacturers of nuclear-plant equipment, the program entailed future revenues in the tens and hundreds of billions of dollars. With a potential market of this size, the companies attracted to the nuclear industry were eager to proceed quickly—and did so, with the A.E.C.'s unflagging support. The A.E.C., with its policy of industry self-regulation, gave the companies broad discretion in virtually every aspect of the design, construc-

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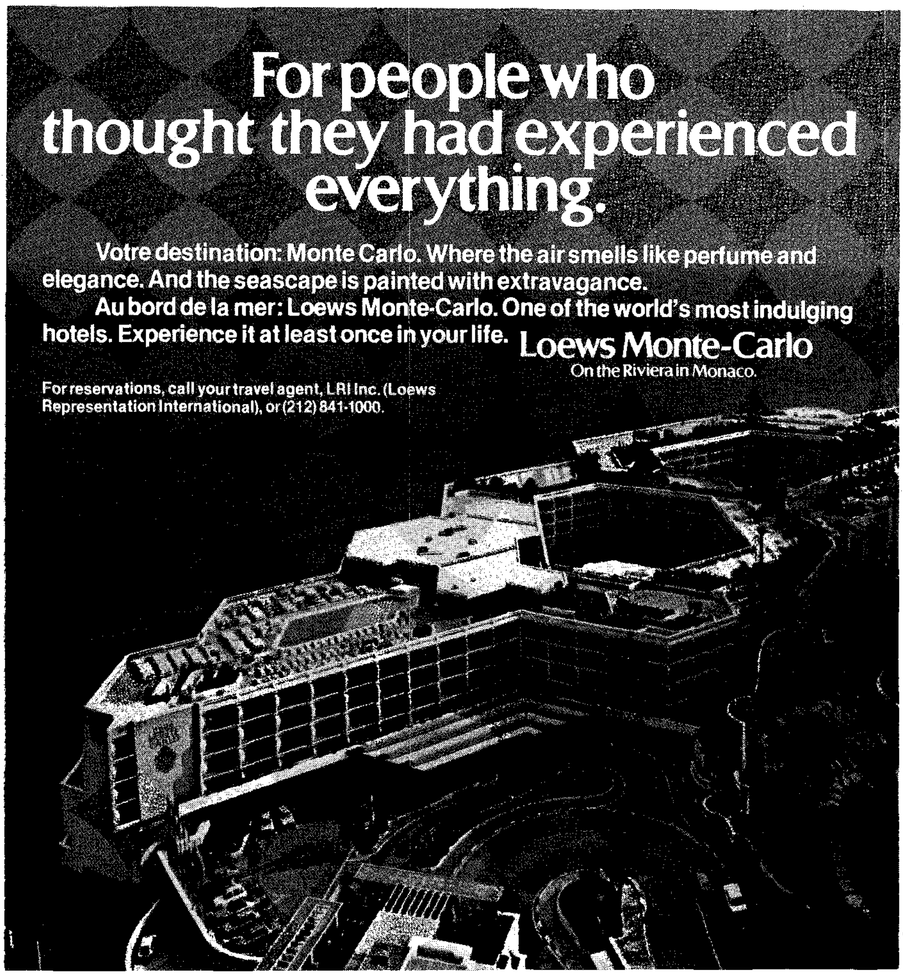

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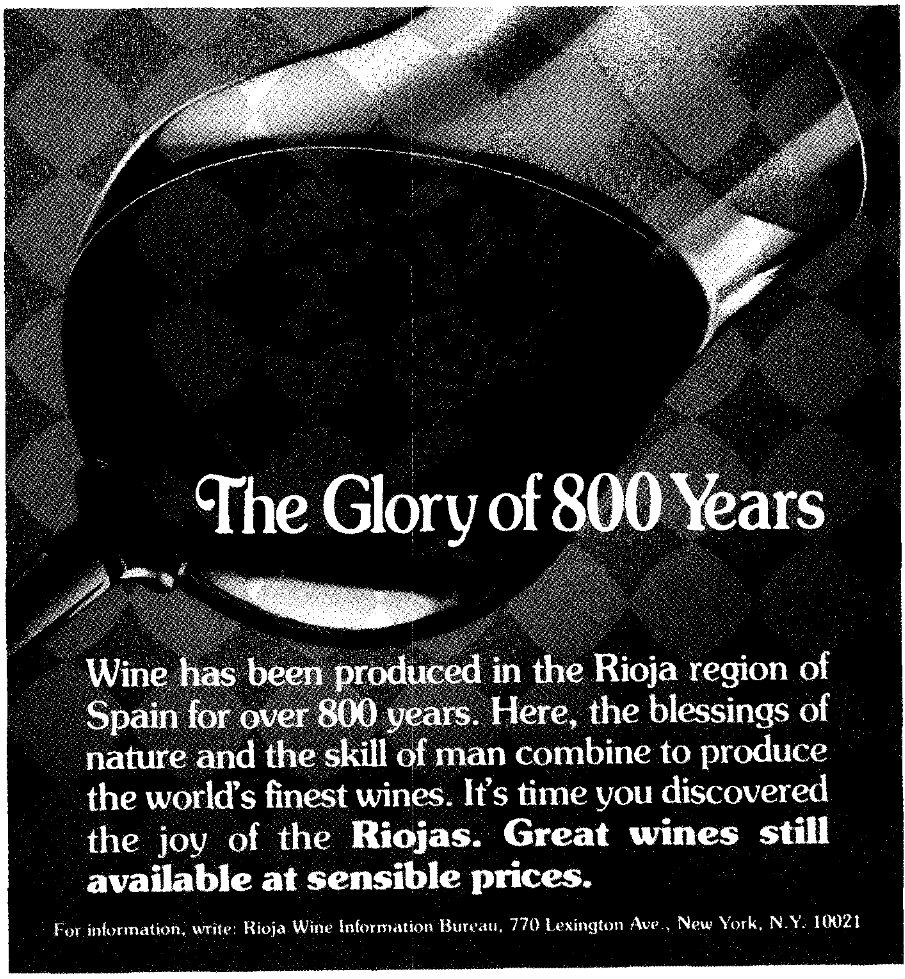

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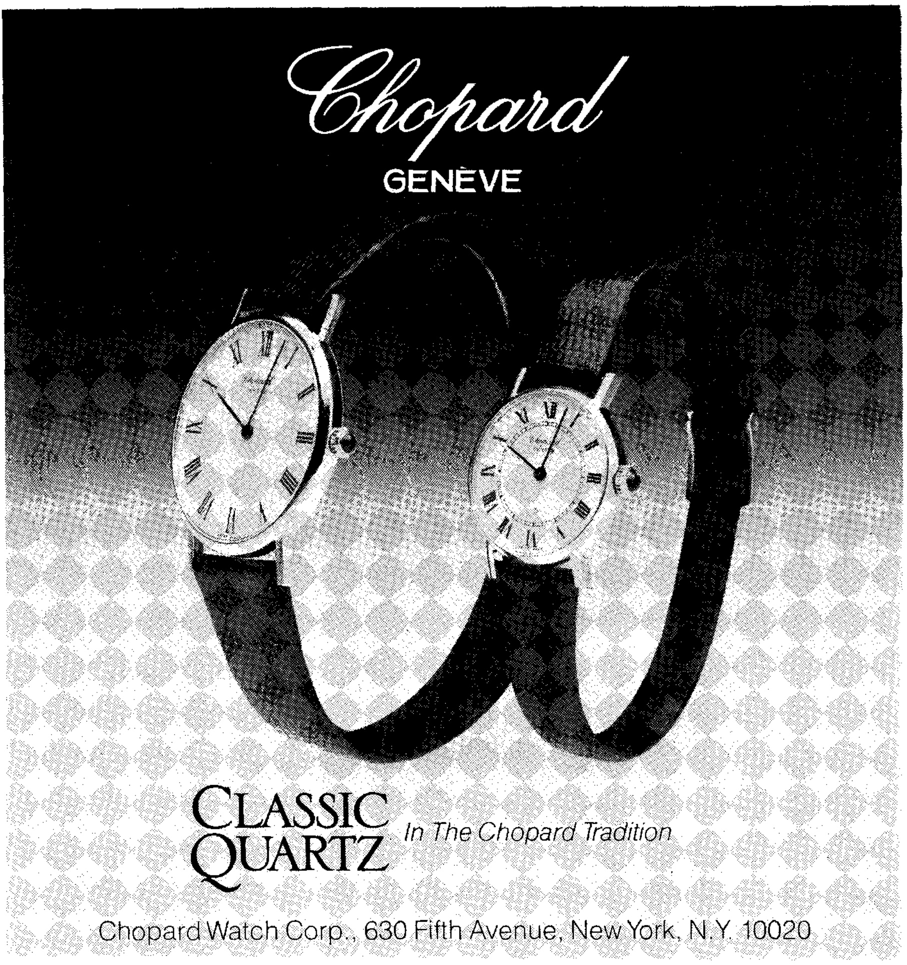
tion, and operation of plants. The companies, for their part, were not inhibited by any excessive circumspection about the safety problems they might be creating.

The major challenge to the developers of commercial nuclear power was not safety but cost. Coal-fired power plants provided cheap electricity in the nineteen-fifties and sixties, and the cost of electric power from this conventional source was actually falling during much of the period. The entire nuclear-power industry would come to nothing if nuclear plants proved unable to compete. Accordingly, to improve the economic attractiveness of nuclear power, designers drew up plans for extremely large plants—several times as large as any conventional electric plant then in operation—so that nuclear plants, benefitting from so-called economies of scale, could produce power cheaply. The large, high-powered reactors that would be required would necessarily be difficult to control—for one thing, they could overheat quite rapidly in the event of a cooling-system malfunction—but this risk was accepted by the companies and by the A.E.C. without extensive evaluation. Similar considerations shaped a broad range of other decisions that nuclear-plant designers had to make—for example, how much safety apparatus to include and whether to delay plant construction pending more extensive safety-research programs. Safety was considered by plant designers, of course, but it was never the only factor—or even the dominant one—constraining the development of commercial nuclear power.

The level of scientific ability applied to the development of commercial-power-reactor technology also ultimately affected nuclear-plant safety. During the last twenty-five years, thirty to fifty per cent of the country's scientists and engineers have been employed, directly or indirectly, in defense and aerospace programs. These established programs, vastly larger employers than the nascent nuclear-power industry, absorbed a major portion of the best technical talent. The work in these areas and also in basic scientific research was often more exciting technically than the relatively mundane engineering needed for nuclear-plant design and construction. There was a time, of course, early in the nuclear program, when scientists of the calibre of Enrico Fermi were making the breathtaking discoveries that enabled nuclear energy to become a usable power source for mankind. The detail work needed for the commercialization of the technology, however, such as the design of the plumbing system necessary to cool a large reactor, was regarded as something of a technological backwater. Scientists of the first rank had little enthusiasm for such chores, and they left the program. Most of the technical work was parcelled out to highly compartmentalized engineering staffs of companies that serviced the commercial power industry. Each of the small pieces that make up a nuclear power station was designed by a specialized group, and there was seldom any systems engineering to insure that the pieces would all fit together satisfactorily in a working nuclear power plant. For example, there was so little coördination between plant designers and plant operators that the head of the engineering department of the Babcock & Wilcox Nuclear Power Generation Division, a twenty-year veteran of nuclear-plant-design work for the company, had to acknowledge after the Three Mile Island accident that he had never been in the control room of an operating Babcock & Wilcox reactor. Similarly, the A.E.C., which nominally supervised the commercialization of nuclear power, was no better provided than the industry itself with high-level technical talent. If anything, a regulator's standard technical assignments—such as reviewing someone else's pump designs or wiring diagrams—were even less attractive to skilled scientific personnel than the primary engineering work being carried out by the industry.

"A job with the A.E.C. or the N.R.C. is pretty much like early retirement," someone who has held a position with both told me. "It's an easy, secure job in a big bureaucracy, and that's what most of the people who work there really want. I never saw any top-flight engineers at the N.R.C.—people with real credentials and experience. Of course, there are some good people on the staff who are capable of doing useful work. The problem then becomes the agency's reluctance to let them follow through on safety problems—especially if some plants might have to be shut down as a result." A 1978 survey of employees in the N.R.C. Office of Inspection and Enforcement—in which Creswell worked—reported that sixty-eight per cent of the N.R.C. safety inspectors believed that the N.R.C. management practiced "a don't-rock-the-boat philosophy."

The A.E.C. and the major compa-



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nies involved in the nuclear-power industry were large, mission-oriented bureaucracies. Focussed on nuclear-power expansion, they had slight regard for the accumulating operating experience of the country's commercial nuclear power plants—whose records disclosed how their nominal safety objectives were repeatedly being undermined by careless human actions permitted by a regulatory system that relied on industry self-regulation. Nor was there enhanced sensitivity toward these continuing safety problems when the N.R.C., in 1975, took charge of safety regulation. Some people who worked in the nuclear program were troubled by the extent to which nuclear safety was being compromised in the rush to expand the industry. Robert Pollard, a safety expert for the N.R.C., resigned in protest in February of 1976, citing among other concerns the nuclear industry's pervasive noncompliance with official safety requirements. At a press conference explaining his resignation, he described the Indian Point nuclear power plant as "an accident waiting to happen." (The plant was built on the Hudson River thirty-five miles north of New York City, and Pollard had been one of the officials supervising its safety equipment.) The safety deficiencies in that plant, Pollard believed, represented the clear warning signs that almost invariably precede major accidents in complex systems. Safety experts generally agree that "routine" safety problems, even if the immediate consequences are relatively minor, can indicate points of vulnerability that make the system susceptible to more far-reaching disruptions. In a carefully managed nuclear-power program, these weak spots would be monitored and corrected before they became so widespread as to jeopardize over-all safety. If not—if they were accepted as routine nuisances and allowed to recur—the cumulative effect of seemingly minor uncorrected safety deficiencies could be the loss of vital safety margins against catastrophic accidents. As more and more plants go into operation "with the customary level of uncorrected safety problems and sloppy operation," Pollard warned, "it will not take very long for the effects of this regulatory failure to be seen in the form of very unpleasant accidents." Pollard, who joined the staff of the Union of Concerned Scientists after leaving the N.R.C., is challenging Metropolitan Edison's plans for resuming operation of Three Mile Island Unit 1.

The A.E.C. and the N.R.C. received related warnings from a variety of informed sources: scientific organizations, congressional committees and subcommittees that oversee the agency, the General Accounting Office, and members of the commission's own technical staff. Few of the recommended reforms have been carried out. In 1975, an environmental group in Virginia asked the Justice Department to investigate the handling of safety problems at a nuclear plant in Virginia that had been built on top of a potential earthquake fault. After looking into the case, the department's attorneys criticized the conduct of the N.R.C. officials who approved the plant as "bordering on criminal neglect," yet this observation prompted none of the required changes in the agency's safety policy. Even the accident at Three Mile Island has apparently not been enough to stimulate a major upgrading of the N.R.C.'s regulatory program. "We continue to be troubled by the lack of an underlying regulatory philosophy," the President's Nuclear Safety Oversight Committee wrote in a recent report commenting on the N.R.C.'s "action plan," which describes its official response to the Three Mile Island accident. "For all its virtues, [the action plan] represents a somewhat more intensive form of 'business as usual,' " the committee concluded. Much of the plan, in fact, consists of a catalogue of technical issues "to be studied further," and it contains few significant corrective actions to be taken to improve the safety of the nuclear plants now operating. The N.R.C.'s diffidence about ordering more sweeping changes may result, in part, from the embarrassment it suffered, immediately after the accident, when it tried to issue new instructions to the operators of Babcock & Wilcox plants on how they were to respond in the future to accidents like the one at Three Mile Island. (The N.R.C. issued the new guidelines, then modified them, and then revoked a major one—after realizing that it had told the operators to do precisely what it had subsequently decided they should *not* do.) In more general terms, however, the N.R.C.'s inaction is the result of the fundamental philosophy of industry self-regulation that still shapes the agency's general outlook. The basis of the action plan, as the General Accounting Office noted last year, is a "major dependency on industry" to

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"develop and implement the corrective actions." And the G.A.O. auditors concluded, "For the most part, the [N.R.C.] has only scheduled minimal time . . . to develop general criteria and to review the implementation efforts of the industry."

Officials in charge of the nuclear program, though they concede that the objections of Pollard and others are not frivolous, have found it difficult to acknowledge the implications of the various safety deficiencies, many of them attributable to human errors, that beset the industry. Dr. Roger Mattson, who was the director of the N.R.C.'s Division of Systems Safety until his resignation, in July of 1980, said in an interview a few weeks after the accident that he and others in the commission had missed what he called "obvious precursors" to the accident that crippled the plant at Three Mile Island. Speaking of the known problems with Babcock & Wilcox plants, Mattson said, "Why didn't the N.R.C. pick up on these problems? I don't know. I guess we have a poor system for following the licensee event reports"—the routine reports from each nuclear plant describing the equipment malfunctions, operator errors, and other safety problems that have occurred. "The Pollards of the staff for years said, 'Let us review I.C.S.' "—the integrated-control system used by Babcock & Wilcox to coordinate the reactor, the feedwater system, and the turbine-generators—"and the Mattsons of the staff said, 'No, this is a non-safety system. That is ratcheting—an unnecessary addition to the regulatory review process.' Somewhere, somebody should have seen the problems that were developing, but I guess we were busy solving other unresolved problems." Mattson acknowledged that the disabling of safety equipment as a result of testing and maintenance errors—the apparent reason for the failure of the emergency feedwater system at Three Mile Island—was among the best-known safety problems in the industry. He said that the reason the commission had not done anything to correct this situation was that he and others had been "lulled by a conviction that the machines were so inherently safe that even with human failures everything would be O.K.," adding, "This is not an acceptable answer, but it is the answer."

It is evident from the public controversy surrounding nuclear power in recent years that many thoughtful people have not been lulled by any such

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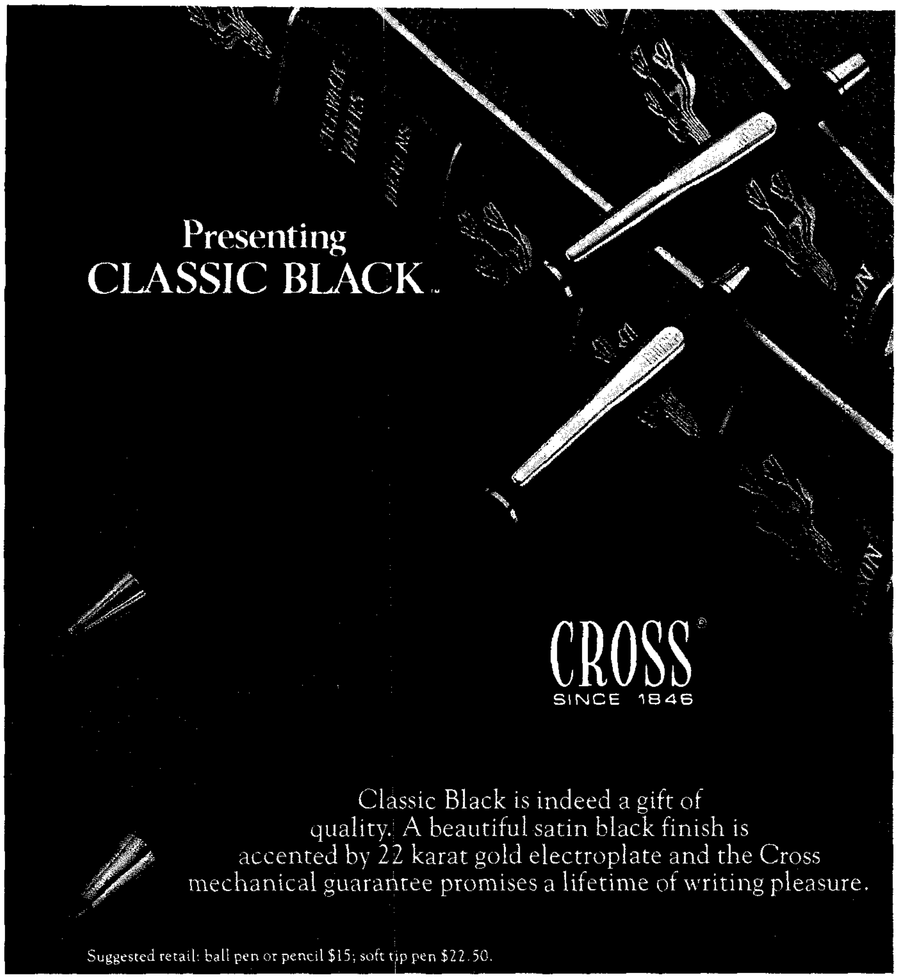
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sanguine convictions about the inherent safety of nuclear power plants. Ralph Nader, for one, has been gravely concerned about the potential risks. In a brief conversation just the day before the accident at Three Mile Island, Nader noted, with surprise, the lack of serious nuclear-plant accidents in the previous two or three years. Not since the fire at the Browns Ferry plant near Decatur, Alabama, on March 22, 1975, he said, had there been even any particularly "close calls." It was a definite puzzle that needed to be solved, he continued—one that had been obvious for some time: How, despite frequent equipment malfunctions and apparently pervasive safety infractions, had the nuclear industry's record remained so untarnished? The industry itself concluded, not without a certain degree of plausibility, that this record established the over-all resiliency of current nuclear-plant designs and their relative invulnerability to individual component failures and human errors, however alarming these might appear when they were looked at narrowly. Yet one might also reason that, with more plants continually going into operation, sooner or later the cumulative effect of the safety lapses would be a serious nuclear accident. In this vein, a 1969 Atomic Energy Commission report on the problem of human error stated one could conclude that "the *absence of more serious effects* is largely the result of good luck." The basic answer to the question posed by Nader was, quite obviously, that either concern about the risk of accidents was completely misguided or the country was long overdue for a serious accident at a nuclear power plant. The accident at Three Mile Island, the next day, helped to answer the question.

Like the recapitulation in a symphonic work, the accident at Three Mile Island brought together what had become, by March 28, 1979, familiar themes from the years of experience in operating Babcock & Wilcox reactors. All that was unique about the accident was the combination of events: individual events that had happened repeatedly but separately—at different plants that had Babcock & Wilcox reactors or at the same plant on different occasions—happened together, in one culminating debacle. The main feedwater system failed, the auxiliary feedwater system failed, a pressure-relief valve stuck open, the operators lost control of the unstable reactor. Given the frequency of these problems, the increasing number of Babcock & Wilcox reactors, and the lack of competent federal supervision of the nuclear-power industry, this particular accident was inevitable. The only question, now answered, was when it would occur, and the remaining issue—still far from settled—is whether something like it will ever happen again. Opinion on this matter is divided. The industry is confident that the problems have been corrected; other observers are less sanguine.

Recently, some of the members of the N.R.C.'s Special Inquiry Group, which studied the Three Mile Island accident on behalf of the commission, got together for an informal luncheon in Washington. The discussion was "very gloomy," according to Mitchell Rogovin. In his judgment, the N.R.C. has done "virtually nothing" to carry out the recommendations that he and his colleagues made, more than a year ago, for improving the regulation of the American nuclear-power industry. Rogovin said he was "awfully sad" that instead of adopting a better regulatory program the N.R.C. remained preoccupied with the creation of one that would simply license nuclear plants faster—"expediting the things that made us uncomfortable." Changes in the licensing process proposed by the N.R.C. a few weeks ago—which would cut back on the opportunities for the public to question plant safety—were "very troubling," he said. The American public itself has "an extraordinarily short attention span," and so pressure on the N.R.C. to improve plant safety has greatly diminished in the two years following the accident at Three Mile Island, he observed the other day, adding, "People worried about the Americans held captive in Iran, but they have overlooked the fact that they, too, are hostages, to the nuclear plants operating around the country. No one would question whether there will be another accident. It's merely a matter of when." —DANIEL FORD

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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THE THEATRE

A Prey to Tigers

AT the opening of Strindberg's "The Father," at the Circle in the Square, my heart sank even before the play began. The theatre has no proper stage; the acting space is a long, narrow arena entirely surrounded by audience, so there is never any opportunity to employ a curtain. Designers cannot succeed in such a space, at once so open and so cramped—they can only fail as little as possible. In the present instance, the designer, Marjorie Kellogg, has increased the awkwardness of the space by diminishing it; in the middle of the floor she has placed a painted circus ring, within whose limited compass nearly all the action of the play must occur. Three ramps give access to the ring, which we are to take for the drawing room of a substantial house in a small Swedish town sometime in the eighteen-eighties; the invisible ends of the ramps presumably lead to the kitchen, the study, and the front entrance of the house. As first seen, the furnishings of the drawing room are covered with sheets of some muslin-like material, and we are tempted to suppose that the owners of the house have abandoned it for the summer, or perhaps forever, à la "The Cherry Orchard." But no such thing; the play starts with some servants silently entering the room and uncovering the furniture, in the grave presence of a woman who is evidently the mistress of the house. The task completed, they all leave the room and we hear them whispering some gossipy gibberish offstage.

Now, this prelude not only has nothing whatever to do with the play as Strindberg wrote it but has the further defect of patronizing him in a double fashion, by striking a note wholly at odds with his literary intentions (which at that point in his career were naturalistic) and by offering the audience a hoity-toity gesture symbolizing what the director believes the play to be about. I fear that impertinent directorial force-feeding of audiences is an increasing commonplace among us here in New York; all the more disappointing that the culprit in this production is a distinguished foreigner, Göran Graffman, for the past fourteen years a permanent member of the Royal Dramatic Theatre, in Stockholm. With reluctance, I might have forgiven him if the rest of the evening had been to Strindberg's advantage; alas, the contrary was the case. During most of the first act of the play, members of the cast move and speak slowly and woodenly; Strindberg's lacerating drumfire of adversary emotions, vivid enough in his lines, is studiously betrayed by the fact that everyone onstage appears to be occupying a bulletproof bunker of total psychic solitude. The Captain complains of being trapped in a cage of tigers, but as we are invited to perceive him he is a man breaking down as a consequence of pressures largely internal and unidentified; the tigerish women provide an occasion for his breakdown but not a reason for it. Strindberg viewed marriage as an almost unendurable slavery, mitigated from time to time by sex, itself a scourge; the dark power of this view of marriage and, by extension, of family life is conveyed only in the second and concluding act, and by then it is unconvincing.

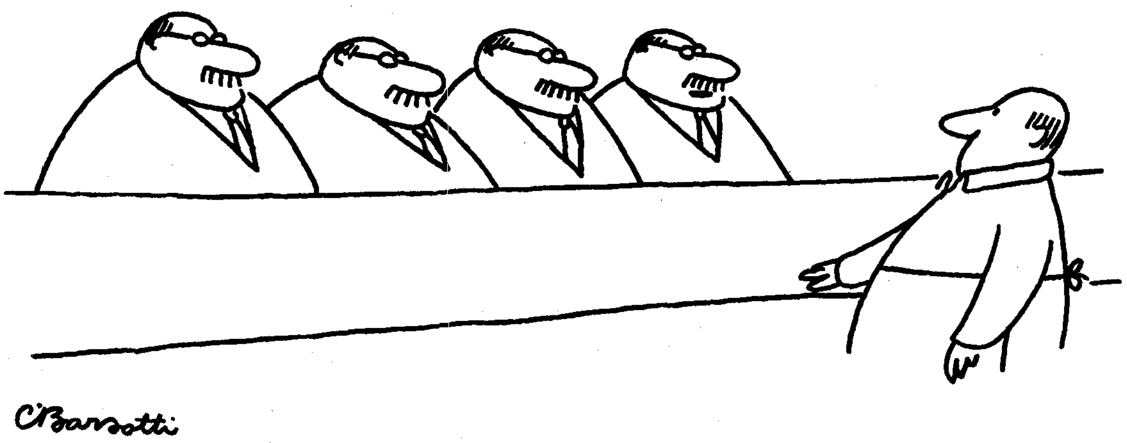
Ralph Waite, looking remarkably like U. S. Grant at Vicksburg, makes a serious effort to embody the Captain, mostly in vain. The climactic moment of the play, when he suffers a stroke, ought to be violent and tragic; instead, it is on a muted, domestic scale. Frances Sternhagen portrays his wife, a character every bit as unscrupulous as Lady Macbeth (to whom Strindberg takes care to make an indirect reference), with an air of suburban gentility not so much inappropriate as uninteresting. W. B. Brydon is adequate as Dr. Ostermark, and so is Pauline Flanagan as the old family nurse. Kate Purwin, as the teen-age daughter of the house, would tempt any father to hope he was not her father, which notably undermines the plot, and Richard Woods, as the local pastor, lacks energy. The costumes are by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, the lighting is by Arden Fingerhut, and Harry G. Carlson's translation of the play, though now and then slangy ("believe you me," "couldn't care less"), appears to be accurate and deserves to be made use of again, under more fortunate circumstances.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Like Grandmother Used to Make

"MEETINGS," by Mustapha Matura, at the Phoenix, is a bright, sharp comedy that turns into a sombre fable before our eyes. The action takes place in the modern kitchen, bristling with appliances, in the house of a prosperous Trinidadian couple named Hugh and Jean. He is an engineer engaged in selling pipes to the government to carry water to the people in the bush; she is an advertising executive who is marketing and promoting a dangerous cigarette made entirely of synthetics. We meet them first early in the morning, each of them pouring out a cup of black coffee before leaving for various business meetings, and it is then that he complains that his busy wife never serves any food in the house; she either dines out at French or Italian restaurants with a white American businessman (with whom she may be having an affair) or orders in something called Chick and Chips from a delivery service nearby. Hugh longs for the food of his childhood (very regressive and



"We're the Duderstat brothers. From now on, we'll be regulars here."

juvenile, Jean thinks), and in the course of the day he meets an old woman mango vender, becomes friendly with her, and hires her young granddaughter to cook that regional fare for his household. It is the unseen grandmother, though, who is the moving spirit of the play—the agent of Hugh's renewal of his ties with his people. As she takes him with her into the mountains and to various rituals and time-honored ceremonies, he becomes ever more a Trinidadian, while Jean becomes more deeply involved with her cigarette campaign and her crooked white client. That the fake cigarettes prove truly lethal gives the play its grisly, melodramatic ending.

Mr. Matura, a Trinidadian of African and East Indian ancestry, is also the author of "Rum an Coca-Cola," a wonderful play about an old calypso singer and his apprentice, which was given a wonderful production by the Chelsea several years ago. In a subtler, more ironic way, it also dealt with the corruption of the West Indians by the rapacious white man. This theme, whether valid or not, is the only conventional aspect of the unconventional "Meetings." It is easy, though, to shrug off the theme and its cumbersome symbols (starting with that sterile kitchen) and to enjoy the play for its humor and feeling and the lilt of its speech, scene by scene and at face value. The actors—Michele Shay as Jean, appropriately brittle and businesslike, and looking beautiful in one stunning costume after another; Carl Lumbly as Hugh, intelligent and bewildered, yet determined on his course of action; and Seret Scott as the innocent country girl and inspired cook—are fine, and their Caribbean accents sound just right. It is no fault of theirs that they are upstaged by Harry Belafonte, whose recording of "Brown-Skin Girl (Stay Home and Mind Baby)," which is played at intervals throughout, moves the show from Off Broadway into the big time. But Jean, whom the playwright scorns for her flightiness, is *not* a brown-skin girl; she is an ivory-skin girl, whose grandfather was a Portuguese, and those Trinidadian traditions so sacred to Hugh are only partly hers. Gerald Gutierrez was the director. —EDITH OLIVER

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STOCK MARKET RALLIES AS RALLY FADES
—*Miami Herald.*

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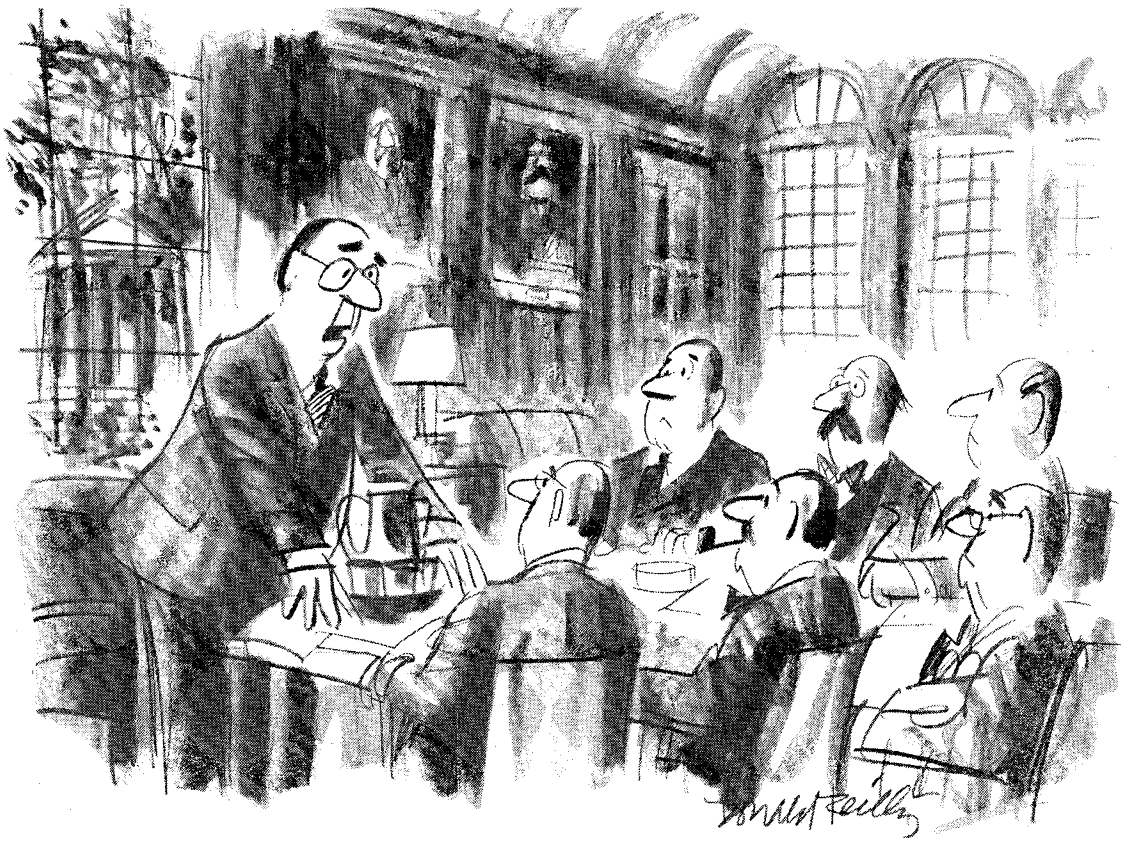
THE ART WORLD

Three Salons

THE Whitney Museum's Biennial Exhibition of contemporary art is our nearest approach to an official salon. The museum has always been skittish about assuming an official mantle, though, and ever since the first Biennial, in 1932, it has tried hard to make these affairs as inclusive as possible. Extreme catholicity rarely pleases anybody; the critics' usual complaint has been that the Whitney was abdicating its authority by including so much junk. Four years ago, the museum altered its methods. Instead of inviting more than a hundred artists to show one work apiece, the curators decided on a smaller number of artists and selected more than one work by each of them. The same procedure was followed in 1979. This year, the focus was narrowed even further, and to dazzling effect. For the first time in half a century, the Whitney Biennial was a fairly accurate survey of what the "official" New York art world considers important, potentially important, or highly promising contemporary work.

The official New York art world, to be sure, is a dubious entity. No academic body sets the tone, and the few critics who try to measure new art by traditional standards of quality have lost even their power to irritate or annoy. For some time now, the most telling factor in a young artist's reputation has been what other artists say about him. Contemporary artists are neither more generous nor less competitive than the rest of us, and what they say about one another occasionally falls short of strict objectivity; nevertheless, it is the artist's voice that carries the most weight in this respect—with dealers, with collectors, and often with critics and curators. When an established gallery takes on a new artist, the chances are that it was on the recommendation of another artist in the gallery. The word goes out from the loft studios and infiltrates the network of gossip, banter, and information which serves the art world in place of market research. (Some artists believe that information *is* art, and vice versa.) The truth is that nobody today has a workable objective basis for judging new art, and so the artists who are most widely admired tend to function, more or less unwittingly, as an informal academy of the permanent avant-garde.

The show at the Whitney, which opened in February and is now closing, presented works by seventy-one painters, sculptors, and photographers, more than half of whom listed New York as their home address. There is nothing that qualifies as a New York style anymore. The Californians, Texans, and other outlanders looked as much at home here as, say, Lynda Benglis or Julian Schnabel, and some of them looked a good deal more at home than Willem de Kooning; three large paintings of his were the first things you saw when you got off the elevator at the third floor. De Kooning's inclusion provoked much comment. Since his work has not changed much in the last two decades, why should it be featured in an exhibition whose focus was the last two years? The same question came up with regard to some very handsome paintings by Richard Diebenkorn and James Rosenquist, two frequently exhibited artists from the generation that followed de Kooning's. Most of the dominant trends and tendencies of the last two years were on view, at any rate, in groupings that made the differences and the connections clear: gestural, thick-paint abstraction (which does not owe as much to de Kooning as the three de Koonings were probably meant to suggest); geometric abstraction; various aspects of realist painting; narrative and "new image" painting; pattern and decoration; the kind of crude or naïve painting and object-making which is referred to these days, even by its practitioners, as "dumb" art; multimedia sculptures and installations; and photography. In addition to the work of painters, sculptors, photographers, and media-mixers, the museum had a photographic slide show of large outdoor installations made for specific sites by nine artists,



"In sum, and in conclusion, gentlemen, the finding of the university's Futures and Directions Committee is that somebody, somehow, had better come up with the scratch."

and it gave practically the entire second floor to films and videotapes by thirty-three film and video artists.

One or two aspects of contemporary art-making were omitted—color-field painting, for instance, which is enjoying a modest resurgence—but, generally speaking, if you wanted to know what was going on in art today the Whitney was the place to find out. What surprised me, seeing it all together, was the energy, exuberance, and high spirits of the ensemble. A lot of artists are taking enormous risks. Judy Pfaff's "Dragon," a room-filling assemblage of brilliant-colored sticks, uncoiling wires, mill-end fabrics, and other impedimenta, made it possible to forget that there had ever been such a thing as Minimal Art. The same could be said of Katherine Porter's large abstract painting called "Truth Rescued from Romance," in which runaway spiral forms at the right were menaced by frolicsome acute angles on the left. (The highest spirits in the show appeared to be female.) Other artists simply have found interesting things to do and are doing them very well. Steve Keister, for example, has laid claim to the space about eighteen inches from the ceiling. Keister's eccentrically shaped plywood boxes, covered in material such as feathers or snakeskin, are spotlighted from above so that the Day-Glo colors of their interior planes mix and bounce around before our upraised eyes. All three of these artists, like many in the show, are being talked about a lot on the gossip-and-information circuit; they are with top-echelon galleries, and there is a brisk demand for their work. By focussing its sights so specifically on this sort of mainstream activity, the current Biennial may have been less adventurous than its predecessors, but it was certainly more professional (a risky decision in itself), and a lot more interesting to look at.

The Guggenheim's "19 Artists—Emergent Americans," a survey show that ran concurrently with the Whitney's, seemed to come from another art world altogether. If the general atmosphere of the Biennial was brash, confident, and bursting with energy, the mood at the Guggenheim was introspective, restrained, intellectual. Peter Frank, an independent critic who was invited by the Guggenheim to serve as guest curator for the occasion, did not have to share his selection process with colleagues, and his show obviously represented a much more personal view than the

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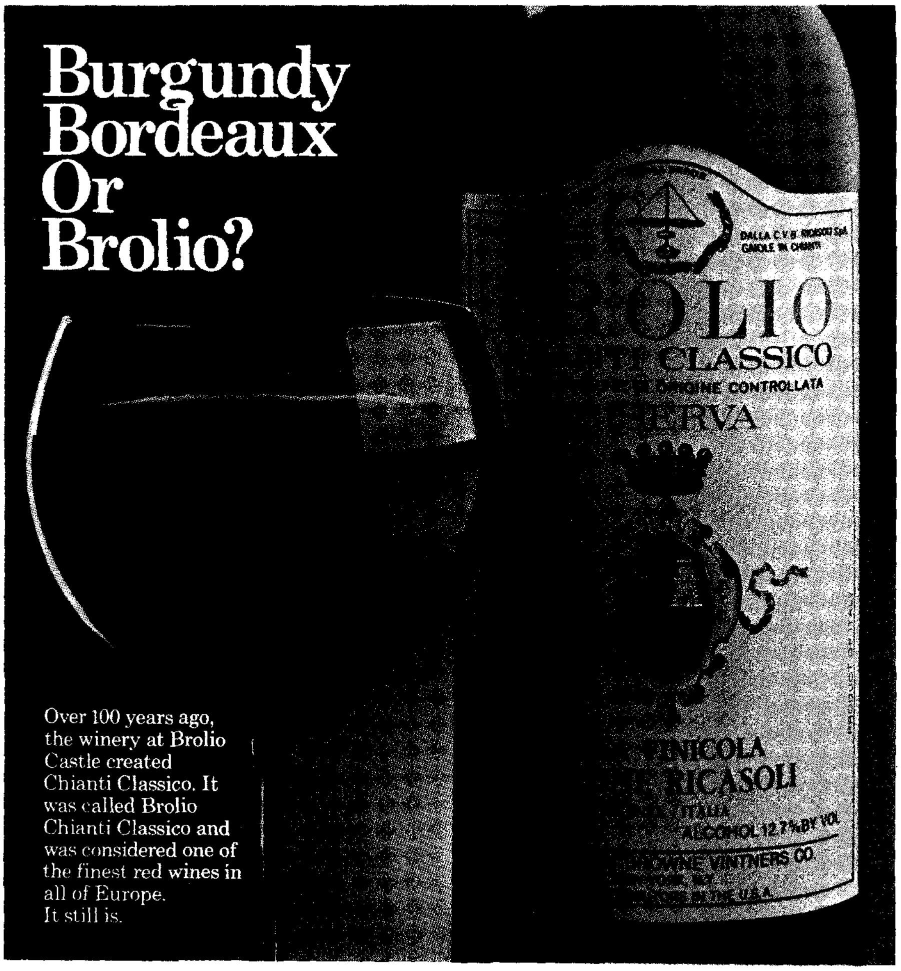

Over 100 years ago, the winery at Brolio Castle created Chianti Classico. It was called Brolio Chianti Classico and was considered one of the finest red wines in all of Europe. It still is.

Whitney's did. What he looked for, he wrote in the exhibition catalogue, was "the skilled and confident visual articulation of engrossing ideas by individuals who have not been sufficiently recognized for their accomplishment—despite substantial histories of such accomplishment." The nineteen artists he picked are not exactly household names around here, even though seven of them live in New York. Some appeared to be working in or around the main stylistic categories of the moment; others were off on tangents all their own. The most striking common characteristic was the use of writing—numbers, letters, words, sentences, paragraphs—in the work of eight of the artists. Language has been seeping into art since the early days of the century, of course, and more than ever during the last ten years. But eight out of nineteen? Darryl Sapien's diagrammatic pictures are detailed courses in personal mythology. Vernon Fisher, the only artist who was in both the Whitney and the Guggenheim shows, superimposes so much prose on his images that he might be suspected of being an emergent novelist. Writers do not expect their prose to be admired visually. A lot of artists seem to want their pictures to be read, though, which doesn't seem quite fair.

Taken together, the two museum shows offered convincing proof that the art world commonly referred to in these pages is not the only one that exists. The aesthetic milieu from which Peter Frank made his selections has its true center, I believe, in the flourishing art departments of our public and private universities. Ten of Frank's emergent Americans are teachers, and it is hard not to suspect that this has a bearing on the kind of work they do. There was a sort of dryness to the Guggenheim show, a reluctance to take big chances or to make embarrassing mistakes. The university art departments have only recently started to shake off the paralyzing virus of Minimal and Conceptual art, and the survivors are still a bit lacking in high spirits.

Yet another art world, or galaxy, surfaced briefly last month, at the third annual International Art Exposition, at the New York Coliseum. Artexpo NY, as it was called, attracted two hundred and fifty-eight exhibitors from eighteen countries, more than seven thousand registered art dealers, and close to seventy thousand visitors during a five-day stand, but, advertising space aside, it rated barely a line in the

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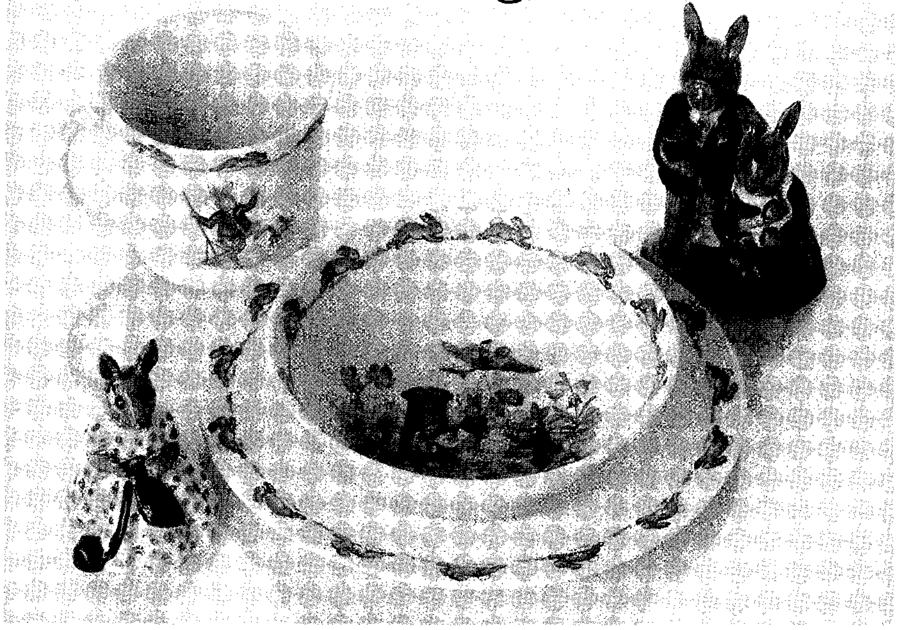

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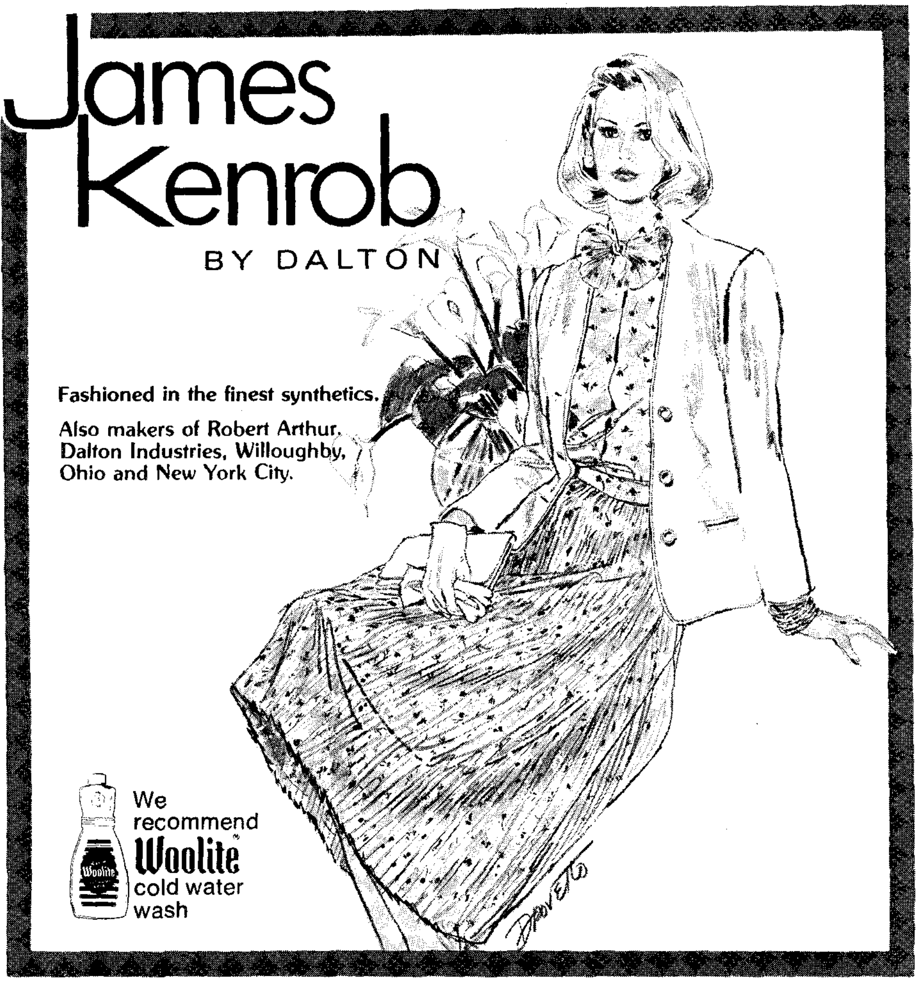
New York art press. Artexpo is the leading trade fair for the hundreds—maybe thousands—of art galleries that have taken root in what Leo Castelli refers to as "the provinces," meaning any town that is not New York. The art on display ran mainly to graphics, and it was by no means limited to provincial artists. Prints by Picasso, Miró, Chagall, and other brand names were in evidence at several stalls, along with a great many late (very late) School of Paris street scenes and landscapes, much naïve art, acres of posters, and a large volume of prints by LeRoy Neiman, whose mass-produced, slapdash yet oddly static lithographs of athletes and sports events have made him, in all probability, the highest-paid artist of our era. La Fédération des Coopératives du Nouveau-Québec showed Eskimo stone and wood carvings. The Westwood Galleries, of Portland, Oregon, had lithographs and ceramics by Indian artists from the Northwest coast and the Southwest. At the stand of the Galerie d'Art Michèle Ferdman, of Geneva, Switzerland, the sculptor André Bucher was on hand to talk about his preferred material, "the lava which flows from the volcano's mouth." There was even a special exhibition called "Transformations: Women in Art/70s-80s," with works by Miriam Schapiro, Alice Neel, Jennifer Bartlett, Lois Lane, Judy Chicago, Louise Bourgeois, and other well-known members of the "official" art establishment.

Most of the exhibitors at Artexpo were dealers (a few artists took space on their own), and most of the sales were to dealers. Those I talked with agreed that their primary object in coming to New York was to expand the market for their wares and, if possible, to achieve a sales outlet here, in the No. 1 marketplace. That might seem a vain hope, considering the New York art world's indifference to the goings on at the Coliseum. Here again, however, one must allow for the proliferation of art worlds, and worlds within worlds, in the current period. More than one New York gallery specializes in the kind of art that was much in evidence at Artexpo, and several do extremely well with it. Consider, for example, the Wally Findlay Gallery, a hundred-and-eleven-year-old firm with branches in Chicago, Palm Beach, Beverly Hills, and Paris. According to James Borynack, who purchased the New York franchise from the parent company last fall, the Wally Findlay Gal-



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lery on East Fifty-seventh Street sells more pictures a year than any other gallery in town. Findlay's stable of more than forty artists is dominated by Europeans (the majority of them French). Leo Castelli's customers may not have heard of any of them, but the Findlay artists are immensely popular with a well-to-do clientele, which seems to spend a lot of its time in Palm Beach. Although Findlay did not book space at Artexpo, several of its artists were well represented there. A number of exhibitors featured the intensely colorful prints and paintings of Nicola Simbari, an Italian painter who applies a sort of pastiche, pastel Abstract Expressionism to Riviera beach scenes, slim *jeunes filles*, and picturesque peasantry. Since his hugely successful show of Crazy Horse Saloon striptease pictures at Wally Findlay's in 1975, Simbari's large oils have been selling for up to forty-five thousand dollars. His shows are never reviewed in New York, nor are the exhibitions of André Hambourg, Michel Henry, Bernard Gantner, or Findlay's other top European sellers. This does not concern James Borynack, and it does not appear to trouble his clients. "Our clients are not buying famous statements," says Borynack. "They're buying things they're comfortable with." Or, as one of Findlay's bright and very attentive salesmen told me, "We're selling light classical rather than classical—von Suppé, not Wagner." This young salesman has no trouble bridging the gap between two art worlds. His own collection, he said, was devoted exclusively to Roy Lichtenstein, Ellsworth Kelly, and Jasper Johns. —CALVIN TOMKINS

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STRESS WORKSHOP

St. Joseph's Hospital will sponsor a three-session workshop beginning Jan. 15 at St. Joseph's School of Nursing. "How to Keep Your Head When All Those Around You Are Losing Theirs" will be from 7:30 to 9 p.m. on three consecutive Thursdays and will be taught by Ann sǝssɐlɔ ⊥WƎ⅁rowth Associates.

—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Journal-Gazette.*

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In an attempt to get the package to the Senate floor next week, the Senate Budget Committee will meet round-the-clock, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., through Wednesday and perhaps longer.—*Helen Dewar in the Washington Post.*

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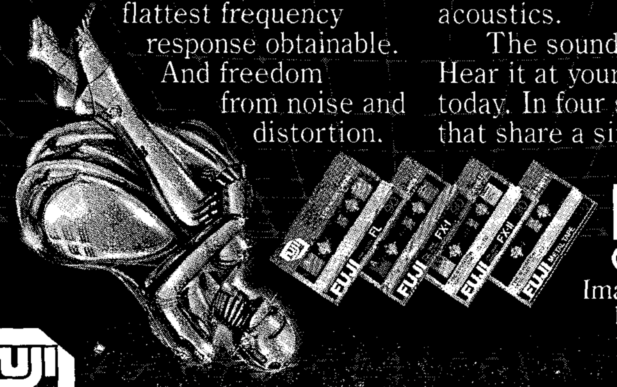

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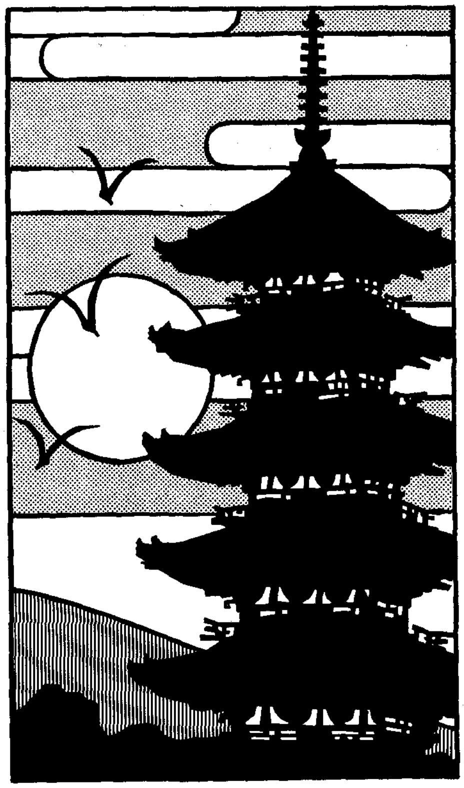

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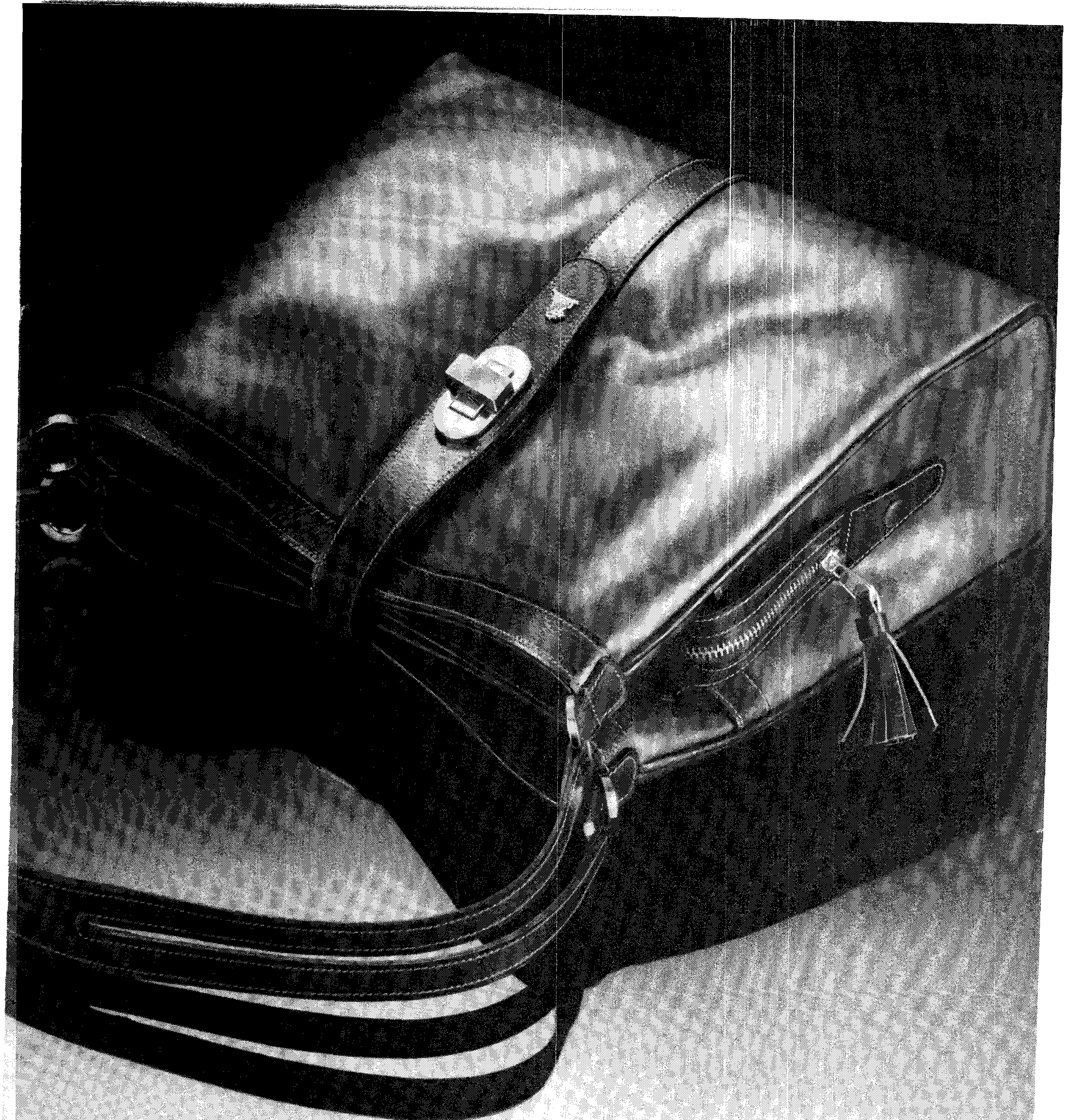

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U.S. JOURNAL: WENDOVER, UTAH

SPACE IN WENDOVER

SURROUNDING SPACE

WENDOVER—a speck of a place, separated by at least a hundred miles of desert from just about anyplace else—is, in its own way, strategically situated. At times, its very remoteness has been an asset. To the south, for instance, an uninhabited tract of the Great Salt Lake Desert—a two-thousand-square-mile tract that seems visible in its entirety from the highest hill in town—appears to have no conceivable use beyond being a convenient place to practice devastating bombing raids, and the Air Force has used it for just that. During the Second World War, an airbase was built at Wendover; among other planes, a B-29 superfortress named the Enola Gay flew practice runs over the desert, rehearsing the atomic attack on Hiroshima. The huge hangars that held B-29s still loom up against the desert, although the Air Force has not used them regularly since the Korean War. The old Second World War barracks and the base chapel still stand—their paint peeling, some of their windows broken. The chapel is on the National Register of Historic Places. There is a feeling in Wendover that the Air Force may soon reoccupy at least part of the base. Some fighter-wing training was conducted in Wendover last summer, and the pilots are said to have got in a remarkable amount of flying time—partly because Wendover, being a hundred miles from the nearest commercial airport, has an unusually large supply of uncluttered airspace.

BAKERY
P. Steiner

The Bonneville Salt Flats, east of Wendover, are useful as more than simply a nice place to bomb—although they are also useful for that. They provide the raw material for a small potash factory. They form the fastest racing surface available on the continent. On the main street of Wendover, a street appropriately named State Highway, the Western Café is decorated with enlarged photographs of the specially designed vehicles people have used to set world speed records on the Bonneville Salt Flats—vehicles that look like airplanes or spaceships or rockets or huge silver bugs. The world-record attempts aren't made much anymore—the man who went six hundred and twenty-two miles an hour has not been challenged for ten years—but every fall Wendover is filled with people who have come to the flats for time trials of what amount to homemade racing machines. The town is accustomed to visitors. Even before the interstate-highway system, the road that Wendover is sometimes described as being a wide spot in was one of the most travelled highways in the country—the highway connecting San Francisco and Reno and Salt Lake City and Omaha and Chicago. Travellers driving east in their Buick Roadmasters and Oldsmobile Ninety-eights had almost no choice but to stop at Wendover to fill their gas tanks—a stop that also permitted them to fill their water bags and stock up on some words of encouragement before starting off across the desert. In the fifties, Wendover was sometimes where the record was set not just for greatest speed attained by a racing car but for most gallons of gasoline pumped at a single station.

After Interstate 80 was completed, Wendover could be reached in two hours from Salt Lake City and the four or five other cities lined up just to the west of the Wasatch Range—a concentration of population known in Utah as the Wasatch Front. A lot of people from the Wasatch Front make the trip regularly. They are attracted by the most lucrative aspect of Wendover's location—the fact that the western edge of the town is just across the state line into Elko County, Nevada. At the line, a sixty-four-foot-high cowboy sign waves with one hand and points with the other toward the State Line Hotel and Casino—a full-service casino, with blackjack and keno and craps and a carrousel of dollar slot machines that is said to be the single most profitable bank of dollar slot machines in the world. The State Line is open twenty-four hours a day, and so is its satellite casino, Jim's, another half mile down the road into Nevada. Even the Hide-Away Club—a third casino that is more like a local bar that happens to have a few slot machines and a couple of card tables, hidden away in a trailer camp—is open twenty-four hours a day. In Wendover, a town of a thousand or so people, it is not easy to find a paved street. There is no pharmacy or taxi or movie theatre. At five o'clock on a winter Tuesday morning, though, there are people—people from somewhere—pouring money into the dollar slot machines at the State Line Casino.

HOTEL SPACE

IT is often difficult to find a place to stay in Wendover. Someone who wants to spend the weekend at the Best

Western—a motel on the eastern edge of town, in front of one of those sheer bare hills that people tend to write their high-school class on—has to call several weeks in advance. A need for more hotel space started in the middle seventies, when Wendover became what must have been the most remote town in the country to prosper from the gasoline shortage. The shortage reduced the temptation that weekend gamblers from the Wasatch Front might have felt to whisk right by the State Line's cowboy sign to the even brighter lights of Elko or Las Vegas. In the middle seventies, in a slick new hotel-and-casino building, the State Line began to do the sort of business that shattered whatever was left of the old gaming-industry theory that the Wasatch Front is severely limited as a supplier of casino customers by the fact that a majority of its residents are members of the Mormon Church, which includes gambling in a rather long list of forbidden pastimes. It may be that a significant number of Mormons interpret their church's teachings on gambling the way a significant number of Roman Catholics interpret their church's teachings on birth-control devices. It may be that the Mormon Church's guardianship of the morals of the Wasatch Front has made life so joyless for the more frivolous non-Mormon citizens that they are willing to take any opportunity to drive two hours through the desert for a shot at a slot machine and a cheerfully served bourbon-and-soda. For whatever reason, so many people began coming in to gamble in the late seventies that Wendover, a town that lies almost completely in Utah, became basically a Nevada gambling town—dominated economically by the State Line Casino. A lot of its residents refer to it as a company town.

A new casino, the Gold Rush, is being built just down the road from Jim's. The marketing survey done for its owners, a Texas family that has owned a huge ranch in Elko County for many years, says that the Wasatch Front's potential for generating "destination travellers"—people who stay overnight rather than simply making a contribution to the casino on the way through—is so great that Wendover might find itself with a forty-million-dollar-a-year gaming industry. That would leave it about a thousand hotel rooms short. Two new motels have just been built on State Highway—one owned by a man whose desire to name his business

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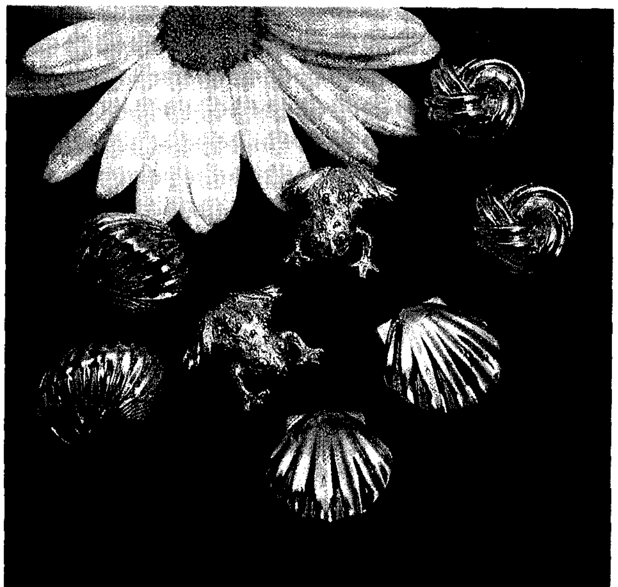

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after the first syllables of his children's names has produced Motel Copedebeli—and the State Line has plans both to expand its hotel and to build a new motel. Until the recent Las Vegas hotel fires, the State Line was planning to erect a hotel block fourteen stories high. It could have laid claim to a number of distinctions—highest building in a town with no drugstore, for instance, or flashiest hotel not reachable by taxicab.

HOUSING SPACE

AROUND Wendover, there is virtually unlimited space but almost no place to live. Most of the land just outside town on the Utah side is in the hands of the federal Bureau of Land Management or the military or the state. There are some privately held parcels on the western edge of town, but the fact that they can be viewed as potential casino sites makes them much too valuable for housing. The owner of one desert parcel is said to be asking a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars an acre. For a long time, even the land under existing houses in Wendover could not be bought. The railroad owned most of the residential land in town and leased it to homeowners month by month. Most of the houses and trailers that stand on it still look pretty much like what someone might build on land he could be put off of with a month's notice. The nearest collection of grass that most American suburbanites would consider a lawn probably lies an hour or two to the west. Despite the millions of dollars that flow through town every year, the main residential district of Wendover looks like the sort of place that could be cleared by one strong wind or a single hard-nosed type from the finance company.

The most serious labor problem in Wendover is finding employees someplace to live. The second most serious labor problem is the tendency of the Immigration and Naturalization Service to make periodic raids that result in most of the busboys and maids and sweepers and dishwashers in town being sent back to Mexico as illegal immigrants; it is less serious partly because the Mexicans ordinarily can be counted on to make it back to Wendover in four days. Among people holding the better-paying jobs in the casino—a family, say, in which the husband works as a pit boss and the wife as a blackjack dealer—it is considered fortunate to have a trailer on a little patch of gravel. The State Line

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rents space to some of its employees in some Second World War military housing and a trailer park it owns—and a dealer who quits quickly finds himself without a home.

Not much private land comes on the market in Wendover, and most of what has come on recently has been bought by the State Line. It is widely believed in Wendover that the State Line is buying property in order to prevent potential competitors—particularly the Gold Rush, which is due to open this month—from using it to house employees. People in Wendover take it for granted that the State Line has a morbid fear of competition. In an industry like gambling, a concentration of establishments can obviously act to increase everybody's business, but in Wendover the bitterest competition would be for employees rather than customers—and employees have to have someplace to live. A suspicion that State Line is not enthusiastic about expanding the housing space available in Wendover has even led a few people to suspect that Wendover town councilmen are not really as zealous as they claim to be about finding ways to provide more places to live. ("They're nothing but bird dogs for State Line.") Bary Jones—the controller of the State Line and a member of the Wendover town council and the son of Gene Jones, the managing partner of the State Line's gaming operations—acknowledges that "it's nice to be the only game in town," but he says that State Line's land purchases stem from sensible business decisions having to do with its expansion plans and its need to be assured of space for its own employees. The Gold Rush has found living space for not quite eighty people. It needs eighty employees in order to open the doors and a hundred and thirty-four for full operation.

HANGAR SPACE

IN late 1977, the Air Force sold part of Wendover Air Base—basically the hangars and some administration buildings—to the town of Wendover for a dollar. The plan was to rent most of the buildings as commercial space and use the income to maintain the runways—where private planes land on weekends and are met by a courtesy van from the State Line. A couple of the buildings are leased by the State Line for storage space. Some of the buildings are still empty—the sort of space suitable for, say, light manufacturing not being the sort of

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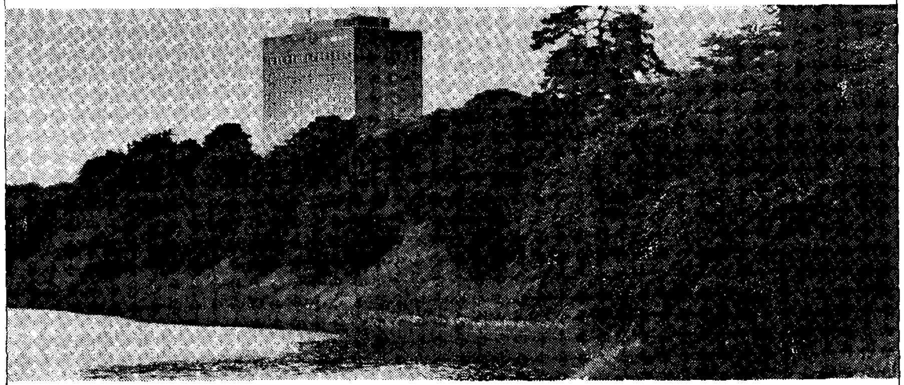

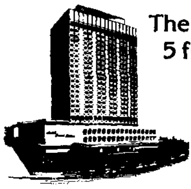

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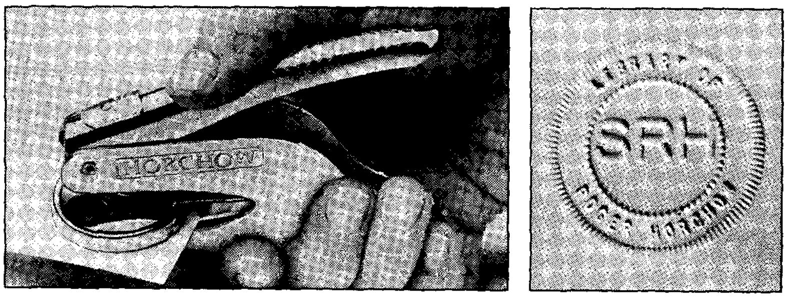

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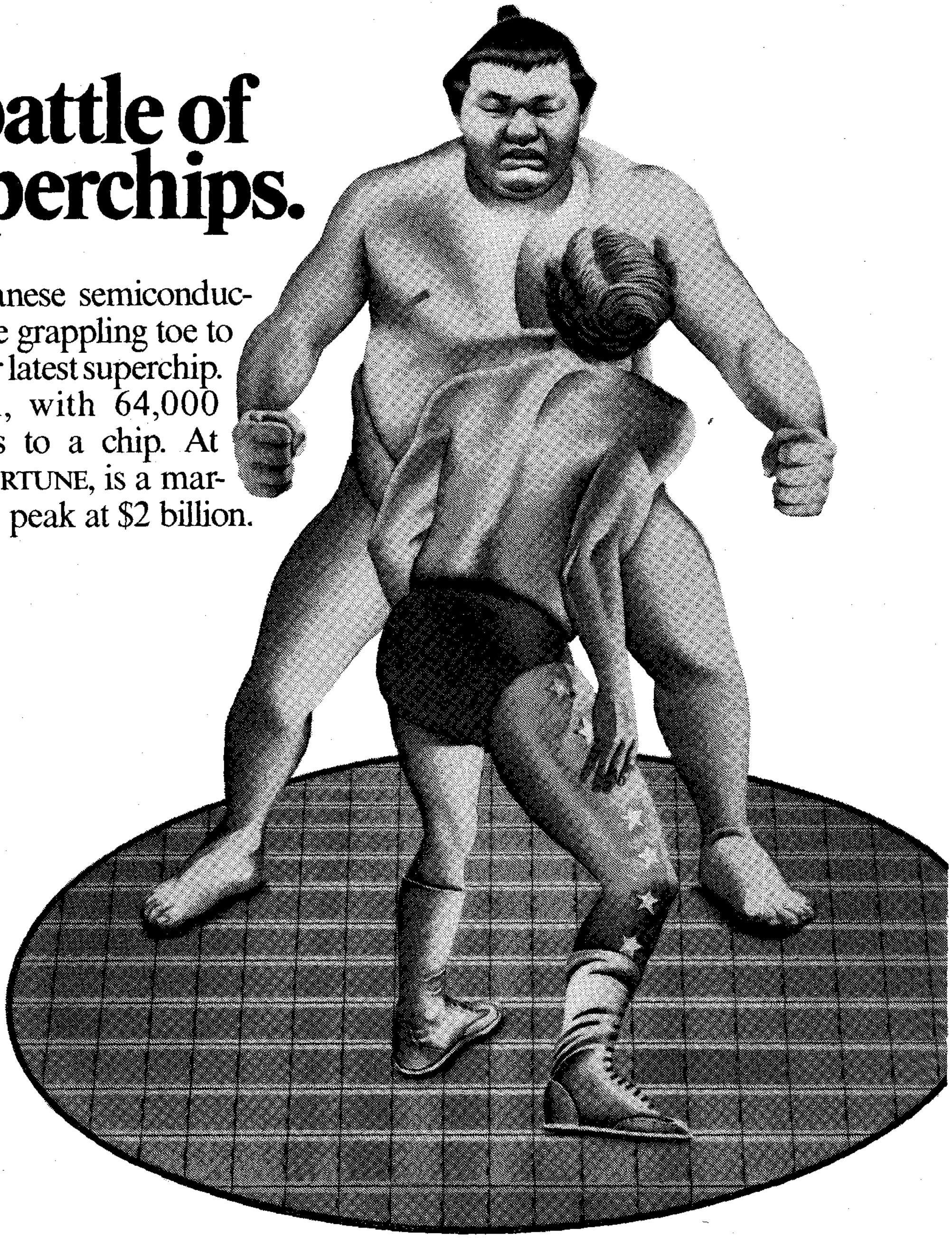

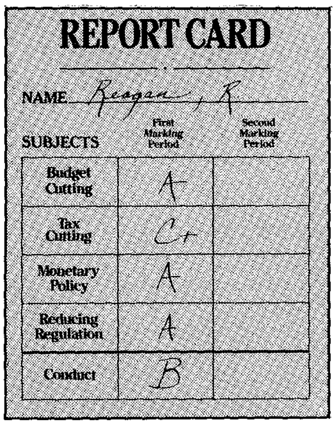

REPORT CARD

NAME Reagan, R

SUBJECTS	First Marking Period	Second Marking Period
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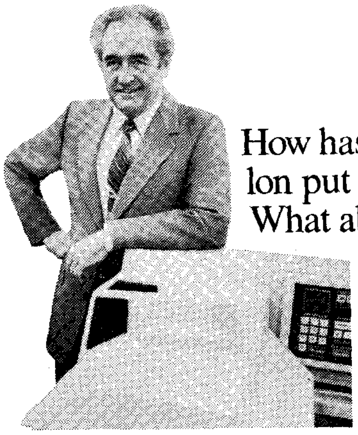
Tax Cutting	C+	
Monetary Policy	A	
Reducing Regulation	A	
Conduct	B	

Fortune made news with its report card on the Reagan economic plan. Why a C+ for tax cuts? Can inflation be cut and the economy stimulated? It was all in this probing analysis.



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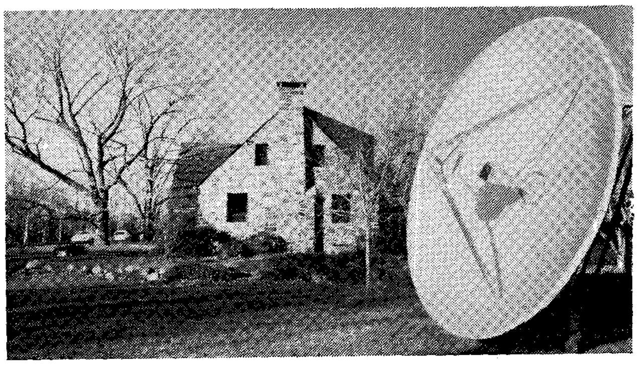

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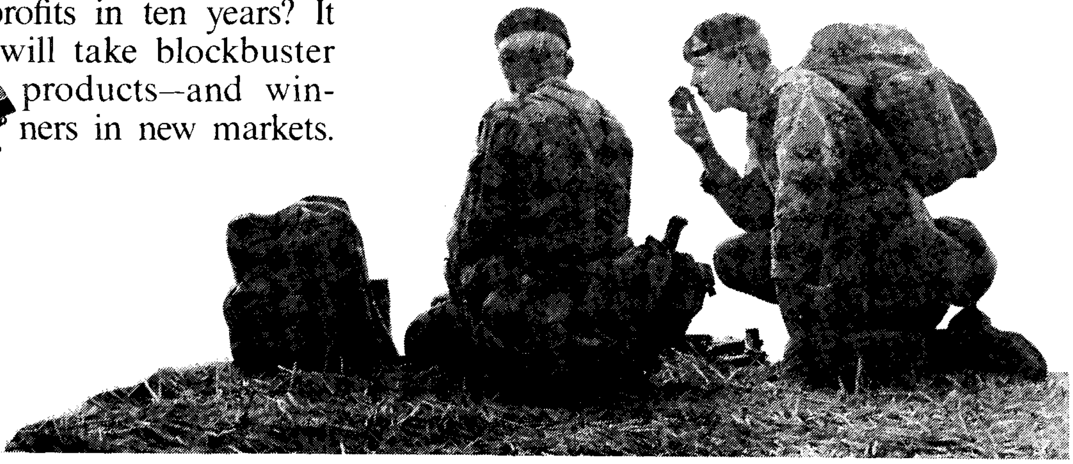

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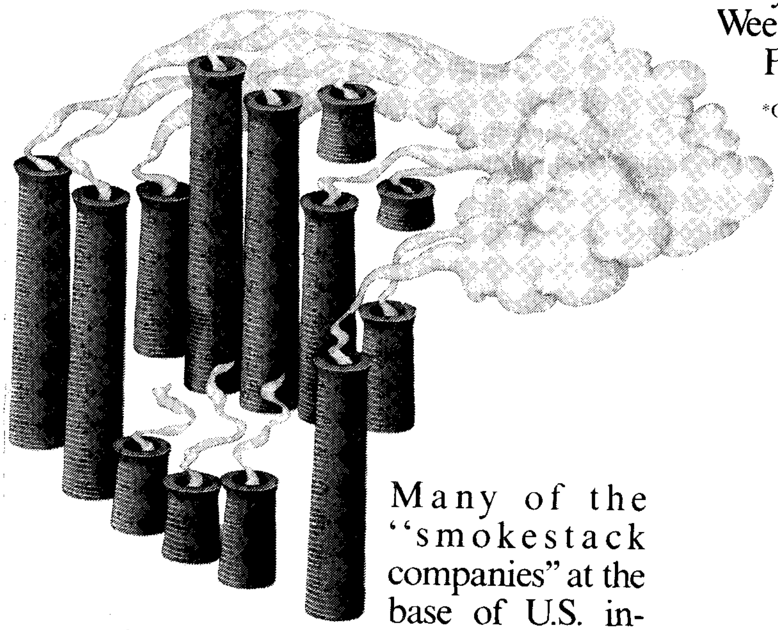
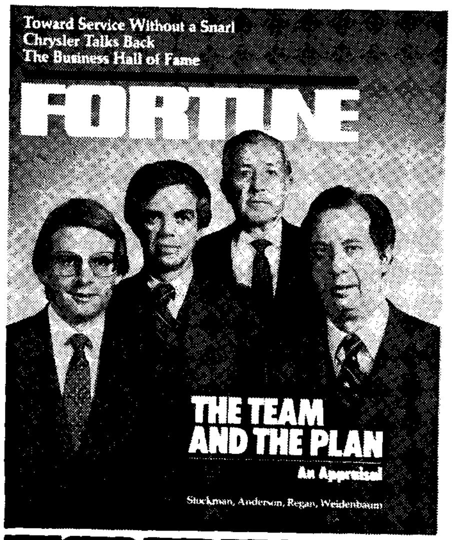


Many of the "smokestack companies" at the base of U.S. in-stry could wither and die unless they can find ge amounts of long-term capital. The villains, d FORTUNE, are inflation and the buildup of ort- and medium-term corporate debt.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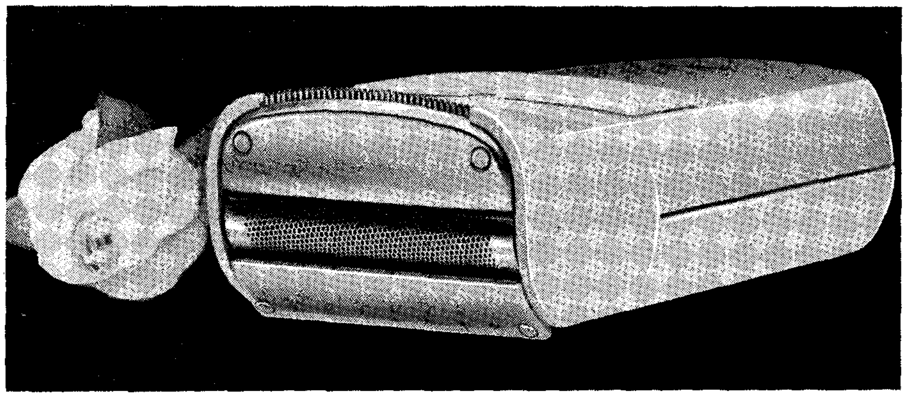
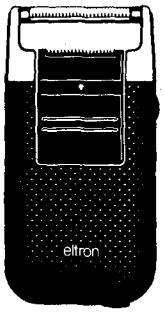
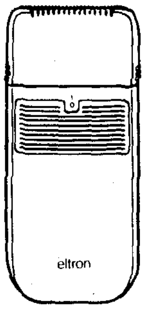
space in serious demand around Wendover. A couple of the hangars are leased by the company that services the planes that use the runways—a company run by another son of Gene Jones. By far the largest hangar on the base—the largest covered space in Wendover—is still not in the hands of the town, because the town council has not yet succeeded in evicting Robert Golka, who has come to be known as the Wizard of Wendover.

Golka, an intense man who speaks in a high-pitched voice and a strong Boston accent, came to Wendover in 1973 to conduct some experiments on the salt flats. He had worked as a self-taught electronics consultant, but by the time he got to Utah he was interested almost exclusively in proving that nuclear fusion can be produced through a system of electrostatic confinement—a theory flowing, in what Golka considers logical and unswerving progression, from some lightning experiments carried out in Colorado in 1899 by a renowned Eastern European inventor named Nikola Tesla. When the town took over its part of the airbase, Golka was paying a dollar a year for the hangar that once housed the Enola Gay—a corrugated-tin building with about fifty-three thousand square feet of floor space and a seventy-foot ceiling. The Air Force—which had given Golka not only shelter from a flood on the salt flats but also a couple of small grants to study the effect of lightning on airplane navigation—prevailed upon the town to give what Golka called Project Tesla a two-year extension of its lease. After two years, Golka still refused to leave. Now, after some name-calling and some lawsuits and the Department of Energy's final rejection of Golka's application for a two-million-dollar grant, both Golka and the town seem to believe that the end of Project Tesla's tenancy is drawing near. Bary Jones says that, under a recent court-approved settlement, Golka should be out of the hangar by May. The Wizard says, "This is what Edison had to go through when he was trying to get his cables buried."

Particularly after he began his battle with the town, Golka had a great appeal to feature writers—a lone-wolf Yankee tinkerer who was confident of solving the energy crisis someday and meanwhile could produce lightning with a cable arrangement that looks like a ring for a Russian bear act. The space Golka has occupied is so vast that a visitor can spend twenty or







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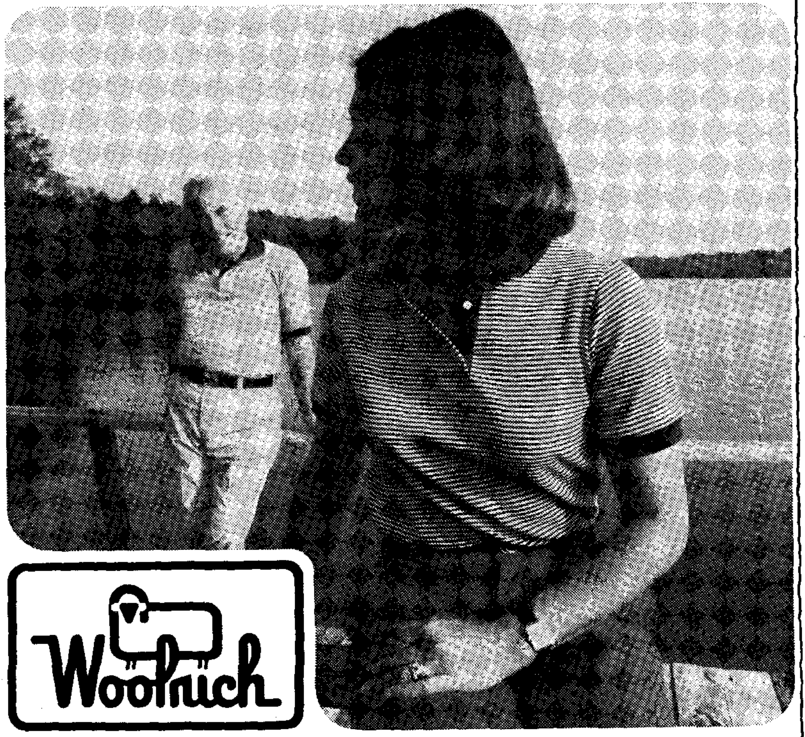

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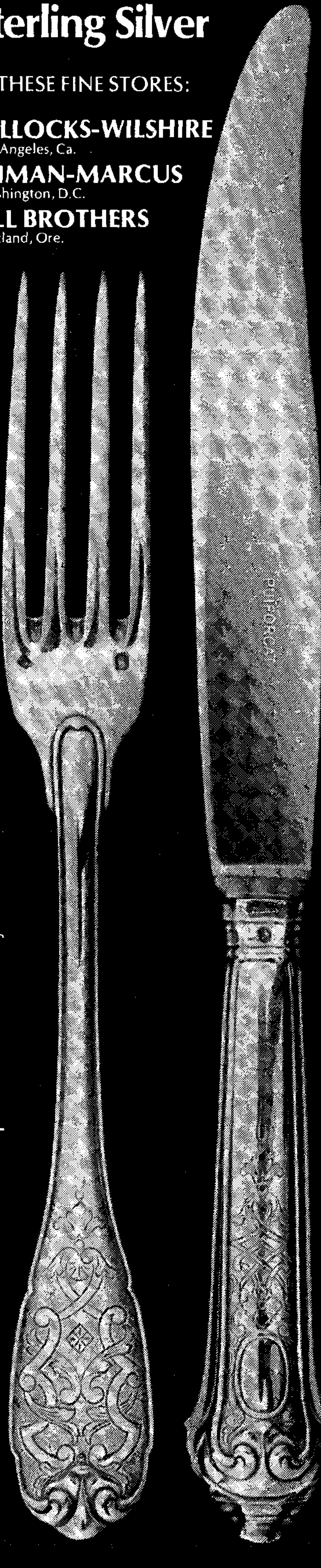

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thirty minutes wandering among the transformers and cables and wires before realizing that Golka has also acquired a pinball machine and a piano and some old freezers and a jukebox and a couple of pickup trucks. The Wizard has had less appeal to the residents of Wendover. They think he ought to pay rent like anyone else. A lot of them are willing to assume that he must be a sort of quirky genius who doesn't happen to relate very well to ordinary people ("Oh, he knows what he's doing when it comes to electricity, all right, although he couldn't tell you what a third baseman is"), and some of them think that he is not to be taken seriously ("Strictly a back-yard scientist"). Whatever their view of his scientific skills, they tend to believe that he is a freeloader—someone who has gone along on grants and scrounging for so long that he believes he has a God-given right to live on others. Nobody ever offered anybody else in Wendover any space for a dollar a year.

Sometimes Golka blames his problems on the bureaucrats in the Department of Energy ("They just don't want to look at anything brand-new") and sometimes on a sort of philistine hostility from the town council and sometimes on the inability of just about everyone except himself and a few supporters to understand what he is talking about. Lately, he has been saying that the State Line has been influential in causing the pressure to evict him. Maybe, he says, the airplane-servicing company wants a tin hangar rather than wooden hangars as a way to save on fire insurance. Maybe the State Line just wants to have the largest space in town. Bary Jones says that the State Line has no interest in Golka's hangar and that the town council would be happy to rent it to anyone willing to pay six hundred dollars a month for it—including the Wizard of Wendover. Nobody else in Wendover seems to be able to think of any use the State Line might have for the hangar, which now says on it "Project Tesla," but that doesn't mean that Wendover people dismiss Golka's theory about the State Line the way many of them dismiss his theories about the scientific establishment. "Well, he may be right about that," a man who tends to dismiss Golka as "a leech" said recently. "They want anything that anyone else wants. They're so afraid of competition they'd go after it even if they didn't have any use for it."

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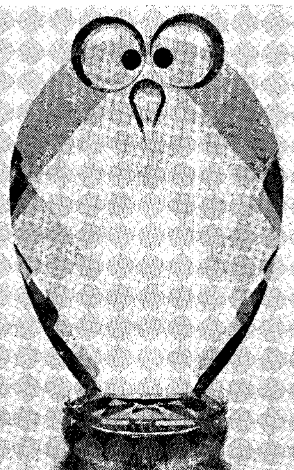

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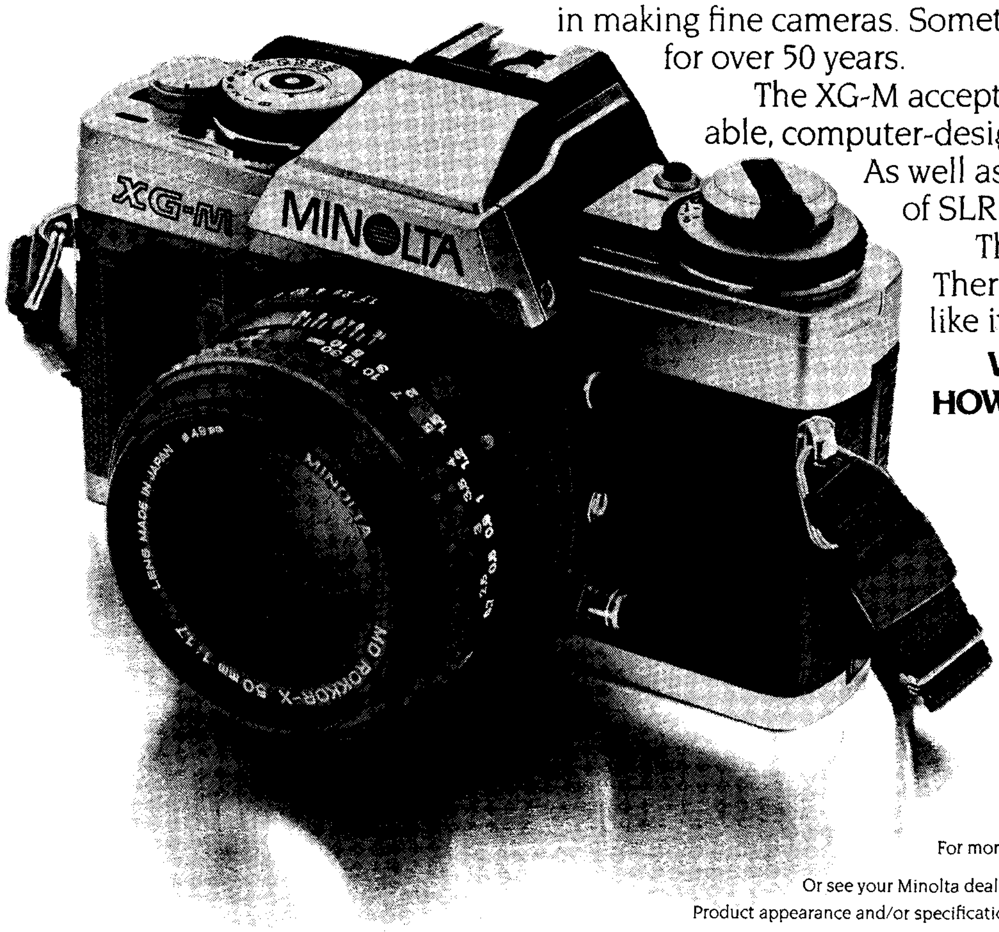

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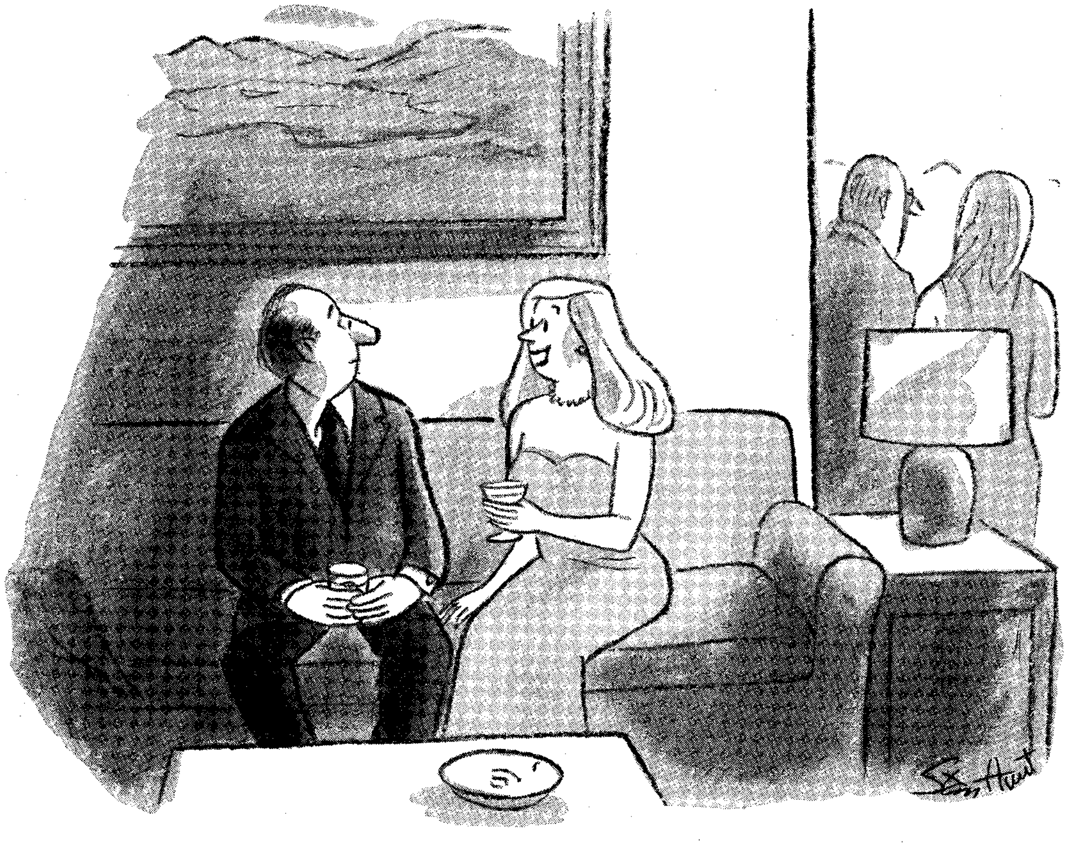
AROUND CITY HALL

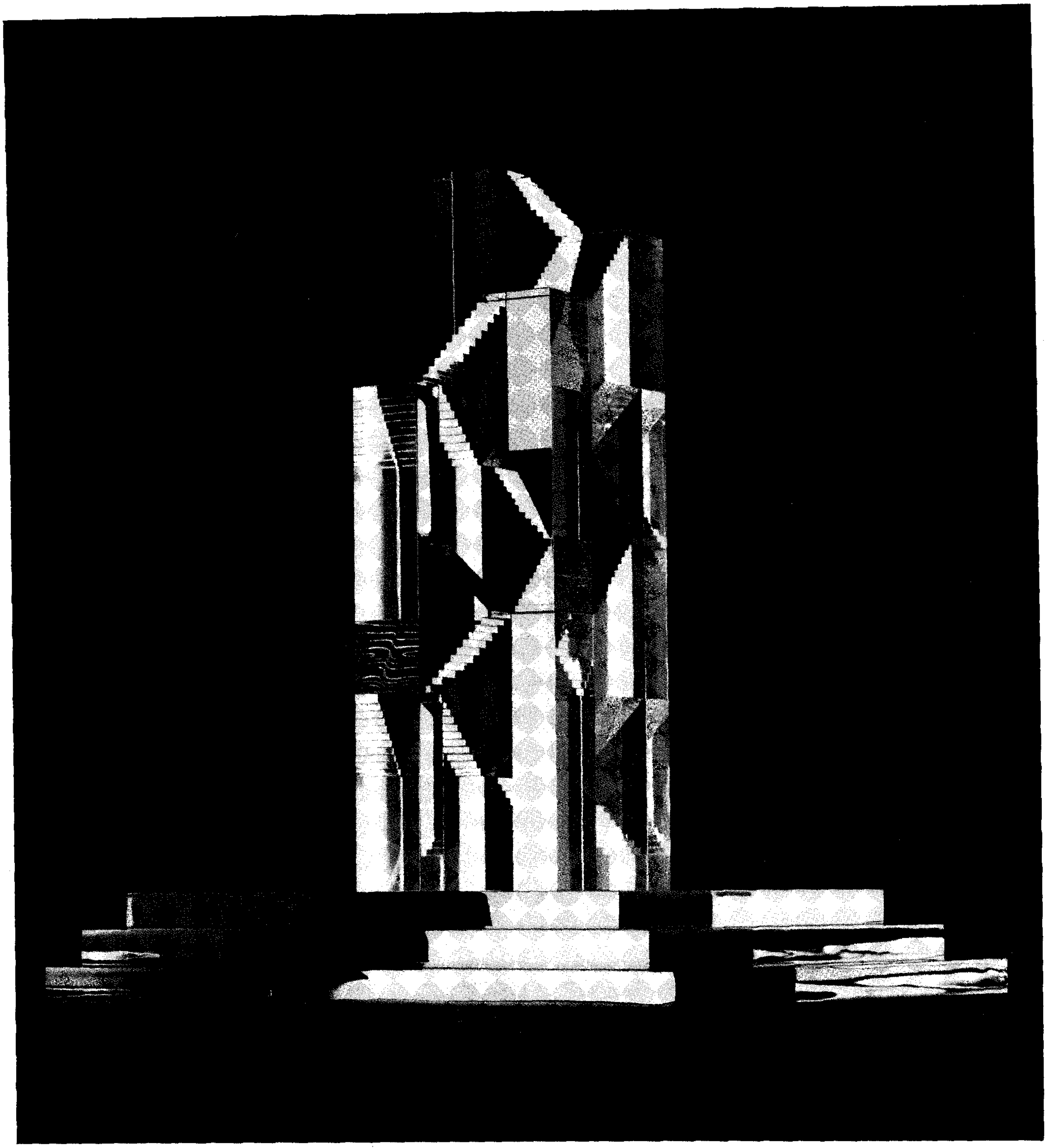
WHEN IN DANGER, WHEN IN DOUBT

ON the day after the shots rang out at the side door of the Washington Hilton, when the word was that President Reagan was safely recovering from the attempt on his life, a bill came before the Senate to restore nearly a billion dollars in funds for such programs as helping low-income citizens with fuel and health-care costs—funds that had been eliminated under the President's economic plan. Because it had the support of some Republican senators from the Frost Belt, even the Reagan forces believed that the bill had the best chance of any of the attempts in the Senate to restore social legislation rejected in their proposed budget. It was defeated in a lopsided vote, however, when sixteen Democrats joined most of the Republicans in going along with the President's wishes. Commenting on the effect that Reagan's dramatic escape from death might have on congressional legislation in the next months, Democratic Representative Charles Rangel of Manhattan said, "The sympathetic support is going to blur the real issues, the impact of the cuts, the inequities of the tax reductions." From the time the details of the Reagan economic agenda were made public, the Administration has been accused of balancing its budget on the backs of American cities, particularly the older cities of the Northeast and the Midwest, and the residents of such urban areas, including those who like to say they have no time for politics, have had to take a closer look at the people who speak for them in Congress. The President has hailed last November's returns as a mandate that calls for congressional approval of large increases in funds for the Pentagon and, at the same time, big reductions in such federal programs as food stamps, student loans, public-works jobs, and aid to mass transit—cuts that New York's Mayor Edward Koch has said will cost the city government and local citizens a billion dollars in the next fiscal year. Despite Reagan's message, the individual members of the United States Senate and the House of Representatives have, according to the Constitution, a mandate to decide how they will vote on legislation that is before them—a mandate that does not require them to comply with what the President has called the national will. Now those in Congress who oppose the Administration must be concerned not only with the political danger of resisting the supposed mandate of the people but also with the peril of taking the floor against a wounded leader.

Most local reviews of the cast of characters which residents of this city have sent to Congress and on which they must now rely to represent their interests—the interests of the rich, who hope for a large tax cut; of the not quite truly needy, who pray that they won't lose their food stamps; and of all those in between—would be decidedly mixed. In the case of the new Senator from New York and the three new members of the city's delegation in the House, the judgments are necessarily tentative. Last year, New York's two Senators were a liberal Republican, Jacob Javits, and a conservative Democrat, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. In the present Senate, Javits has been succeeded by a conservative Republican, Alfonse D'Amato. The districts of sixteen House members are entirely within New York's five boroughs, and those of two others are partly in the city. Last year, the ratio of Democrats to Republicans in the local House delegation was seventeen to one. This had been the ratio decreed by every November election since the State Legislature, as federal law required, redrew New York's congressional districts to reflect the results of the 1970 census. The imbalance between parties had prevailed even though, after the calculated artwork was completed, many members of the Republican-controlled Legislature and Governor Nelson Rockefeller were sure they had put it over on the Democrats. The shapes of certain districts, which had been designed to include winning concentrations of Republican voters in a city in which the registration is five to one Democratic (it is four to three in the state), may have been outrageous, but even most Democrats were under the mistaken impression that the changes would insure more Republicans in the city's House delegation. Last year, the single Republican House member



"You look cuddly."



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was S. William Green, elected in 1978 from Manhattan's so-called Silk Stocking District. Green won again in November, and this time—some years behind schedule—two additional Republicans were elected from the city.

ONE of the newcomers was Guy V. Molinari, a fifty-two-year-old three-term State Assemblyman, who defeated Democratic Representative John Murphy in a district that includes Staten Island and a slice of lower Manhattan. Murphy's loss probably had less to do with the big Reagan victory or the skillful drawing of district lines than with his indictment last June in the Abscam scandals. (A month after the election, he was convicted of conspiracy, conflict of interest, and taking an unlawful gratuity.) Nevertheless, the Republicans had finally captured from the Democrats the seat that Murphy had held for eighteen years. Two months into the new congressional session, however, a report out of Molinari's office reinforced the belief, popular among Washington officeholders from other parts of the country, that a seat in the House gets no respect from New York politicians. Early in February, the local obituary pages had reported the untimely death of Frank D. Paulo, the judge of the Staten Island Surrogate's Court, which handles wills and estate cases. A surrogate is elected for a term of fourteen years, instead of having to run every second year, like a member of the House. The salaries are about the same, but the surrogate's job is notoriously rich in patronage. Molinari indicated that he might well give up his House seat to run for surrogate. In passing, he mentioned in aggrieved tones that since he had got to Washington hardly anyone had spoken to him.

In the November election, in which the Republicans won control of the Senate by a six-vote margin, the Democratic advantage in the House was reduced from a hundred and seventeen to fifty-one. In the special election that would have to be held to fill the post that Molinari proposed to vacate, the Democrats could win back a seat. March 13th was the day on which Molinari had said he would formally announce his decision. It was also the day on which Ronald Reagan was scheduled to fly to New York for a weekend of combined political business and entertainment. The head of a great country has an infinite number of responsibilities. On being informed of the Molinari problem, the President

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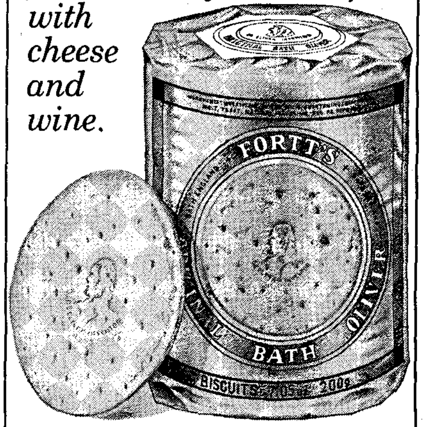

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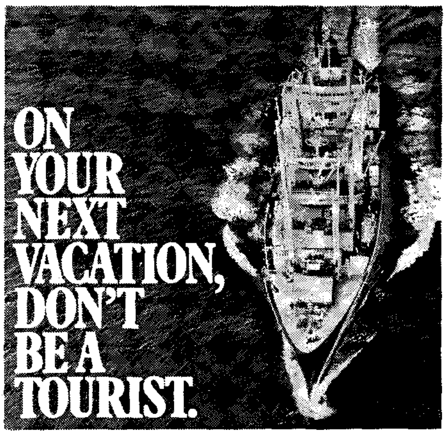

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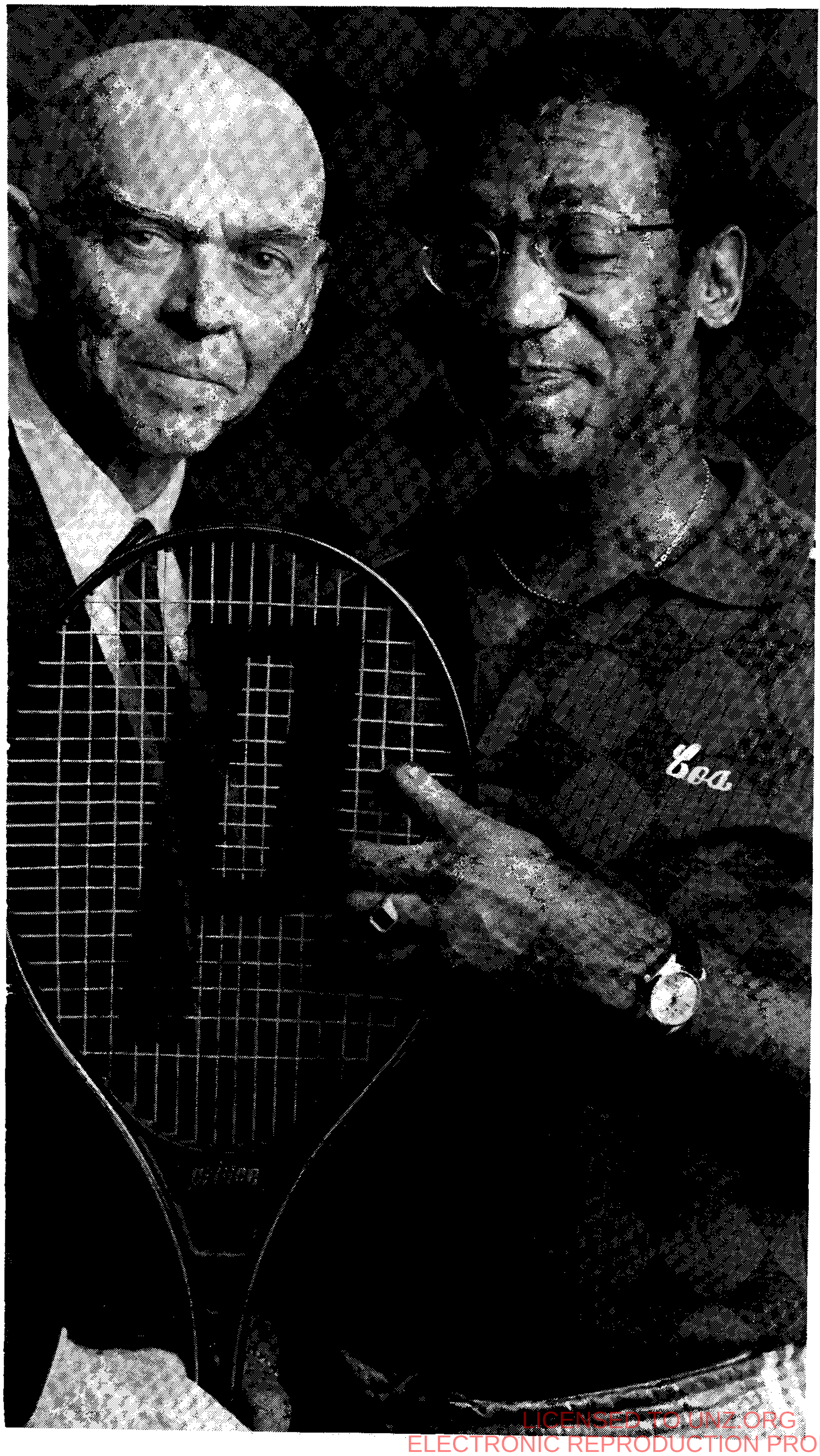

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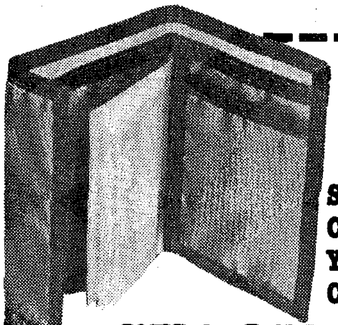

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quickly invited the Representative to fly up to the city with him on Air Force One. (Johnny Carson explained later that the President could not ask David Stockman, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, or Secretary of State Alexander Haig to come along on the trip "because their hearts couldn't pass the metal-detector test.") Molinari was also invited to join the President and Senator D'Amato the following day for lunch at Angelo's Restaurant, on Mulberry Street, in Manhattan's Little Italy. (A memorial plaque will be set in place above the table where the President sat.) After a processional by a neighborhood band ("Hail to the Chief" and "Funiculi-Funicula!") and a big meal of clams, fettucini, and veal, a beaming Molinari announced, "For those of you who have the question, I'm staying in Congress to help put this country back on the map"—from which, someone had apparently explained to him over lunch, it had been erased. Said the President, with his arm around his new friend, "Congressman Molinari has made a very great personal sacrifice to stay and help us."

The other new Republican member of the delegation from the city is John LeBoutillier, who, at twenty-seven, is the youngest member of the House. The son of a wealthy Old Westbury, Long Island, family, and a graduate of Harvard, he won in a district half in the borough of Queens and half in Long Island's Nassau County, which was one of those that the Republicans had redrawn with special care after the 1970 census. Their specific target was Lester Wolff, a liberal Democrat, who had held a seat since 1965. Wolff kept on winning anyhow—until last November. In recent years, as a member of the House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on Asian and Pacific Affairs and also the chairman of its Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, Wolff had become, at least in his own view, a central figure in the pursuit of international drug traffickers—a responsibility that required him to spend large amounts of time in Europe and Asia. When constituents anxious for help with a late Social Security check asked where he was or when he might return, they were sometimes told that, because of mysterious death threats against Wolff, such information could not be given out. Last fall, a heavy barrage of LeBoutillier television commercials attacked Wolff's travels as costly and useless junketing. It was only in the last

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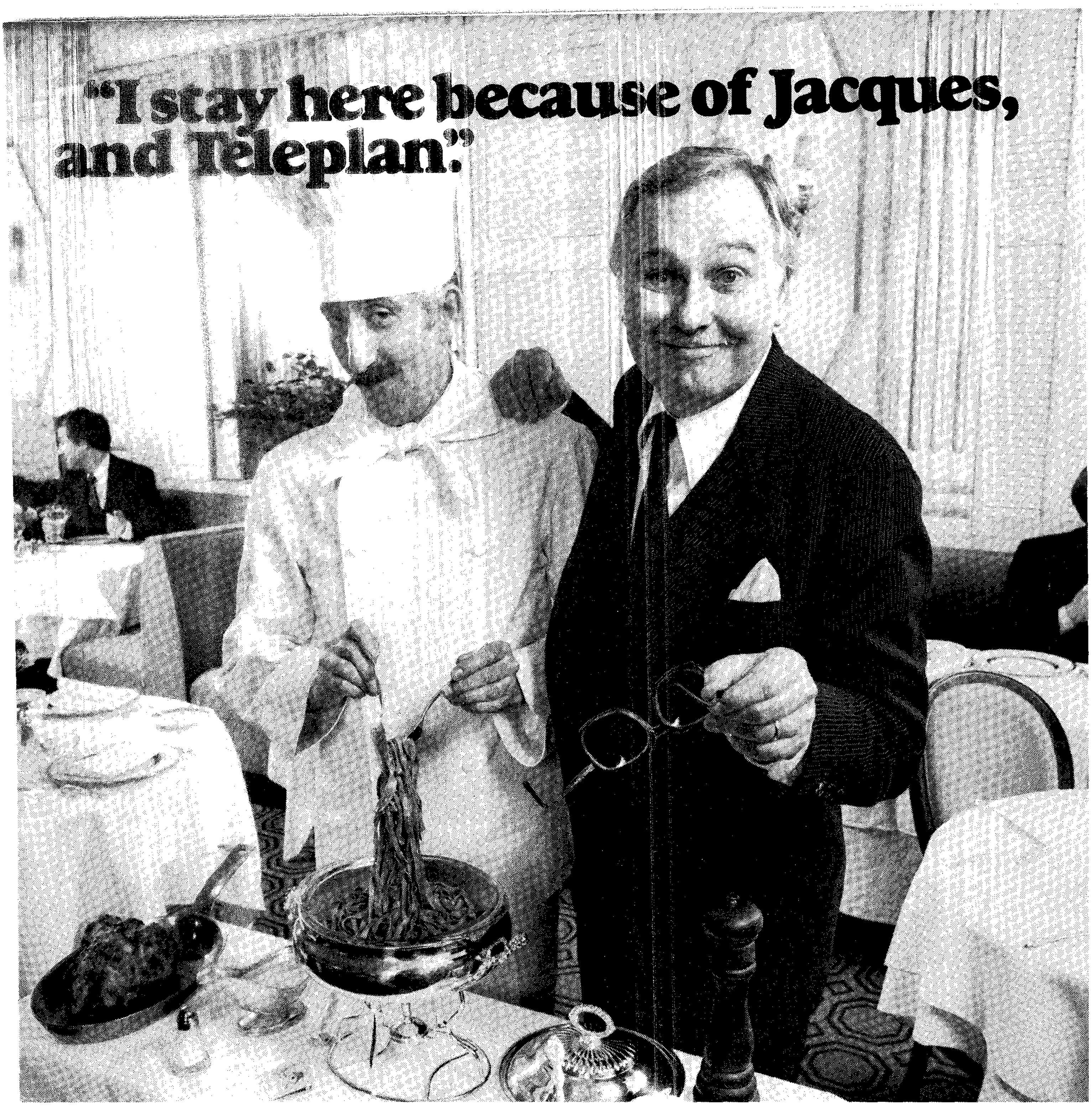

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weeks of the campaign that Wolff realized he was in danger, and by then it was too late. House Speaker Thomas O'Neill called the Wolff defeat "a real shocker." Of a total of four hundred and ninety thousand dollars that LeBoutillier spent on the race, nearly half was his own money, and most of the rest came from such out-of-state Reagan allies as Justin Dart, recruited through a fund-raising letter written for the candidate by former Secretary of the Treasury William Simon, which praised the determination of young LeBoutillier—who had never before run for office—to play hardball with the Russians and get the federal government out of people's lives. So far, he has not been a great comfort to the Reaganites. "I was like a breath of fresh air" is the way he described his victory. He asked for and got a seat on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, explaining, "Why should I wait six years to get on a good committee?" Noting that twenty-six per cent of the voters in his district are Jewish, he said that he would be "the strongest pro-Israel advocate in the whole Congress" and that such support would be the more credible because he was an Episcopalian. Congress, he said, was "slow and fat." He urged that members be made to live like other people: "Cheaper haircuts, cheaper meals, and free picture framing should be removed." Speaker O'Neill, he said, should also be removed. Nor were his fellow-Republicans spared. LeBoutillier described Reagan's Cabinet as "boring" and dismissed Haig as "Kissinger's messenger boy." To the *Newsday* reporter Richard Firstman, he described Illinois Senator Charles Percy, the incoming chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, as a "wimp," a "weak fish," a "turkey," and a "little shrimp." From the sidelines, Democratic members of the city delegation, whom Republicans have often accused of unseemly deportment, have been looking on amazed. One New York Democrat, Thomas Downey, who, when he was sworn in six years ago, at the age of twenty-five, was the youngest member of Congress, hurried to Percy's defense. He said that Percy was not a wimp, a turkey, or a shrimp. A Reagan spokesman who was asked for some comment on the episode said, "Percy's not a wimp—but that's off the record."

THE third new member of New York City's House delegation is a Democrat, Charles Schumer, who spent six years as a State Assemblyman from Brooklyn. Like LeBoutillier, Schumer is a Harvard graduate and a youthful entry, having been sworn in just after his thirtieth birthday. The seat Schumer won was available because the incumbent, Elizabeth Holtzman, had given it up after eight years to run for the Senate. The thirty-nine-member House delegation from the state, on whom New Yorkers must depend in the confrontation over the budget between the Reagan Administration and Congress, has far less influence than its size might suggest. No New Yorker elected from the city or any other part of the state is a chairman of any of the twenty-two standing committees of the House. The tedious process of building up seniority in the four-hundred-and-thirty-five-member body—the process that, despite some reforms, is still the major element in the attainment of power there—has not suited the style of many constitutionally restless New Yorkers. Often, they have given the impression that they look upon the House as a mere way station, where they can sit things out until some challenge comes along that is more worthy of their talents—an attitude that hasn't improved their popularity with other House members. Particularly incomprehensible to their colleagues, who are grateful to have risen above municipal politics, is the ease with which New Yorkers have been distracted by the chance to run for some office right here. The theory that the significant political action is in the city and what happens in Washington is ancillary goes back a long way. Richard Croker, the Tammany leader at the turn of the century, once explained to a district leader who wanted the patronage post of County Clerk for a young friend, "He's a good boy, but that job requires brains and experience. He'll have to be satisfied with going to Congress." Part of the attraction of a campaign for office here reflects not political priorities but the fact that a Representative can get involved without giving up his House seat, because the votes for municipal offices are cast in an odd year, between congressional elections. Members of the local delegation have been candidates in the last four city elections. In 1965, Bronx Representative James Scheuer ran unsuccessfully for the Democratic mayoral nomination, the same year that Manhattan Representative John Lindsay, then a Republican, made the first of his two successful races for Mayor. (One of the candi-

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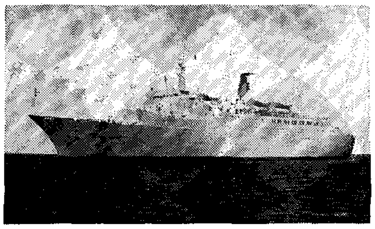

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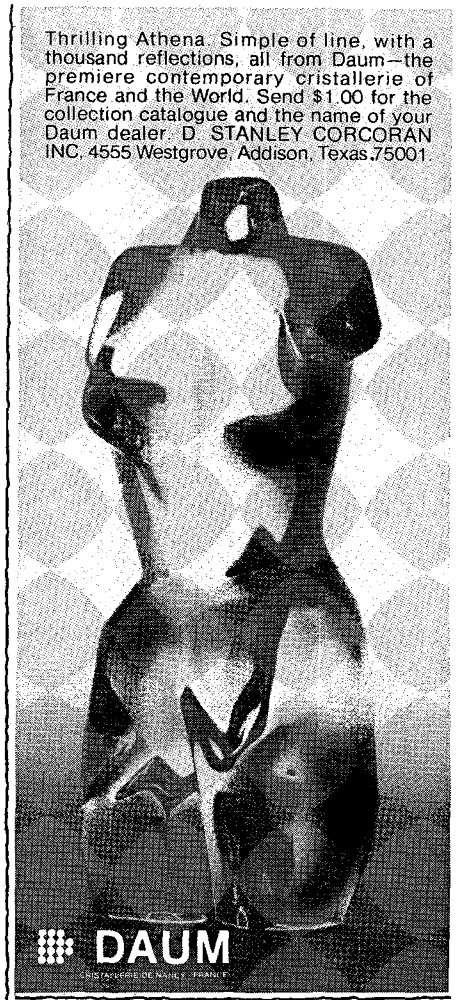
dates for the Democratic nomination for President of the City Council in 1965 was Daniel Patrick Moynihan. His wife said later, "The only thing worse than losing that race would have been winning it.") In 1969, the Democratic mayoral candidates here included Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo, who the following year was elected as the first Puerto Rican member of Congress. A candidate for President of the City Council in 1969 was Brooklyn Representative Hugh Carey, who also didn't make it. In 1973, Badillo got as far as the Democratic runoff for the mayoral nomination; Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Mayor and lost; he then ran for Mayor in the general election on the Conservative Party line and lost again. Koch, then a Manhattan Representative, was also a candidate for Mayor that year but dropped out before the primary. The lineup of those running for Mayor four years ago included Badillo making his third try, former Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug, and Koch, who won, leaving the House after nine years. Concluding that any job in the city was better than sticking with the New York delegation, Badillo gave up his seat, after seven years, and joined up with Koch as Deputy Mayor (an alliance that ended a year and a half later).

THE top job in Albany, or even the lieutenant governorship, obviously promises to be more advantageous than continued servitude as one of the members of the New York State delegation in the House. In 1972, Westchester Representative Ogden Reid changed his registration from Republican to Democratic. (The ease with which New Yorkers shift their allegiance from one party to another or from one district to another reinforces the view of their staider congressional colleagues that they are not very substantial sorts.) Two years later, he gave up his seat after twelve years to make an unsuccessful race for the nomination for Governor under his new party label. Instead, the winner in the Democratic primary and in the election was Reid's colleague in the state delegation Hugh Carey, who when he was sworn in as Governor gave up fourteen years of House seniority. And in 1978, when Carey was reëlected as Governor, the unsuccessful Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor was Representative



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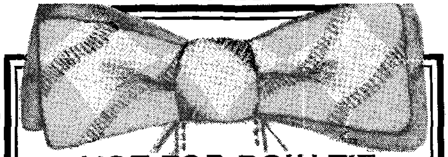

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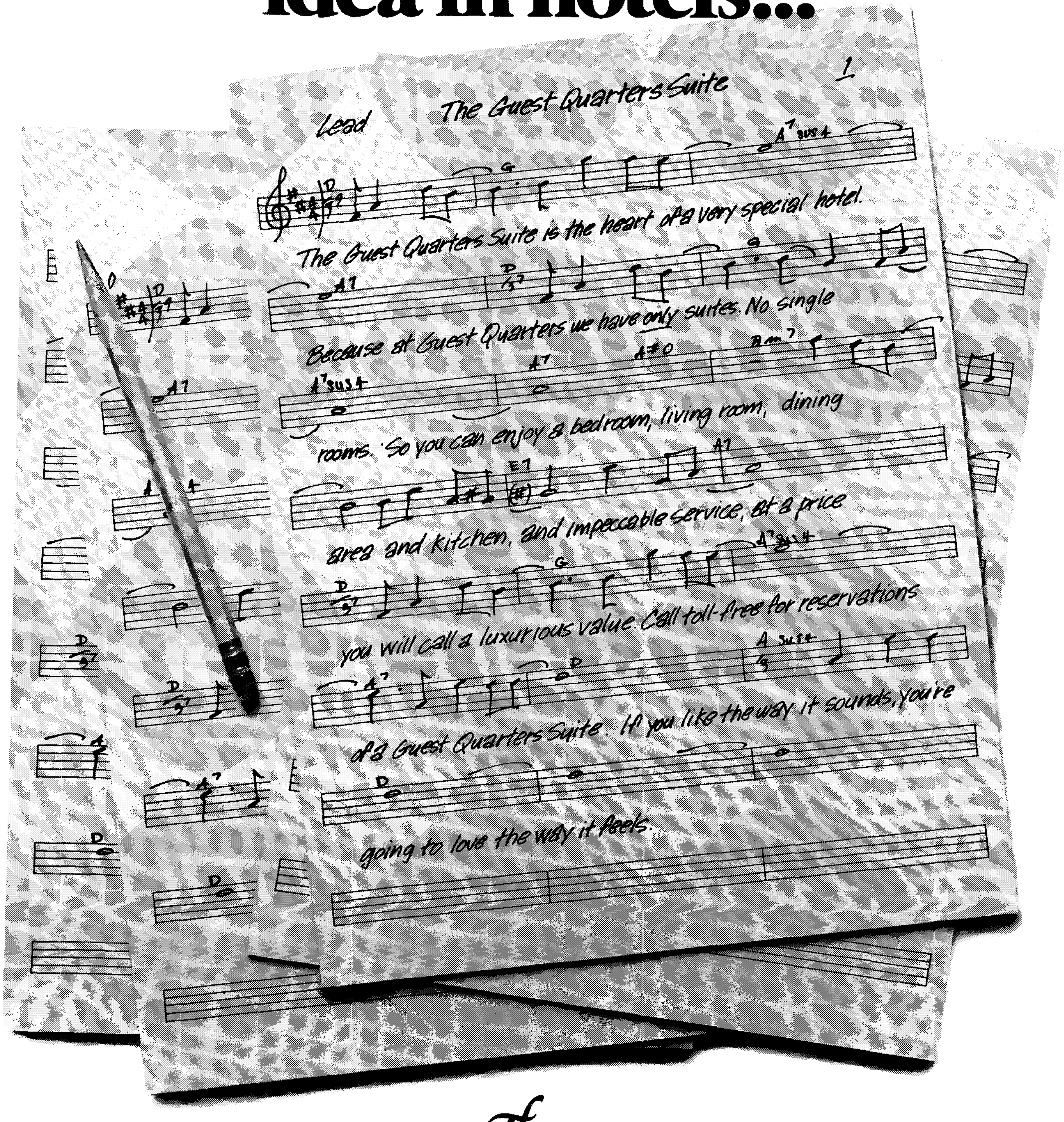
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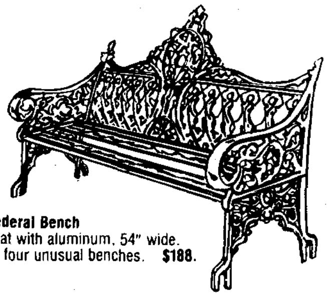

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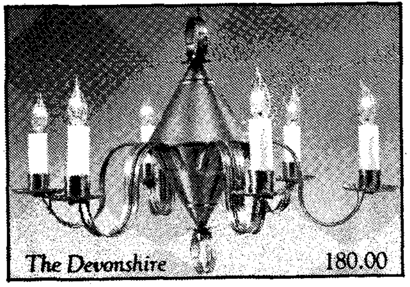

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Bruce Caputo, who after a single term forfeited a seat in the Twenty-third District, which is partly in the Bronx and partly in Westchester, by his try for state office.

Some members of Congress from New York are willing to hang around Washington but not ready to stay cooped up in the House. In 1972, Brooklyn Representative Shirley Chisholm, the first black woman to be elected to Congress, ran for the Presidency, but she got out of the campaign in time to reclaim the nomination for the House in her congressional district. Running for the Senate means that a member of the House has to give up his seat, since both campaigns fall in even years. A number of members of New York's House delegation have thus ventured and lost. In 1970, Richard Ottinger, a three-term Democratic Representative from Westchester, won the Democratic nomination for the Senate but lost in a three-way race to the Conservative candidate, James Buckley. In 1974, Ottinger was elected in another Westchester congressional district, and started all over on the seniority track. (Ottinger's Uncle Albert, a Republican, came within a few thousand votes of defeating Franklin Roosevelt for Governor of New York in 1928—an outcome that not only would have changed history but would have altered the rhetoric of members of the Reagan Administration, who often cite F.D.R.'s bold economic plan for dealing with the Great Depression as the precedent for Reagan's attack on what they consider to be today's similar national emergency.) In 1976, Peter Peyser, a Republican representing that Twenty-third District, which is partly in the Bronx, ran unsuccessfully for his party's senatorial nomination against the incumbent Buckley. Two years later, Peyser doubled back and retrieved his old seat, this time as a Democrat. In 1976, Bella Abzug gave up her Manhattan district in the hope of becoming New York's first woman Senator but lost in the primary to Moynihan, who defeated Buckley in the general election. And last year, entertaining similar hopes for the Senate, Brooklyn Representative Holtzman also left the House; though she won the Democratic senatorial primary, she lost the election to Alfonse D'Amato.

The saga of present or former members of the New York congressional delegation who keep running against each other for one office or another may not be over. All through the early part of 1976, Representative Biaggi kept making appearances around the state and dropping the word that he might be a candidate for the Senate. After all, he pointed out, there had never been an Italian-American Senator from New York. In the end, however, he stayed out of the race. He is said to have been somewhat affronted by the fact that D'Amato, New York's first Italian-American Senator, is not only a Republican but a politician from the suburban territory of Nassau County, Long Island. Some advisers of the Republican National Committee have concluded that D'Amato's election may not have been an aberration and that after a slow start in high-level New York politics the Italians are now on a hot roll. Bruce Caputo, who gave up his Bronx seat to run unsuccessfully for Lieutenant Governor in 1978, is now a tentative candidate for United States Senator in 1982—news that has brought rumblings again from Biaggi's corner. There have been Italian-American Mayors of this city, and Herman Badillo, in what critics of the New York delegation in the House would probably describe as its typical fraternal spirit, is now trying (so far unsuccessfully) to persuade someone to run this year against his old teammate Koch. Badillo is convinced that only someone of Italian-American background could win against the Mayor. ("He's lost the blacks and Puerto Ricans. Add the Italians and he's through," Badillo says hopefully.) Biaggi is one of those who have been approached in this connection. Though Biaggi insists that his sole concern is with his work in the House, he added, "I think I am the only one who could win as an Italian-American." What he is giving more serious thought to is running against another former House colleague—challenging Carey for the Democratic nomination for Governor next year. No Italian-American has ever been elected Governor of New York. With this in mind, a Good Government Committee for Mario Biaggi—no particular office specified—has been registered with the state Board of Elections and will raise some funds and take some polls. The most likely member of the delegation to run against Carey next year, however, is a

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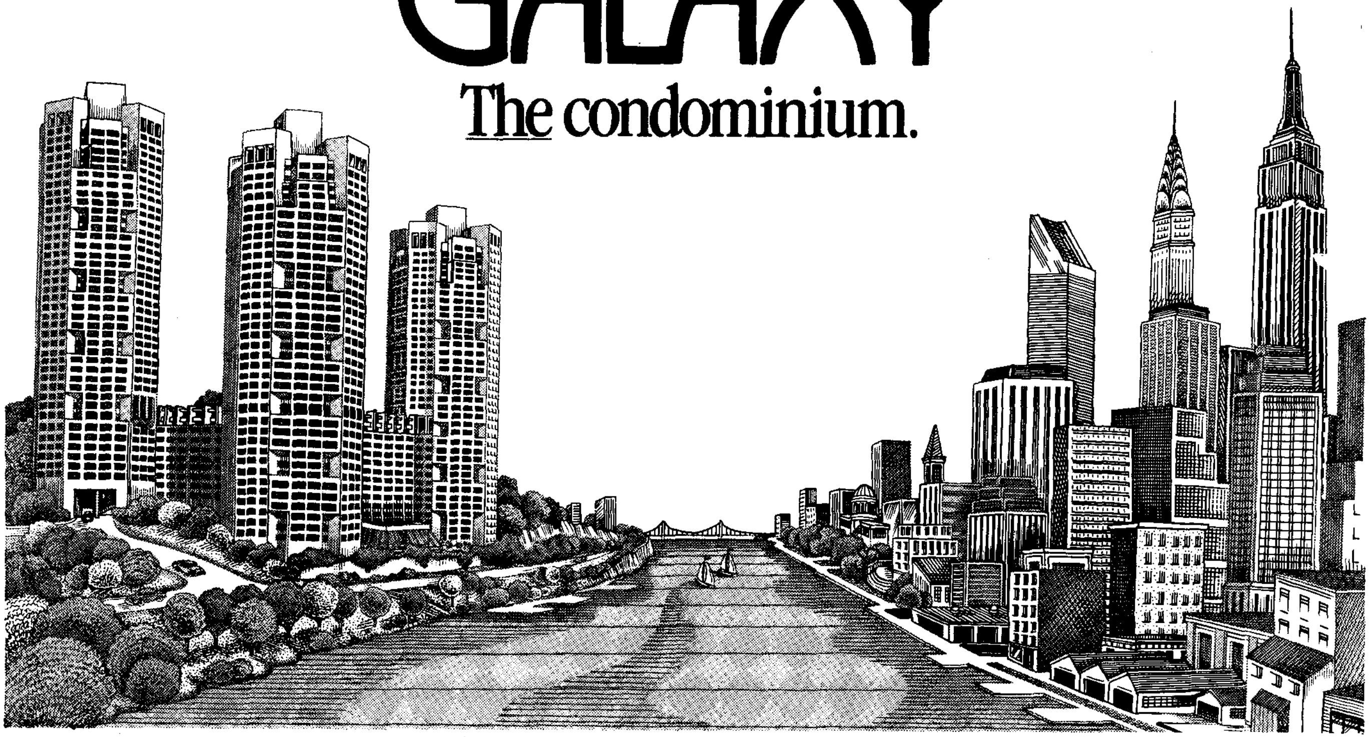

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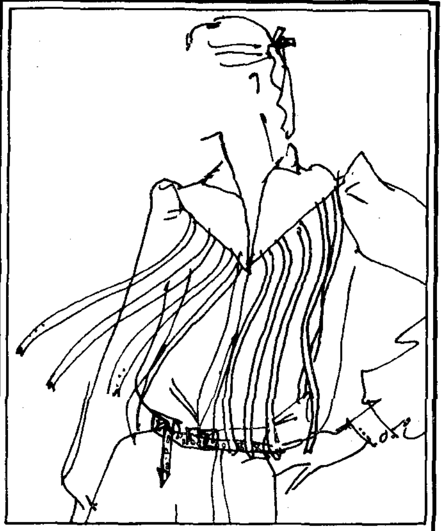

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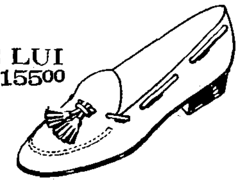

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Republican, Jack Kemp, from upstate Erie County. A longtime Reagan ally, whose tax bill, co-sponsored by Delaware Senator William Roth, is regarded by dedicated supply-siders as the indispensable element in the President's economic program, Kemp has been urged to run against either Carey or Moynihan, who is also up for reelection next year. He seemed to leave no doubt about his preference when he sent out the family Christmas card last December. It showed him with his wife and four children above a verse from the Twenty-second Psalm: "For the kingdom is the Lord's: and He is the governor among the nations." Last month, the *Post*, whose owner, Rupert Murdoch, is close to Reagan ("IRON MAN REAGAN!" was the *Post* headline after the recent shooting), reported that a group of Reagan allies, including Jeffrey Bell, who defeated former Senator Clifford Case in the 1978 New Jersey primary, and lawyer Roy Cohn, had held a secret thousand-dollar-a-plate dinner meeting with Kemp at a New York hotel. Although the campaign is a year off, they set up a fund-raising committee for his possible race against Carey. It has a nice supply-sounding name, the Coalition for Economic Growth.

If the Democratic leaders of the House, which their party still controls, should try to put up any real fight against the President's economic program, the New York delegation is in far better condition to help out than it would have been in years past. In the old days, the fighting was often within its own ranks—on occasion to the point of hand-to-hand combat. For years, Queens Representative Benjamin Rosenthal did not speak to Representative James Delaney, also of Queens, who was the chairman of the delegation. Bella Abzug was constantly at odds with Koch, among others. (On one occasion when she was berating other delegation members for some alleged infraction, she left Koch out. "Bella doesn't yell at people she's not speaking to," one of her colleagues explained.) Partly because of the noises that used to come through the door during delegation sessions, the New Yorkers came to be known to some of their fellow House members as "the Zoo." They were held in such poor regard that in 1975, when the federal seasonal-loan program that saved the city from bankruptcy came before the House, the leadership there specified that no New Yorker should be in-

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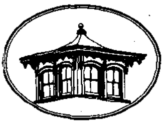

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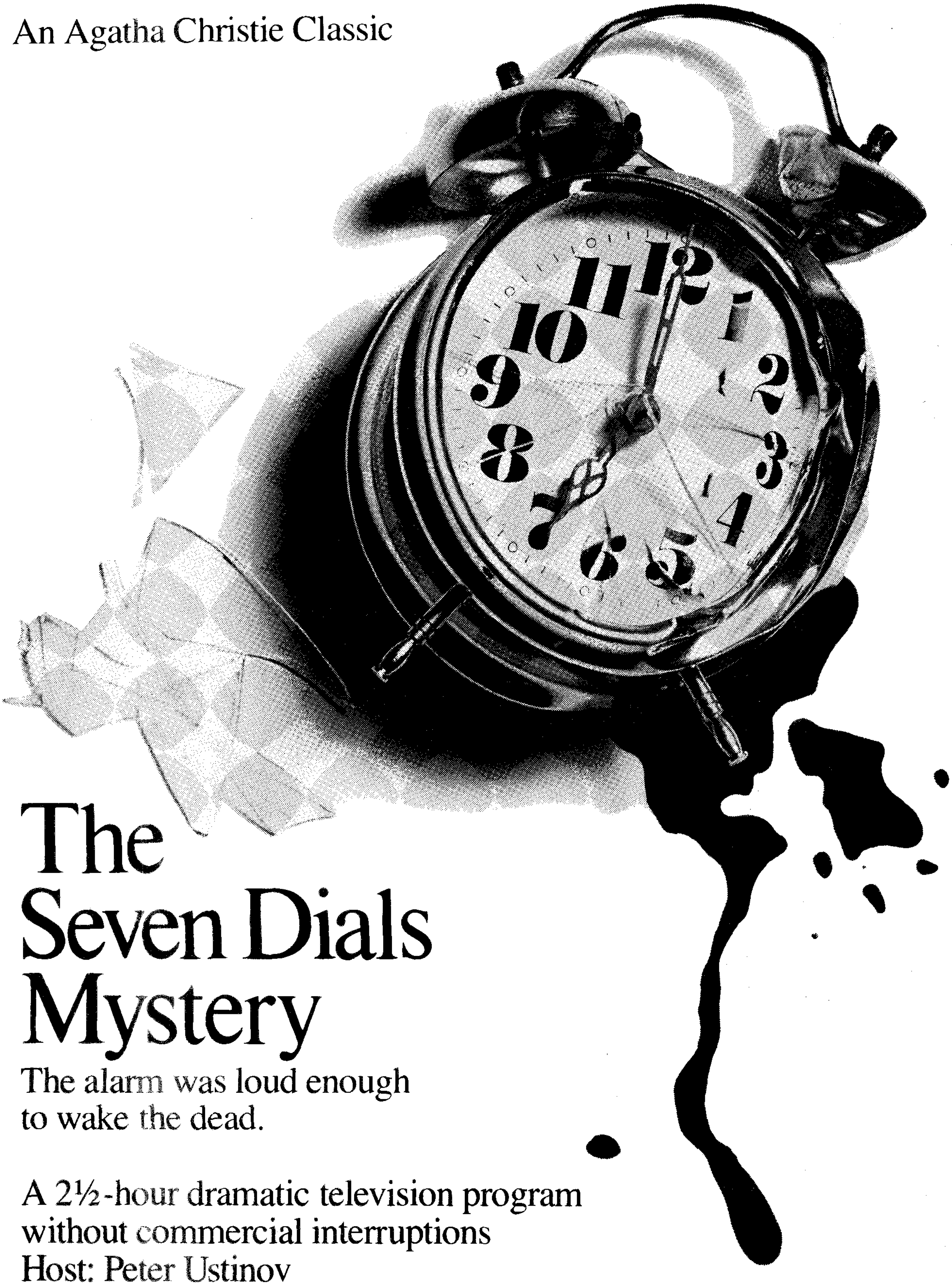

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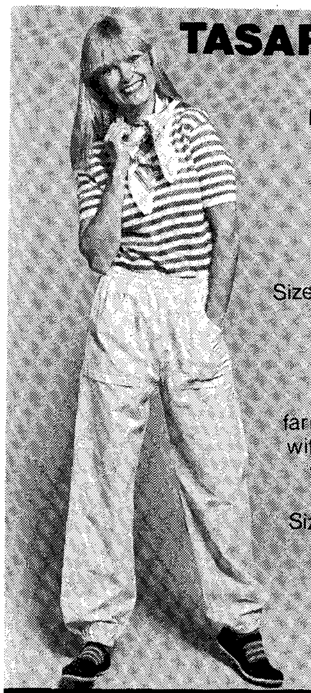
volved in the solicitation for votes, since that would surely kill it. Today, the atmosphere around the New York delegation is more orderly, even though an ominous shadow now hangs over its members—that of the coming reapportionment of congressional districts to reflect the results of the 1980 census. In contrast to the situation ten years ago, while the State Senate is controlled by the Republicans, the Democrats control the lower house; in that sense, the Legislature is a mirror image of the one in Washington. In addition, the Governor now is a Democrat, and members of Carey's party naturally hope that some of the gerrymandering outrages this time will help their side. While the population of the Sun Belt states was soaring in the seventies, that in New York declined about four per cent, and the city's loss was just over eleven per cent. Of the five districts the state will have to give up, three or four will be in the city. It is a nerve-racking period, particularly for the younger, less influential members of the delegation, as they await the rulings of the legislators (and the party bosses), which will have to be made in time for the 1982 elections.

However, when someone knows that his district may be reapportioned by next year, it can serve to concentrate his mind wonderfully on his work. The present relative good order among the New Yorkers in the House is also the result of some of the more quarrelsome Representatives having left the scene. In addition, the members who are still there are less distracted by the temptation to try for some other office. The prospect of running for Mayor this year against their former colleague, the apparently unbeatable Koch, has little appeal. Even a race for President of the City Council back home is not attractive; according to some polls, the incumbent, Carol Bellamy, is ten or twelve points more popular than even the Mayor. (Miss Bellamy sometimes says, with a smile, that since Moynihan and Carey, two of the men who once ran for her job, are now a United States Senator and the Governor of New York, the trick seems to be to run for it and lose.) Though rumors regularly spread about possible races for Governor or Senator in 1982, the likelihood is that all the Representatives from the city, including Biaggi, will remain where they are. Nowadays, when they consider running and possibly losing, they have much more to lose. Those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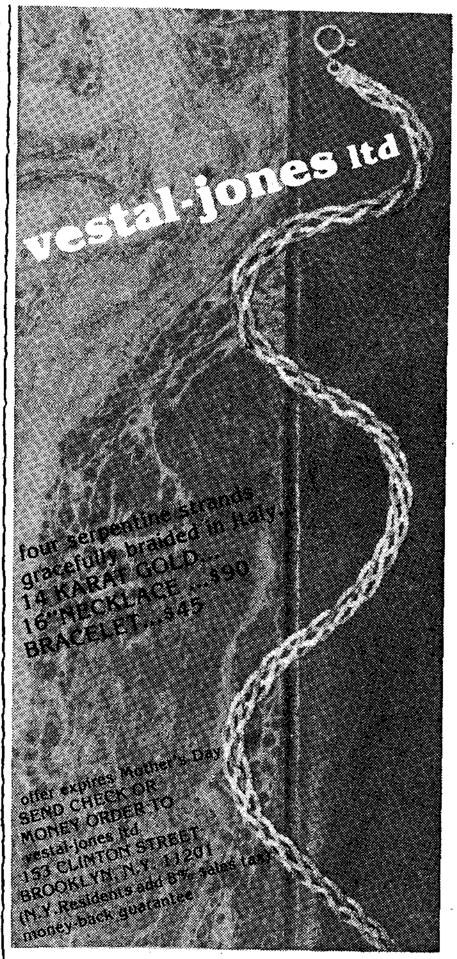
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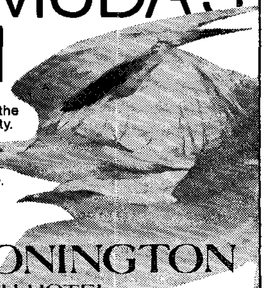
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who have stayed in the House all along or have strayed and got back in line have built up enough longevity credits to be persuaded that there is much to be said for the seniority system, which some of them used to denounce as un-American. Although no New Yorker is a committee chairman, a number of New Yorkers are now heads of important subcommittees. Their seniority standing inevitably benefitted from the near-decimation of House members at the polls last November. Rangel, whose district includes Harlem and the upper West Side, and who has resisted demands that he go back and try to become New York's first black Mayor, is now the third-ranking member of the Ways and Means Committee. Rosenthal ranks third on both Foreign Affairs and Government Operations. Brooklyn Representative Stephen Solarz has taken over Wolff's Asian and Pacific Affairs Subcommittee, and Leo Zeferetti, also from Brooklyn, is chairman of Wolff's old Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control. In view of what happened in November, neither man is likely to travel as widely as Wolff did; at any rate, each will surely leave a number where he can be reached. And Scheuer, who was formerly from a Bronx district and now represents a district that is half in Brooklyn and half in Queens, is the first-ranking member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee.

What it comes down to is that members of the city's House delegation have moved from sideshow territory into the main tent. The November election had a special effect on their role. Conservative members from around the country who beat liberals in 1980 and many of the incumbents, of whatever persuasion, who barely survived November 4th are not likely to make trouble for the popular (and recently hospitalized) President during the next months. Those who have doubts will tend to be quiet about them, waiting and seeing. Liberal New Yorkers are not as liberal as they used to be (hardly anybody is as liberal as he used to be), but they are not known for hanging back and shutting up. During the last few weeks, especially in the hearings of committees on which they have finally attained a standing to which attention must be paid, their voices have been among the very few that were heard raising questions about the Reagan programs. When the formidable Alexander Haig appeared before the Foreign Affairs

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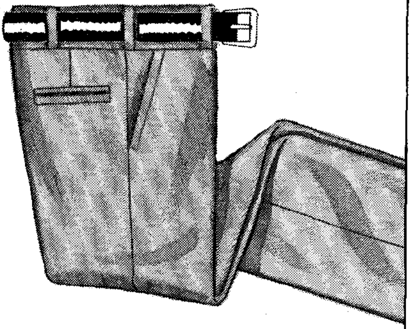

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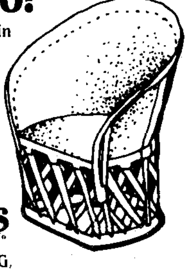

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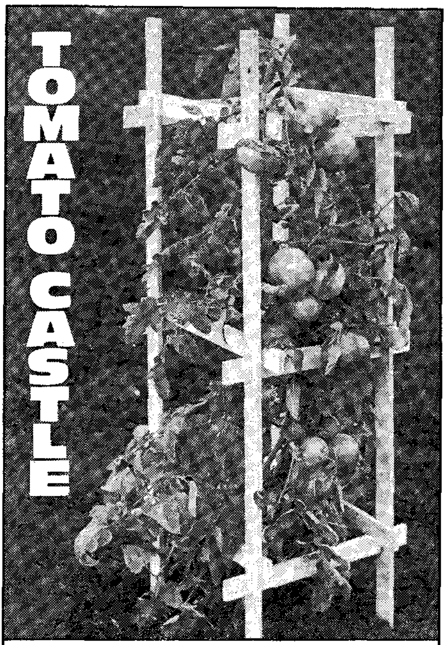
Committee, it was Representative Rosenthal who charged that the Administration's foreign policy seemed to be "based on a reaction to the Soviets, reaction to terrorism, reaction to international unrest," without a positive purpose of any kind. He called it "an up-and-down roller coaster, a zigging and zagging of responses." During the appearance last month before the Ways and Means Committee of Richard Schweiker, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, Rangel pointed out that he himself, since he made $60,662 a year as a member of Congress, could hardly be called truly needy, yet under the Reagan plan he wouldn't lose any of his Korean War benefits. During Treasury Secretary Donald Regan's testimony before the same committee, Thomas Downey, the former baby of Congress, who is now a member of both the Ways and Means and the House Budget Committees, boldly told Regan that the evidence for the prosperity that the President's plan was supposed to insure was "hallucinogenic." For the past couple of years, Bronx/Westchester Representative Peyser has been calling attention to what he considers screwups of federal programs by handing out monkey wrenches—real monkey wrenches—to the officials he believes are responsible. (Why should Senator William Proxmire, with his Golden Fleece Award, have all the fun?) When Secretary of Education Terrel Bell appeared before the Education and Labor Committee, Peyser explained that he had intended to present him with a monkey wrench, because of his terribly wrong idea of cutting student-loan money; then Peyser said that he wasn't going to do it, because he felt sorry for Bell, who seemed like a nice man who had got into unfortunate company. He told the Secretary, "President Reagan doesn't understand what is involved and David Stockman really doesn't care. He's like a bomber pilot flying high: he can't see the bodies he's destroying." Last month, when the President came up to New York for the weekend, he showed that he had concluded that it would be prudent to cultivate Democratic as well as Republican allies in Congress. Travelling with him on Air Force One were not only the Republicans D'Amato and Molinari but Representative Scheuer and Senator Moynihan.

No New Yorker has been chairman of one of the standing committees of the Senate since Robert Wagner (father of



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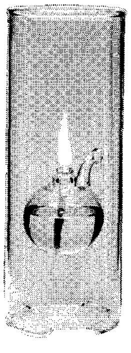

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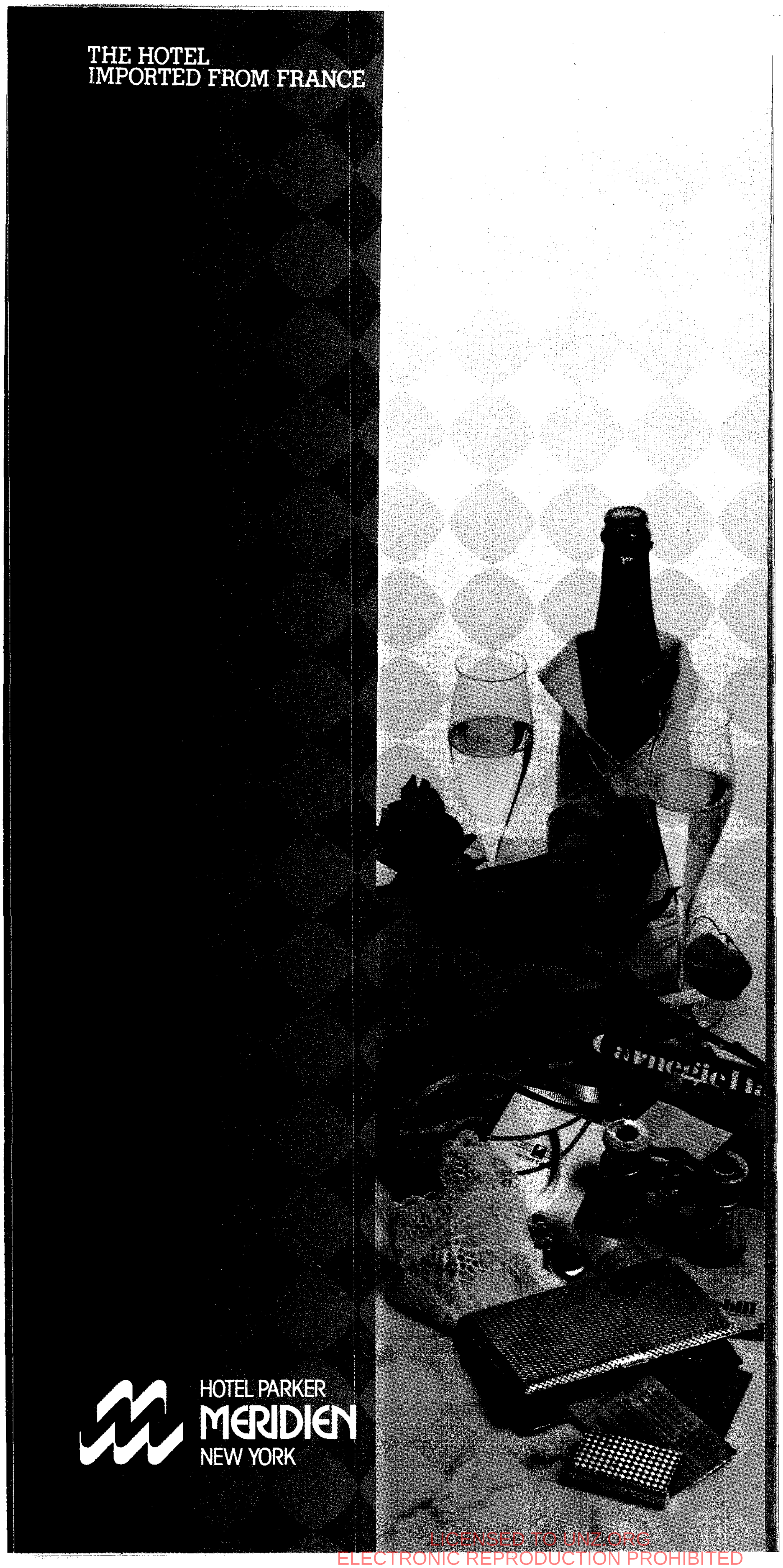

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the former Mayor, grandfather of the present Deputy Mayor) gave up the chairmanship of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee in 1946. After Moynihan was elected, in 1976, he announced that he wanted to be on the Finance Committee, "where the money is." He pointed out that there had been no New Yorker on the Finance Committee in fifty years and that no Democrat from New York had served there for a century. Mistrust of the ability of politicians from this state to handle money had obviously long preceded the city's fiscal crisis. After D'Amato's election last year, he asked to be on the Finance Committee, too. Instead, he was named to the Appropriations Committee and the chairmanship of the District of Columbia Subcommittee, an assignment that was not widely sought after. It will give him the opportunity to spend endless hours trying to sort out the fiscal problems of the District—a chore that will bring him few credits or headlines back home. Although D'Amato had assured Mayor Koch, before the election, that he favored a Moynihan formula that would bring more federal Medicaid money to New York, he has since announced that the President should be given his full economic program, since the American people have made clear what their priorities are.

Moynihan did win assignment to the Finance Committee in 1977, and he is now its fifth-ranking Democratic member. He is also a member of the Senate Budget Committee, which this year seems also to be where the money is. There had been great hope in Moynihan's home state that because its senior Senator is respected among the Reagan forces for his strong stands against the Soviet Union and in favor of military preparedness, his judgment that some of the proposed reductions in urban programs cut too close to the bone and that other provisions in the economic plan might not be fiscally sound would carry weight with the Administration. This may happen before the plan finally becomes law, but last month's proceedings of the Senate Budget Committee, which is made up of twelve Republicans and ten Democrats, were not encouraging. Though Moynihan kept complaining that the committee was trying to "undo thirty years of social legislation in three days," the Democrats on the committee were unable to persuade their Republican colleagues—or, apparently, even themselves—that the harsh reductions must be modified. A number of angry speeches were made, but the Democrats' attack was so uncoördinated that at one point the ranking Democratic member, South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings, suggested that now it was *Senate* Democrats who were behaving badly. Reacting to their deportment, he directed at them the childhood taunt "When in danger, when in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout!" Even the seating arrangements worked against the Democrats, as Martin Tolchin pointed out in the *Times*. Five Democratic Senators who are up for reëlection next year sat across the table from five freshman Senators who had defeated liberal colleagues of theirs in November, in campaigns in which the losers were accused of being bleeding hearts and big spenders. The Budget Committee handed up a unanimous vote not only to support the President's request for over thirty-four billion dollars' worth of cuts in the Carter budget but to reduce the budget by over two billion dollars more. The same week, the governor of Arkansas signed a bill that required schools in his state to counter any discussions of the theory of evolution with instruction in "creation science"—that is, the creation according to the Book of Genesis. According to its preamble, the law was intended to "prevent establishment of theologically liberal humanist, nontheist, or atheist religions." Also that week, President Reagan addressed the Conservative Political Action Conference, a coalition of conservative groups. He assured them that his Administration had "a consistent philosophy of government" with "one agenda." That agenda, he said, was not only to revise the nation's economy and rebuild its defenses but to "protect the unborn, to end the manipulation of schoolchildren by utopian planners, and permit the acknowledgment of the Supreme Being in our classrooms." In Little Rock, referring to the importance of getting reëlected, one Arkansas legislator, Representative Bill Clark, of Sheridan, said of the creation-science law, "This is a terrible bill, but it's worded so cleverly that none of us can vote against it if we want to come back up here." —ANDY LOGAN

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The print works also built the S.W. Johnson Fire Company in 1869 and this proved to be a stroke of luck because the next year a fire destroyed most of the factory buildings.—*Nyack (N.Y.) Journal-News.*

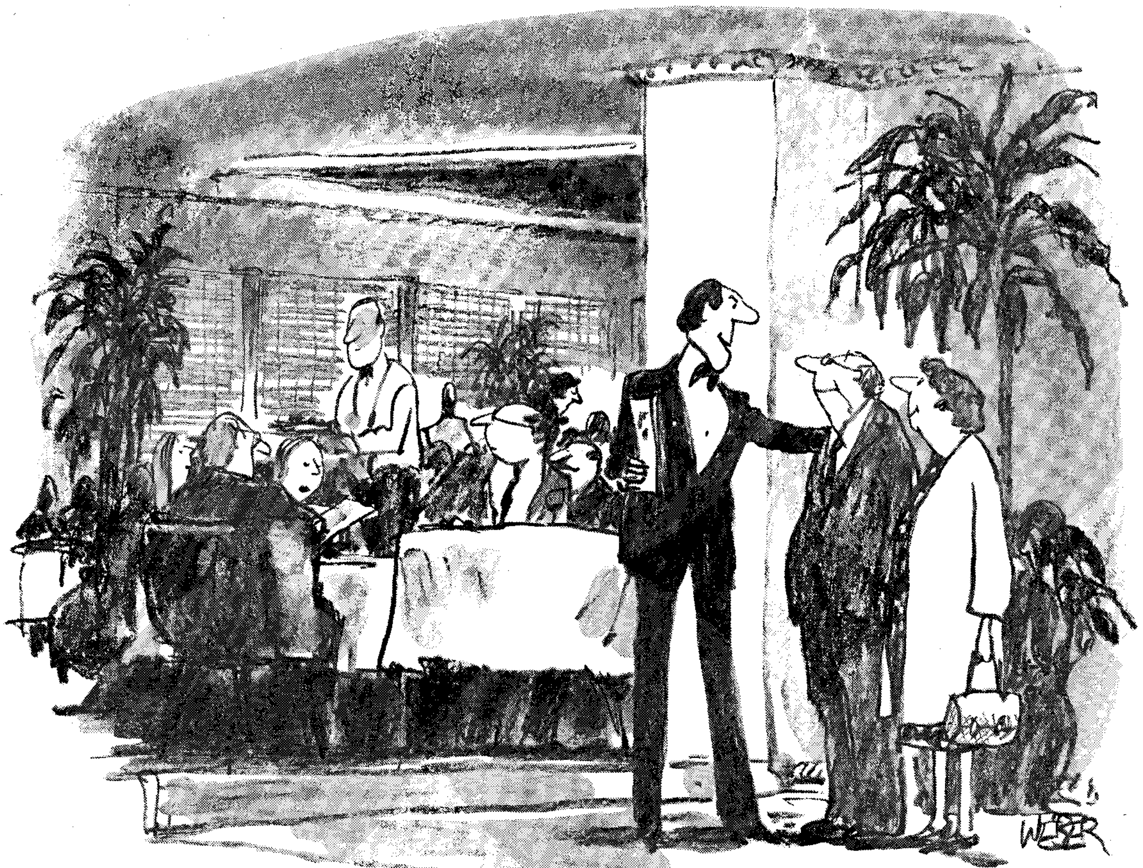
The luck of the Irish.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Caprice

As part of the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary, the National Symphony Orchestra commissioned a work from Peter Mennin: his Symphony No. 9, subtitled "Sinfonia Capricciosa," had its première in Washington last month. A program note explained that Mennin was at first reluctant to number the work among his symphonies, for it is shorter than some of its predecessors and shares some material with an opera that is as yet incomplete. The score certainly looks less ambitious than that of his Eighth Symphony, which the New York Philharmonic played in 1974; the orchestral writing is less virtuosic, the thematic development less intricate. But the new work is scored for as large an orchestra. It is one movement shorter and lasts twenty-one minutes; the Eighth lasts twenty-six. There are some reminiscences of the Eighth: a flurry of rising string sound against strong wind chords occurs shortly after the quiet beginning of each symphony; some figurations, orchestral textures, and melodies with expressive chromatic contours occur in both works. What makes the Ninth less symphonic in character is its free formal treatment. There is little in the first movement to suggest the organized conflicts and resolutions of symphonic form; instead, there's pleasantly contrasted material, which is cogently reordered and developed to produce a climax of considerable power (a chorale-like theme on trombones and basses, with babbling figuration whirling around it). The slow movement is a Brucknerian essay in intense melody for the violins and violas singing over divided cellos and then over horns; trilling flutes and dark clarinets give an original color to the sound. The final "Presto tumultuoso" uses motifs derived from the first movement; it imitates some of Stravinsky's rhythmic methods to produce a moto perpetuo punctuated by jagged chords and jubilant acclamations in winds and brass. In the final version of the score, the debt is acknowledged by an inscription at the head of the movement: "In memoriam: I.S." I fear, though, that the homage has little of the subtlety of the originals—too much tension is released too soon, and the movement does not sustain interest. Still, it made a fine showpiece for the National Symphony. I heard the third of four performances. Under Mstislav Rostropovich's enthusiastic, though not always crystal-clear, direction, the players responded with strong, bold rhythms, eloquent melodies, and precise ensemble. The bright colors of the orchestra and the fresh, open acoustics of the Concert Hall in the Kennedy Center suited the piece.

The National Symphony's playing is still not sophisticated. To open the concert, it gave Rimsky-Korsakov's splendid symphonic suite "Antar"—a work that the composer had originally planned as a symphony but soon realized was "a poem, suite, fairy-tale, story or anything you like, but not a symphony." In spite of Mr. Rostropovich's presence on the podium, the performance was not idiomatic; it had a certain rough-hewn grandeur and, in the lovely last movement, a bighearted warmth, but the vivid Russian themes and harmonies sounded flat. Is Mr. Rostropovich training his orchestra or merely encouraging it? Maurizio Pollini's magnificent account of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, which formed the second half of the concert, was fiery and determined. The figuration of the first movement had bite and clarity: the offbeat accents were struck like metal. The slow movement was miraculously controlled: the opening section sounded as if it were taken in one breath; the finale danced with that steely, tensile strength of which Pollini is the master. Yet the performance fell short of greatness, because the orchestral contribu-



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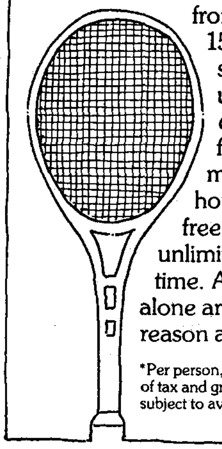

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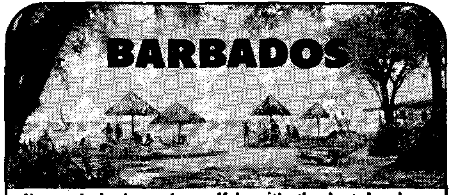

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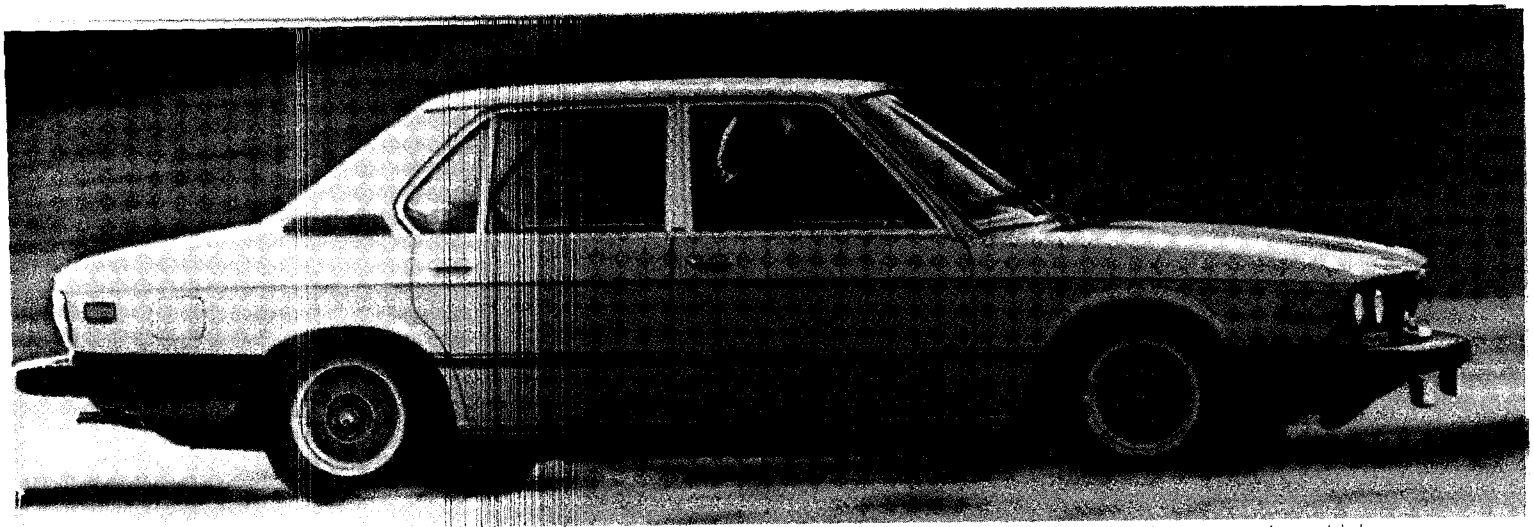
tion was approximate and undercharacterized.

VISITING orchestras in New York have recently included the Czech Philharmonic and the Pittsburgh Symphony. The Czech ensemble's history stretches back to the end of the last century; its distinctive technique dates from the years between 1919 and 1941, when Václav Talich was chief conductor. It gave two programs in Carnegie Hall, one under its present chief conductor, Václav Neumann, and the other under Zdeněk Košler; they included Dvořák's last two symphonies and—more challenging—works by Martinů. There was also an irrelevant Tchaikovsky First Piano Concerto, played by André Laplante, and the overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride." The orchestra's character was defined in the overture. The sound was dry, and not especially well coördinated. Clarinets sounded boxy, sometimes out of tune; the wind chorus was acid in tone. Yet the ensemble was full of life. Mr. Neumann concentrated on fervor rather than richness, and the strings raced through their scales (which so often sound mechanical) in long phrases, rising and falling; the winds molded the music so that the unaccustomed tuning sounded like a welcome flexibility. The orchestral sound always had breadth and natural suppleness. Mr. Neumann, though his beat was angular and unattractive to watch, clearly had each inflection under control. Like the sound on an old 78-r.p.m. record, this performance suddenly alerted one to some of the qualities that present-day American orchestras, with their emphasis on precision and accuracy, have lost. Mr. Neumann made Martinů's Symphony No. 6 (called "Fantaisies Symphoniques": yet another work that seems uncertain whether to claim the formal label of symphony) a fascinating tapestry of nationalistic colors. The affecting reference to Dvořák's "New World" Symphony (an appropriate preëcho, since the Martinů was played here before the Dvořák) was touching without being sentimental; the whole was animated by a gentle, unforced love and understanding of the music. The following evening, Mr. Košler had slightly less success with Martinů's "To the Memory of Lidice," but only because the piece is less impressive. This 1943 tribute to a Czech town destroyed by the Nazis has integrity, but in spite of its dissonances and its anguish the music sounds bland, as if it had come too easily to this most prolific of twentieth-century composers. Mr. Košler, who is remembered here for the season he spent at the Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein in 1963-64, has a more conventional platform manner than Mr. Neumann; the gestures were rounded, the climaxes spaciously drawn.

André Previn has turned the Pittsburgh Symphony into a crisp, lively ensemble. The orchestra presented three concerts in Avery Fisher Hall last month. The performance I heard included Haydn's Symphony No. 82 and Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole." The Haydn showed both the orchestra and Mr. Previn at their best. Though the forces were too large, the strings played with a clipped, poised edge that allowed the woodwinds—for which Haydn scores with brilliant inventiveness—to shine through the texture. It is difficult to hit the right style for the work: it must be witty but not pert, grand in effect yet intimate in detail, expressive but never indulgent. Mr. Previn, whose direction is always spruce and elegant, managed to point up the music's wit while keeping the plan of the symphony intact. But the same amiable precision made nonsense of the Ravel. There was no idiomatic warmth, and no compensating transparency of texture, such as Boulez achieves in this repertoire. The rhapsodic visions were exciting, but they might have belonged to any country. The mixture of French and Spanish cultures in this work makes it a small miracle of early-twentieth-century musical nationalism; Previn's account made it anonymous.

IT is too early to say whether the new Metropolitan Opera production of Verdi's "La Traviata" will be a successful replacement for the production by Alfred Lunt, in settings by Cecil Beaton, that has been seen there regularly since 1966. The opening night of the new production, by Colin Graham, was curiously muted. Ileana Cotrubas, the Violetta, gave a performance of subtlety and charm, imbuing the display passages of "Sempre libera" with delicacy, and floating the music of the third act with a voice so fragile yet so expressive that one strained to catch its inflections. Placido Domingo, as Alfredo, sang freely and nobly, and matched Miss Cotrubas in the responsiveness and warmth he brought to their ensembles. James Levine, who conducted, gave them plenty



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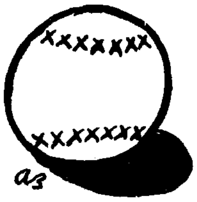
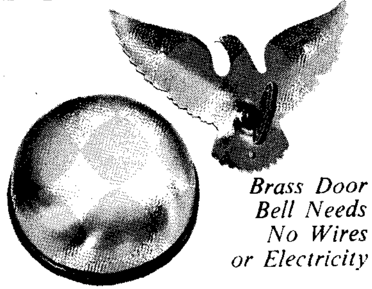
of room to breathe, and accommodated most of their tempi, but he did it in a spirit of tolerance rather than enthusiasm, and whenever he was freed from such shackles he let the music race away, pounding the rhythms and hurrying on the pace. The musical side of the evening, therefore, did not hang together. Nor did Mr. Graham's production; it was unobtrusive but not especially characterful, and it did not solve the problem of staging this most intimate of grand operas in a very large house. Miss Cotrubas was encouraged to be Miss Cotrubas; there was little of the demimondaine about her. Mr. Domingo was ardent but wooden of gesture. Cornell MacNeil was a solid, resonant Germont; the chorus was unpolished. The designs, by Tanya Moiseiwitsch, set the opera in the late nineteenth century. The first scene of Act II was set in a plant-filled, sunlit room that gave onto an orangery; Flora's party scene was set in a Parisian salon with Moorish arches, like Erté's designs for "Der Rosenkavalier" without the vulgarity; and in Violetta's bedroom the angles of the walls were sharpened and the colors subdued to create a powerful impression of confinement. Some conventional cuts in the opera had been restored, and Act II was given without the usual intermission. But all the elements—settings, production, musical direction, and singing—did not cohere; this remained only a potentially fine "Traviata."



Handel's "Joshua," which was given by the Oratorio Society of New York in Carnegie Hall, is not one of the most popular of his oratorios, nor is it likely to become one. The best-known chorus, "See, the conqu'ring hero comes," was reused by the composer in "Judas Maccabeus;" the best-known aria, "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre," is frequently sung in concert. The libretto, by Thomas Morell, is unsatisfactory; almost throughout, it is written in rhyming couplets of more than usually banal effect. Handel set a large amount of the text in recitative, but that does not mitigate the jingling, nonsensical impact of lines such as "Sure I'm deceiv'd—with sorrow I behold/Let not this folly in the camp be told" or exclamations such as "Perish the thought! while honor hath a name/Israel's of Gideon's cause is still the same." Too many of the arias are routine. But there are some good choruses. The opening number, with its fanfare-like acclamations, could serve as a model of Handel's perfectly paced use of simple harmonic language: the flattened-seventh bass entry and the sharpened note of the tenor entry in the final few bars provide a telling sense of climax. "Joshua" is full of anthem choruses, triumphant ("The great Jehovah is our awful theme") and restrained ("Father of mercy"). More unusual are the choruses that have a chamber-music texture: the eloquent "How soon our towering hopes," which sounds like the solo quartet from "Jephtha," and the gentle "Almighty ruler of the skies," which Joshua begins as a solo.

These movements need to be strongly varied in performance. The Oratorio Society, large in numbers, could offer only a generalized, vigorous approach. Lyndon Woodside, who conducted, was clearly anxious that the score should not drag; the result was that many of the best choruses were rushed. With a smaller choir, the roulades of "The Lord commands" and the dotted rhythms of "Glory to God" could work at Mr. Woodside's speeds; here they could not be heard clearly. Because of the disproportion between choir and orchestra, the thrilling thunders and tempests in the instrumental bass line of "The nations tremble" were completely lost. The most effective choruses were the simplest, and the audacious diminuendo at the end of Part II ("Breathless they pant, they yield, they fall, they die") was tellingly done. Joshua (David Britton) made little of the picturesque scene of the sun standing still: did he or Mr. Woodside notice the piercing sustained note in the orchestra that indicates the lack of movement? Elsewhere, Mr. Britton was light-voiced, agile in his arias, but scarcely an Old Testament hero. Jan Opalach was an interesting, dramatic Cabel. Glenda Maurice was an undistinguished Othniel. (She did, however, restore a line that the libretto provided in the hall could not bear to include: "Awful pleasing being, say.") Ellen Irene Goff was a small-scale Achsah, but her voice was fresh and clear; she essayed a little ornamentation (sometimes too soon, so that the line was never heard without decoration) and contributed a delightful, bouncy account of "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre." The oratorio was done in a com-



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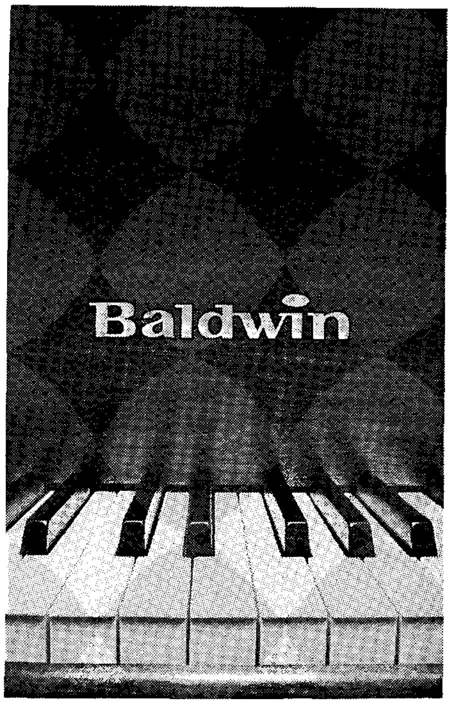

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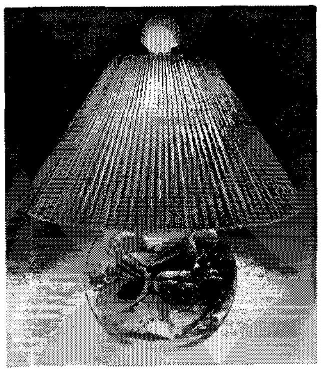

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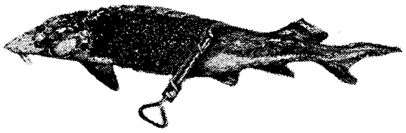
mendably full version, restoring several numbers cut in the old Prout edition.

THE three-hundredth anniversary of Telemann's birth, March 14th, was celebrated with a concert by the Kuijken Quartet in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum. There are no musicians in the world who, to my taste, play Baroque instruments with greater stylishness, musicianship, and understanding of their special qualities than the three brothers Kuijken—Barthold (the flutist), Sigiswald (the violinist), and Wieland (the gambist). With the harpsichordist Robert Kohnen, they gave an all-Telemann program for the first time, making use of a violin and a harpsichord from the museum's collection, and provided an object lesson in how an idiom can be brought to life by scrupulous observance of contemporary conventions mingled with a lively, direct response. They breathed life into the simplest of Telemann's melodic lines, making each a rhetorical statement with a beginning, a middle, and an end; they illuminated his sequences, playing them with flexibility and grace, always emphasizing the dissonances and sinking back gently onto the consonances. The ebullient side of Telemann's inventiveness was stressed—several of the final movements went with the jolly spirit of a peasant dance. But so was his originality: a strange, wordless recitative punctuating a gamba sonata; a brilliant duet for two gambas under a slower flute part in the G-Major Quartet. Sigiswald Kuijken, who usually softened his violin sound to blend with Barthold's wooden flute, was able to project more strongly in the G-Minor Trio Sonata with gamba; he himself turned to the gamba in two pieces. Barthold Kuijken gave a deft, refined account of a fantasia for solo flute. It was inconsistent to perform some works with a string instrument on the continuo bass line and others without, but Mr. Kohnen's discreet and supple harpsichord playing provided more than adequate support.

THE Sunday-afternoon concerts given in the Fuentidueña Apse at the Cloisters are rarely advertised but are always sold out. The "auditorium" is a small, resonant one, well suited to the small-scale vocal and instrumental programs of early music which fill the series. Some of the groups that appear, like the Waverly



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Consort, are well known in the city. Others are not: the London Early Music Group will appear there at the end of this month, and recently the ensemble Concerto Vocale gave a rewarding concert. This group consists of the American soprano Judith Nelson, the Belgian countertenor René Jacobs, and the American harpsichordist William Christie. In recent recordings for Harmonia Mundi, they have explored a fascinating repertory of early Italian Baroque music, by Monteverdi, Cesti, Rossi, and others. Their Cloisters program was based on the same period but included English and German music as well; it was built around two great solo laments, one by Sigismondo d'India and the other, in the Italian recitative style, by the Englishman Nicholas Lanier. Miss Nelson sang the Lanier narrative with passion and conviction; Mr. Jacobs sang the d'India with compelling intensity. Yet these were not flamboyant performances; they showed the same inner strength and acute understanding of the music's rhetorical style that the playing of the Kuijkens did. In the rest of the program, there were duets, sparkling and sad, in which Mr. Jacobs did not—as he does on their recordings—overwhelm Miss Nelson's gentler voice. Mr. Christie played a Frescobaldi toccata with improvisatory flair. To end with, there was the final love duet from Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea." This was light and airy in texture, with the two high voices intertwining in the powerful dissonances; its central section was treated not as a relaxation but as an intensification of the erotic atmosphere. The effect was extraordinarily sensual: I thought I saw the saintly twelfth-century statues blush.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From Police News in the North Conway (N.H.) Irregular*]

Police also reported a horse beating a dog in Center Conway. Elmer McDonald, who reported the accident, came out of his trailer to pursue the horse. He reported that the horse turned on him. Police located that horse and others and rounded them up.

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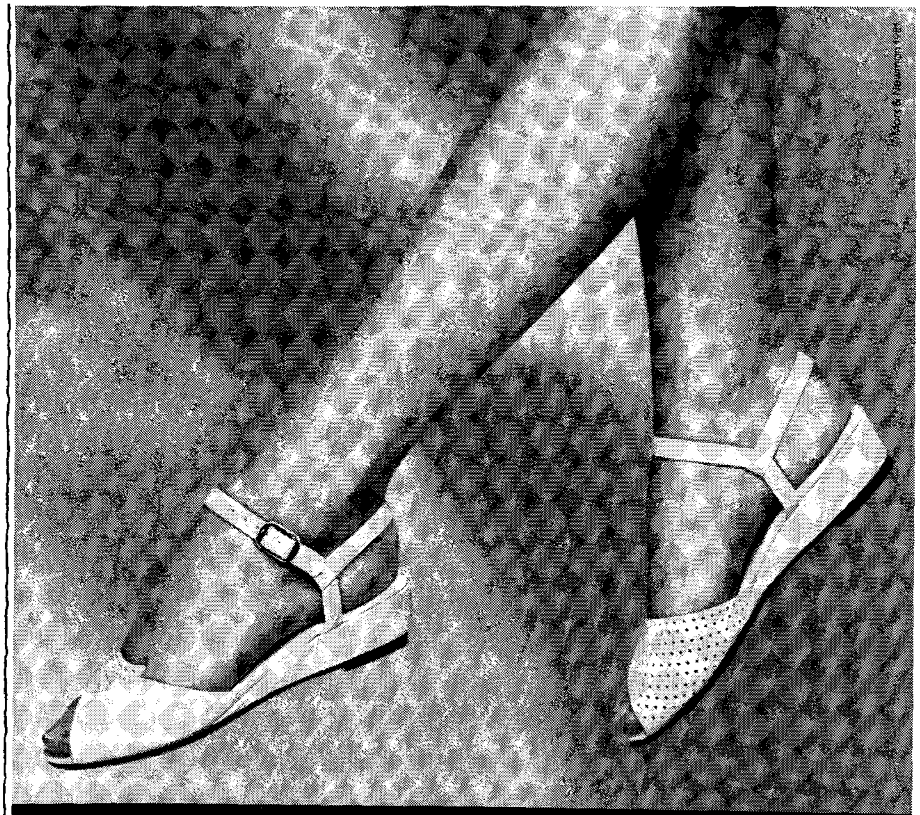

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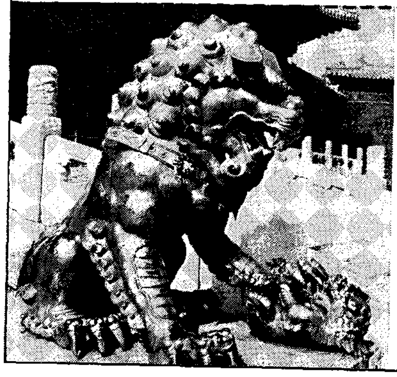

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BOOKS

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THESE past decades, the authorized tone in English letters has been one of gray and acid sparseness. Novelists, playwrights, a tribe of minimalist versifiers have gone to the bank to borrow words. The interest rates have been punitive. So they have borrowed few, and, where possible, sharp-edged ones. English writers and reviewers have bridled at American copiousness, drawing inward like winter snails at the wasteful march-past of a millipede. Now, gradually, the mizzle may be lifting. The London theatre has exploded with a brilliantly prodigal, eight-hour version of Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby." As New Yorkers can witness, there is an almost ferocious extravagance of spirit, of histrionic means in Peter Shaffer's "Amadeus." And there is Anthony Burgess.

Victorian confidence engendered kaleidoscopic individuals: bearded colossi who planted their umbrellas on alpine peaks, grew tumultuous orchids, learned languages as we slip into sweaters, composed tomes on a great variety of matters, thumped sonorous harmoniums in outsize conservatories, and advanced upon their ornate sepulchres with encyclopedias three-quarters read. Burgess is of this breed—almost a *monstre sacré*, were it not for his amused, self-observant humanity. He plays and composes music. He is a virtuoso linguist in respect both of the languages he knows and of his interest in the theory of language. He is one of the most incisive, just book reviewers busy in that precarious trade. He has published literary, art, and music criticism of distinction. He is a translator of awesome resource. (Currently, he and his no less gifted wife, Liana, are transposing "Finnegans Wake" into Italian.) Burgess has made filmmakers rich—witness "A Clockwork Orange"—and has been directly involved in scriptwriting and production. He has fed both quality and robust kitsch into the maw of television. There are not many name lectures in academe which he has not adorned by his erudition and zany authority; it was, at moments, from the piano, hammering out rags and chanting ditties in a finely charred voice, that he recently delivered the Eliot Memorial Lectures at the University of Kent. But A.B.—his fantasies often play on the permutations and linguistic associations that spring from these initial, dawn letters of our alphabet—would, I think, want to be considered first and foremost as a novelist, as an artificer of prose fiction. I say "artificer" because this is Joyce's word, his emblematic token, and Burgess is, with Beckett, Joyce's only legitimate heir.

"Philip never wants to do anything anymore unless it's on the corporate level."

The Burgess bibliography lists twenty-one novels. (There are rumors of esoterica under a pen name.) "The Long Day Wanes," an autobiographical trilogy set in Malaya, launched the Burgess canon. It remains perhaps his most poignant, unguarded performance. "A Clockwork Orange" brought celebrity when it was made into a striking movie. But the fiction is subtler than Stanley Kubrick's package and points to that in Burgess's politics and alertness to science-fiction which connects his writings to those of Aldous Huxley and George Orwell. "Honey for the Bears" is both a political fable and an ingenious meditation on language. It is one of a cluster of works, fiction and nonfiction, in which Burgess seeks an imaginative grip on the ominous charms of the Russian tongue and of its native speakers. "Enderby," "Nothing Like the Sun," and "ABBA ABBA" form a sparkling trio. They are studies of the writer's odd condition, of the pathologies and carnivals of poetic inspiration. The first is a wry mirroring of Burgess himself; the second is just about the only convincing fictional re-creation we have of the young Shakespeare; the third is a witty but also moving evocation of Keats in the season of his passing. "Napoleon Symphony," a novel on Beethoven, combines Burgess's frank obsession with the titans of

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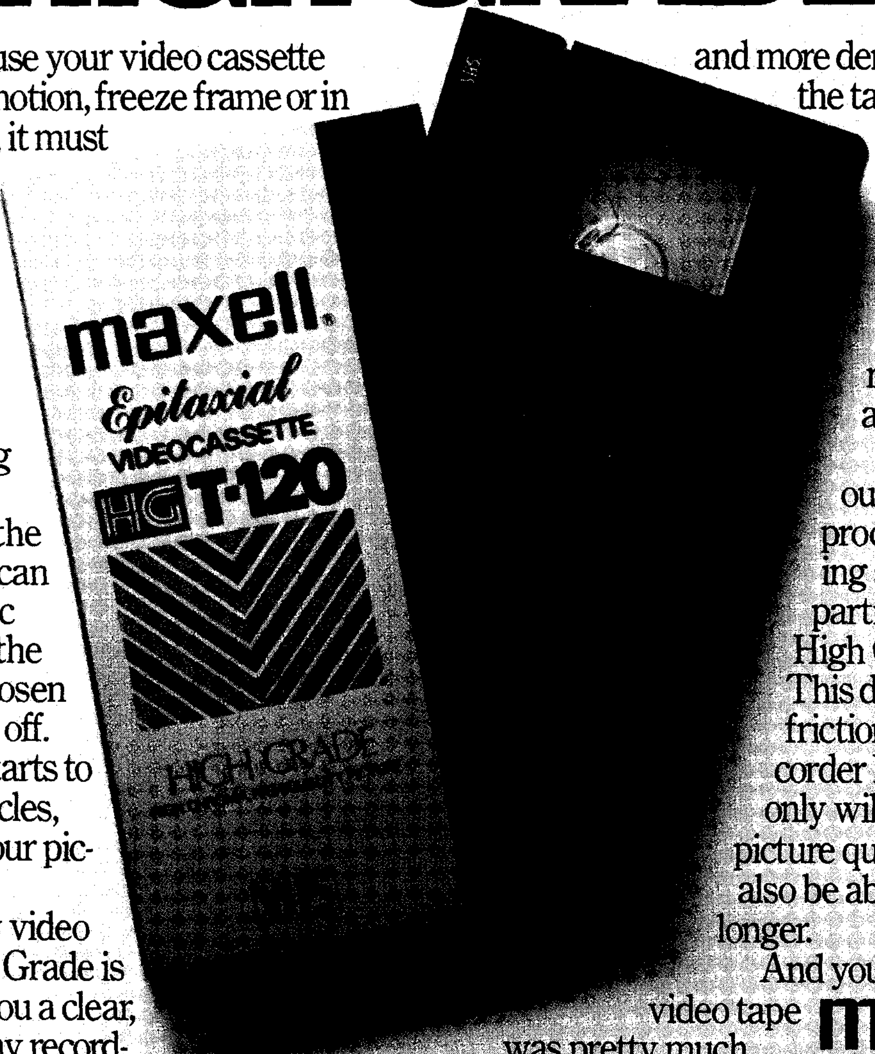

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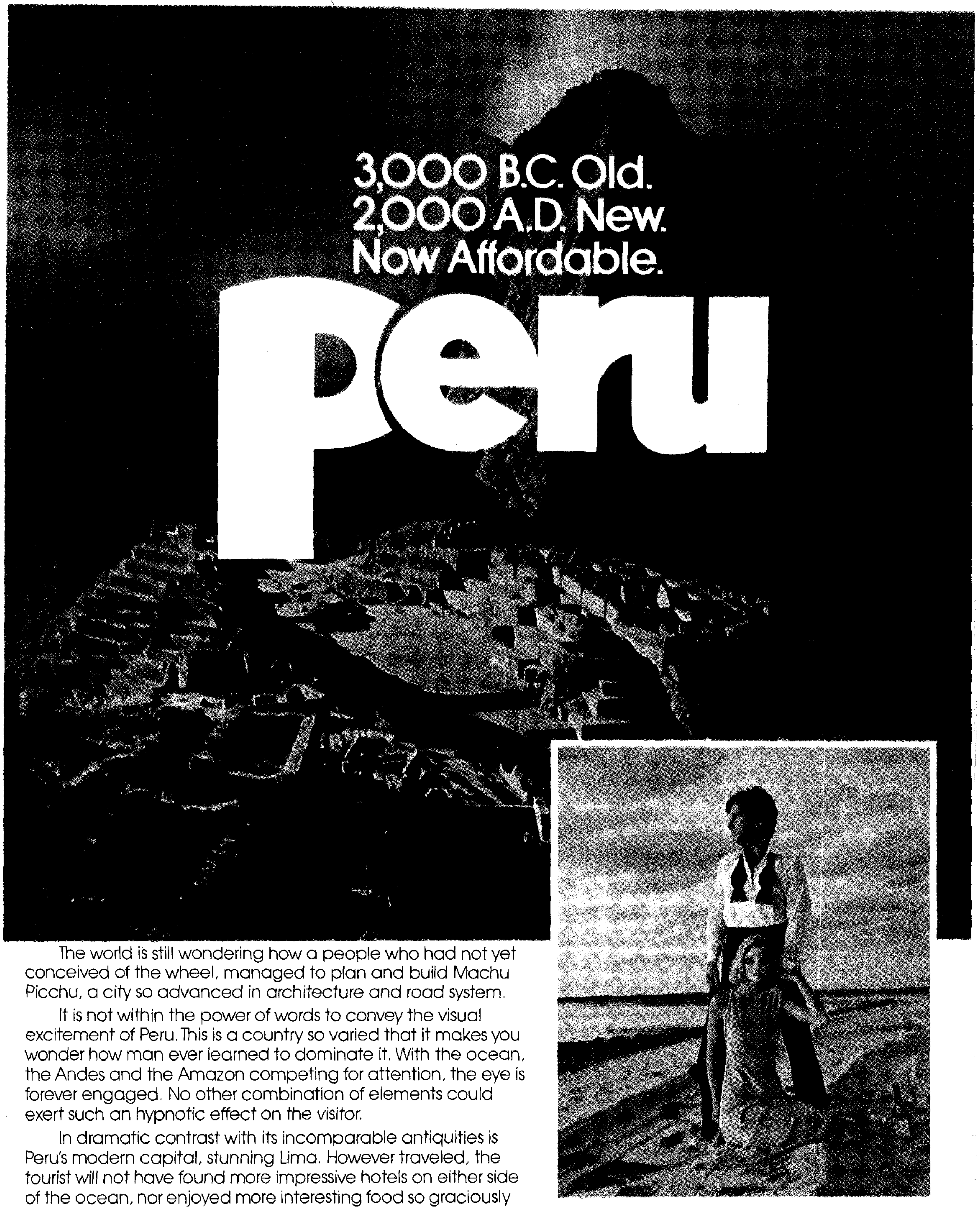

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It is often said that Lima is like a huge museum, with such religious and historical relics as the Cathedral on the Plaza de Armas where the remains of the conquistador, Pizarro, are displayed in a glass coffin. Nearby is the church of San Francisco, with catacombs rivaling those of Rome and priceless art treasures by well known masters.

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MY TRAVEL AGENT IS ____________________ NY/4/13 he past and his virtuoso knowledge of nusic, his rare cunning in finding a erbal counterpoint to musical effects another decisive link with Joyce). '1985," a "semi-fiction," begins vhere Orwell and "A Clockwork Ornge" left off. "Moses" and "Man of Nazareth" are potboilers aimed at, ocasioned by, more or less Neronian reatments on television and film. Yet ven here there are touches of mandain originality. All in all, a prodigious atalogue.

Take its several items, add to them ngredients from Burgess's nonfiction, rom his monographs on Joyce and on he English language, from his porrait of Hemingway and other forays nto Americana, top off with some of is acrobatics of translation, and you ill have what Coleridge called, selfasingly, an omnium-gatherum. Buress's collectanea—another word beved of listmakers and lexicograhers—masks itself in the guise of a viathan novel, "Earthly Powers" Simon & Schuster; $16.95). And there re spacious stretches of fiction in it. ut it is Anthony Burgess's polymath ersona, his cat's lives, the appetites of is intellect, the syncopations of hought and feeling so peculiarly his wn which furnish the great creature ith its life force and (partial) unison.

The opening sentence of the book certain to enter into the teasing nmortality of quizzes ("Identify ne novel that starts . . .") and of cademic dissection: "It was the afteroon of my eighty-first birthday, and I as in bed with my catamite when Ali nnounced that the archbishop had ome to see me." Merely at the surice, the sentence is a rococo masteriece. Observe the ruse, the rallenndo in the cadence. Note the arch ispersal of scabrous intimations: "afernoon," "catamite," the suggestive li. But it is also a sentence charged ith pointers toward what will be the ources, the mimed and parodied presnces, the sinews of plot and of tone in ne enterprise as a whole.

Connoisseurs of Somerset Iaugham's life and manner will alnost "preconsciously"—and therein es Burgess's control—pick up the nderlying thread. They will know ithin moments that Burgess has unertaken the implausible task of comosing the memoirs of an eighty-oneear-old panjandrum and world celebty of letters who is a homosexual nd, under the alias of Kenneth Iarchal Toomey, none other than Villie Maugham. "Catamite" is a

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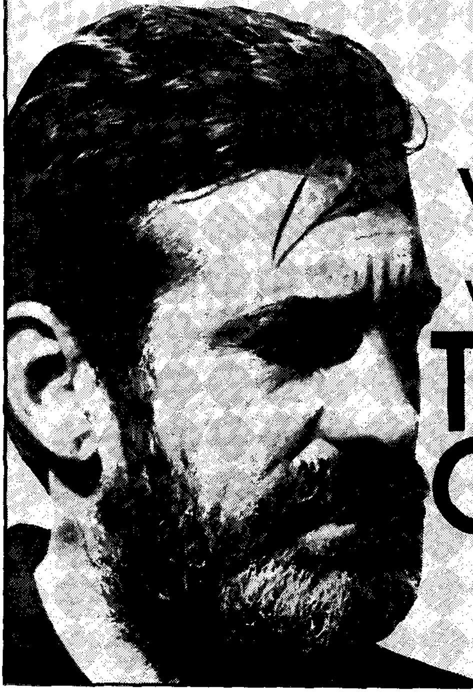

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learned, exact term for a male lover of sullied motives, a male whore, but one about whom hovers a nuance of antique pederasty, of the idiom and mores known to curious readers of Suetonius and of Alexandrine scandalmongers. To aficionados of the more modern baroque, the entrance of the archbishop will give all sorts of subliminal signals: a hint of Ronald Firbank's and Aubrey Beardsley's louche ecclesiastical fantasies, an echo of Norman Douglas—like A.B. himself, a master of Mediterranean moods—and, above all, an annunciation à la Baron Corvo (F. Rolfe), the fin-de-siècle confidence man and occasionally magical dreamer whose "Hadrian the Seventh" re*mains*, stubbornly, a kind of classic, and a vital source in Burgess's summa.

The "Maugham level" is adroitly sustained. "Willie" *is himself often* alluded to in the third person, and his tales of empire and sunset lust are subtly interwoven with Burgess's own Malaya. The style of the first-person narrative wickedly renders the aging carnivore's malice, sexual needs and panics, self-punishments, and bitchy hauteur. Here is a memorable study of an immensely successful middlebrow writer cursed with just that dram of unsparing lucidity which shows him, which makes him discern in the judgment of others, the final fiasco: the ephemerality of his most acclaimed works. Burgess's ability to slip into the old man's flaccid hide, to bring to fetid yet poignant expression the sexual lunges and humiliations of the old and of the invert, is uncanny. But writers have long been Burgess's meat, and they crowd this canvas: Joyce, Steinbeck, Huxley, J. B. Priestley, Arnold Bennett, either in propria persona or transparently referred to, together with dozens of lesser lights. Thus, if the actual narration is that of "Maugham" at the approach of death, one of the key episodes is an amalgam of W. H. Auden's rescue of Thomas Mann's daughter from Nazi Germany and of the weakness and vanity under Nazi pressure—a weakness and a vanity mercifully observed—of P. G. Wodehouse. As is just now the fashion, actual political, literary, artistic, and underworld figures move in and out of the novel.

The other main strand in "Earthly Powers" is the saga of Don Carlo Campanati, half brother of Toomey—though "half brother" is not quite right, for it simplifies a consanguinity as arcane and doom-laden as that in Sophocles' "Oedipus," a play

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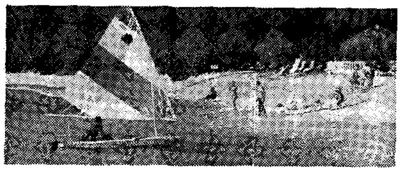
BARBADOS



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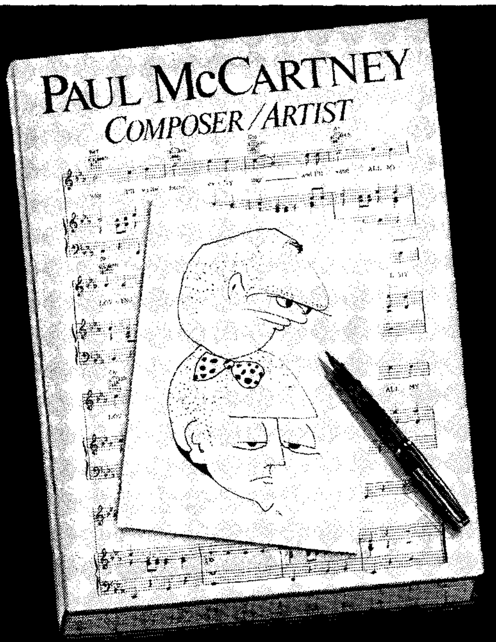
A.B. has himself translated. Don Carlo is a larger-than-life invention in whom we recognize elements not only of Moses, Christ, Napoleon, and Beethoven as Burgess has portrayed them but, massively, of John XXIII. I have already cited "Hadrian the Seventh;" another precedent might be Zola's neglected but formidable novel "Rome." But it is, of course, Anthony Burgess who has dreamed his own multiple energies and ironies, his politics of disenchanted utopia, and his fantasies of power into this priest, iron-nerved casino player (Burgess lives in Monaco), lover, theologian, master of mass media, dazzling linguist, and charismatic pontiff. The death of Gregory XVII—of a heart attack, suffered in Moscow during one of a series of triumphant world journeys—embodies not only the brusque, melodramatic end of Corvo's Hadrian but the motif of sudden eclipse at the height of perception, of creative strength, which haunts many of Burgess's books. Campanati—and the bells peal literally in his name—is among the most ambitiously conceived, intellectually exciting agents in recent fiction.

Dozens of subplots wind around these two main stems. I have mentioned Auden-Wodehouse and Nazi Germany. There is a detailed account of a recent, celebrated prosecution for blasphemy and obscenity in the London courts; there are well-documented imbroglios from the history of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes and of La Scala. Much of the latter part of the book is taken up by an often acute but hurriedly imagined presentation of the Manson case, of the mass suicide at Jonestown, and of a general slide of young America into mysticism and mindless violence. As with one of Beethoven's unwilling codas, so with "Earthly Powers" one has the impression not so much of a logical close as of a halt, reluctantly imposed, on a continuing pulse of energy.

This is a taxing novel. Not only because of the innumerable conundrums, acrostics, cross-echoes, veiled citations, and historical-literary references that make up its opulent texture. Not only because of a vocabulary n which terms such as "metathesis" and hints out of "Finnegans Wake" are common. Not only because a reader innocent of Christian soteriology, English metrics, and antique mythology will be deprived of numerous apprehensions and pleasures. 'Earthly Powers" is taxing simply be-



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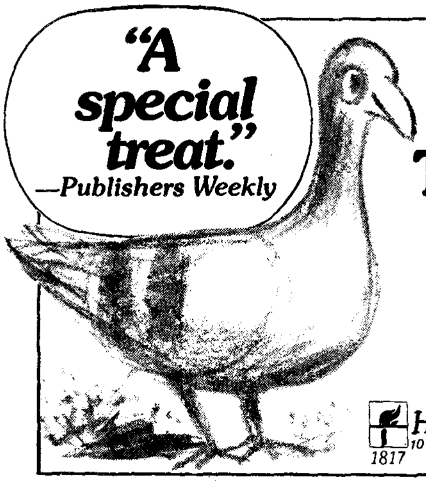

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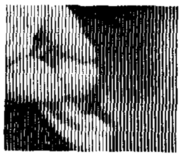

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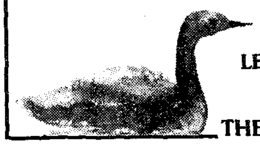

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cause it has set out to reclaim for the current art of the novel those domains of intellectual debate, of political modelling, of formal and anarchic religiosity, of adult confrontations with humbling sexuality and the wastage of death which have been, so very largely, yielded to high journalism, to discursive prose, and to the uneasy hybrid of "fact/fiction." Burgess honors his readers in purposing them to be almost as omnivorously aware and intelligent as he is.

At a first reading, one is not confident that the venture has "come off"—that the monster has, in Henry James's phrase, achieved "deep-breathing and organic form." And in the face of so much authority it is a reviewer's trivial pastime to note that only Pope Gregory is infallible. (Kafka's "The Castle" is given a false German gender; the last line in the haunting rag sung on page 442 contains an erratum; it is not primarily, I believe, failed plays for which the young Goebbels was known but a by no means untalented novel.) To be serious: there is here, and past cavil, a feat of imaginative breadth and of intelligence which lifts fiction high. The whole landscape is the brighter for it.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CONE-GATHERERS, by Robin Jenkins (Taplinger; $9.95). Two honest brothers, one of them a hunchback who is either simple-minded or saintly, spend their days in the treetops on a Scottish estate gathering cones, for reforestation, during the Second World War. The woods in which they work are the domain of a heartless gamekeeper, who harbors a ferocious hatred of the brothers (especially the hunchback, who has released injured rabbits from the gamekeeper's traps), and who plots to slander them and thereby run them off the estate. His scheme begins when he tempts the hunchback to interfere in a deer hunt in the presence of the lady of the house, but then an unexpected hitch develops (involving her serious young son, who worships the hunchback from afar), and the gamekeeper unleashes his murderous passion. This dark parable, which was first published in Great Britain in 1955, spells out its message with awkward earnestness. But Mr. Jenkins has already begun to

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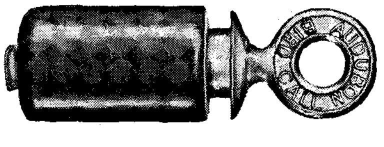

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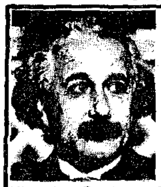

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use the sharp, surprising imagery that came to mark his later novels (especially the fine "Fergus Lamont"), and the reader who can overlook the moral gloss will find here all the savage excitement of a Scottish ballad.

GENERAL

THE ENIGMA OF FELIX FRANKFURTER, by H. N. Hirsch (Basic Books; $14.95). The author, who teaches government at Harvard, seeks the psychological reasons for Felix Frankfurter's disappointing record as a Supreme Court justice. In 1917, as a member of the wartime federal mediation commission, Frankfurter had attempted to see justice done to union miners and to the labor organizer Tom Mooney. Then, throughout the nineteen-twenties, as a member of the Harvard Law School faculty, he supported labor and civil-liberties causes, and wrote notably in defense of Sacco and Vanzetti. After 1939, however, when he left Harvard for the Supreme Court, his decisions appeared at odds with his past. He became intractable as the Court majority developed two important doctrines: that of "preferred" rights, which gives priority to (for example) freedom of religion over the freedom of local school boards; and that of the "incorporation" of the Bill of Rights into the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, which mandates a high standard of liberty and legal procedure for the states. Mr. Hirsch, drawing on the studies of the political scientist James David Barber and of several psychological theorists, including Erik Erikson and Karen Horney, suggests that Frankfurter's brilliant mind was attached to an insecure, and hence self-deceiving, personality—a combination that accounts for much of Frankfurter's self-righteous and manipulative behavior. Mr. Hirsch is a good writer, and his interpretation of a somehow tragic figure is plausible.

PAPER MONEY, by Adam Smith (Summit; $13.95). A lucid explanation of our present economic fix. The author for the most part deals with such broad questions as the causes of inflation and stagflation. He says that the present wave of both began when President Johnson refused to raise taxes to finance both the Great Society and the Vietnam War, but that the reason inflation has persist-

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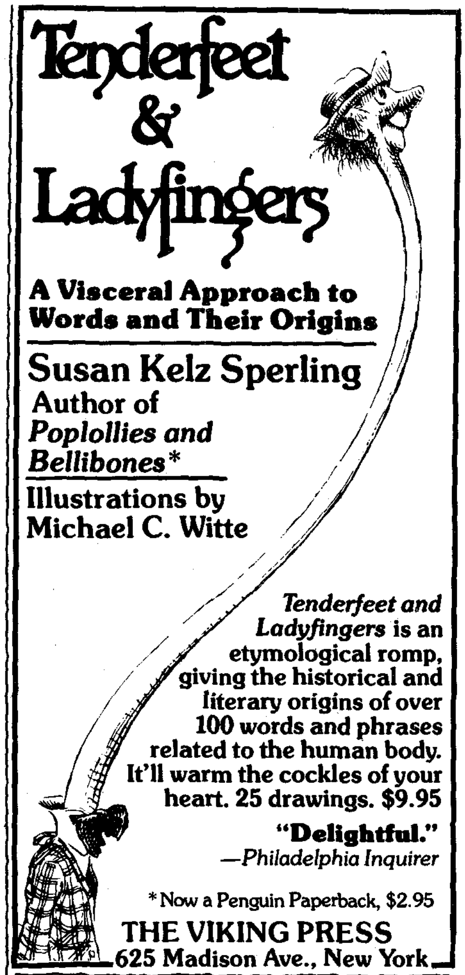
ed is primarily the rising cost of energy. There is the additional problem that the dollar is the world's key currency—other nations use dollars to trade with one another, and these transactions, which occur outside our control, have often, as in the case of "Eurodollars" and "petrodollars," been inflationary here and abroad. Though Adam Smith's narrative features some malefactors, he does not cast OPEC as a villain, pointing out that Saudi Arabia, for instance, is well aware that the greatest danger posed by another oil crisis is a worldwide financial smash. To be sure, he demonstrates that economic rationality, as defined by his namesake, is not a universal goal—witness the policies of the present governments of Iran and Libya. However, irrationality is well distributed, and he cites many instances right here at home. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

COSIMA WAGNER, by George R. Marek (Harper & Row; $16.95). Owing to a quantity of new documentary material, this is the most nearly definitive book we have had on Cosima Wagner's astonishing career, and its wit, its absence of partisanship, and its lucid narrative style make it probably the best. The author wisely does not attempt any psychological evaluation of Cosima —wisely because she defies easy analysis. The unloved daughter of the great Franz Liszt—an oddly beautiful, intellectual, and gifted young woman—she was so seized with passionate admiration for Richard Wagner, a man twenty-four years older than she, that she was willing to lie and cheat to be at his side. She became Wagner's slave, but also his collaborator, and it was she who took over the management of the yearly Bayreuth Festivals after his death. When she died, in 1930, at ninety-two, she had won the world's respect, if not its love. Photographs.

THE DAY THEY STOLE THE MONA LISA, by Seymour V. Reit (Summit; $12.95). A full and vivid retelling of the famous burglary of the Louvre on a hot morning in August, 1911. Contrary to the popular impression that the picture was spirited out of the museum by an Italian immigrant who thought that it had been brought to France as part of Napoleon's loot and wanted to restore it to Italy, the theft was ac-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tually part of an Argentine confidence man's elaborate, and ultimately successful, criminal project: the Mona Lisa would be stolen and secreted long enough for him to unload six excellent forgeries of it on six larcenous American millionaires. There was an Italian immigrant, all right—a workman named Perugia, who was arrested two years later with the picture in his possession—but he was working for the Argentine. The author has done a thorough job of reconstructing the crime, even to the little comedy of errors that caused the poet Guillaume Apollinaire and his friend Pablo Picasso to become involved, to their terror, in the police investigation of the theft.

GEORGE ORWELL, by Bernard Crick (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $17.95). Orwell, who never got around to legally changing his name from Eric Blair, lived a comparatively short life (1903-50), but he managed to cram a good deal into it, and he covered much of his own ground in his loosely autobiographical writings—his preparatory-school days in "Such, Such Were the Joys," his years of poverty and vagabondage in "Down and Out in Paris and London," his soldiering in the Spanish Civil War in "Homage to Catalonia." This book traces Orwell's literary and intellectual development from the uncertain young fiction writer to the superb political essayist, and finally to the author of the satirical novels "Animal Farm" and "Nineteen Eighty-Four." Out of this emerges the portrait of a most unusual man—shy and gentle in manner, unself-pitying in his long and losing contest with ill health, sometimes "difficult," and scathing in his polemical writings when he was in full cry against injustice.

NOTE: Peter Matthiessen's "Sand Rivers," an account of a safari in a Tanzanian game reserve, with photographs by Hugo van Lawick, has been published by Viking ($19.95). A part of the text originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, in somewhat different form.

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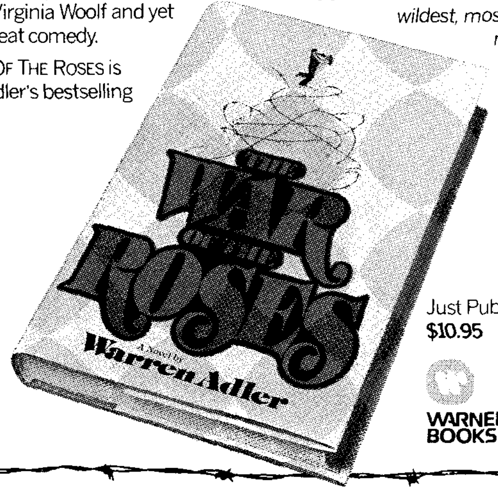

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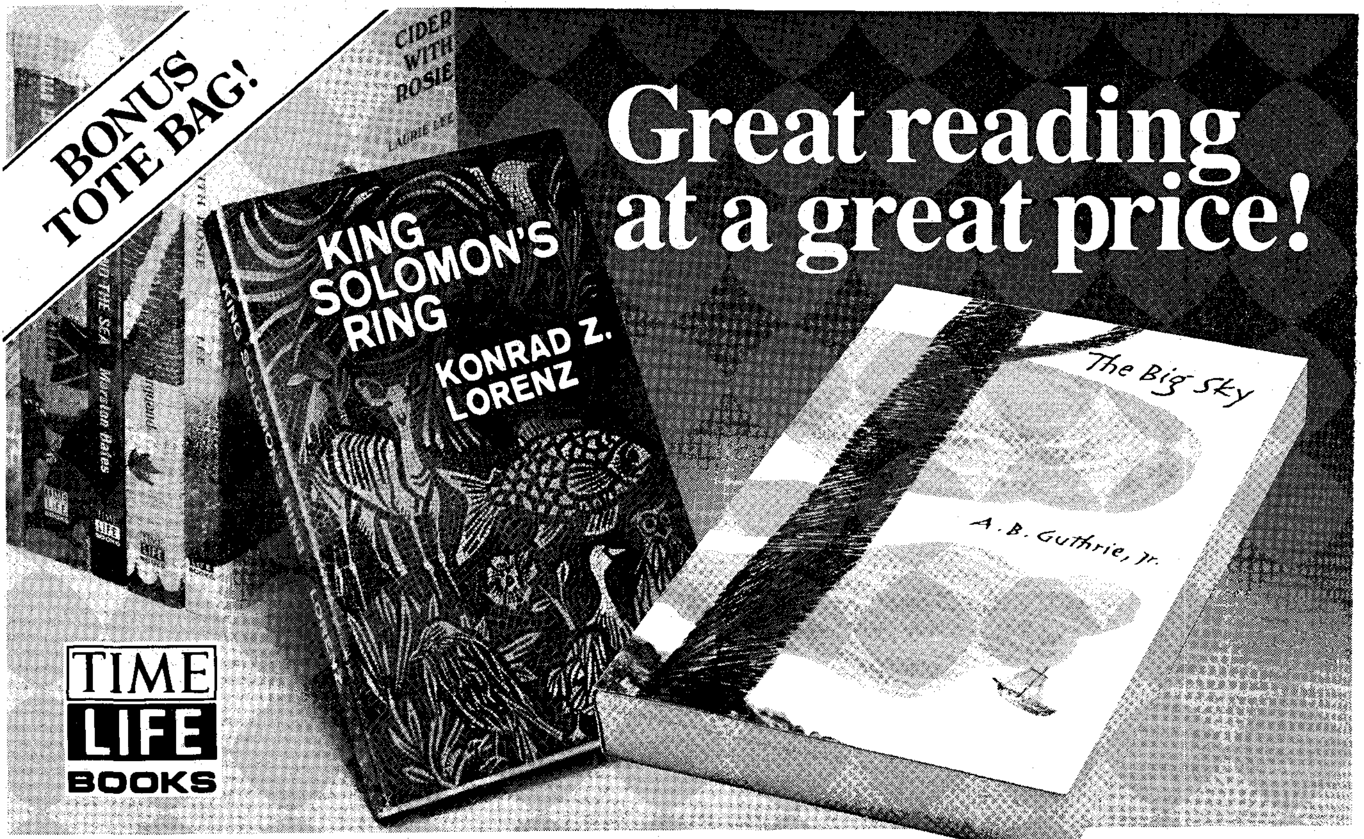

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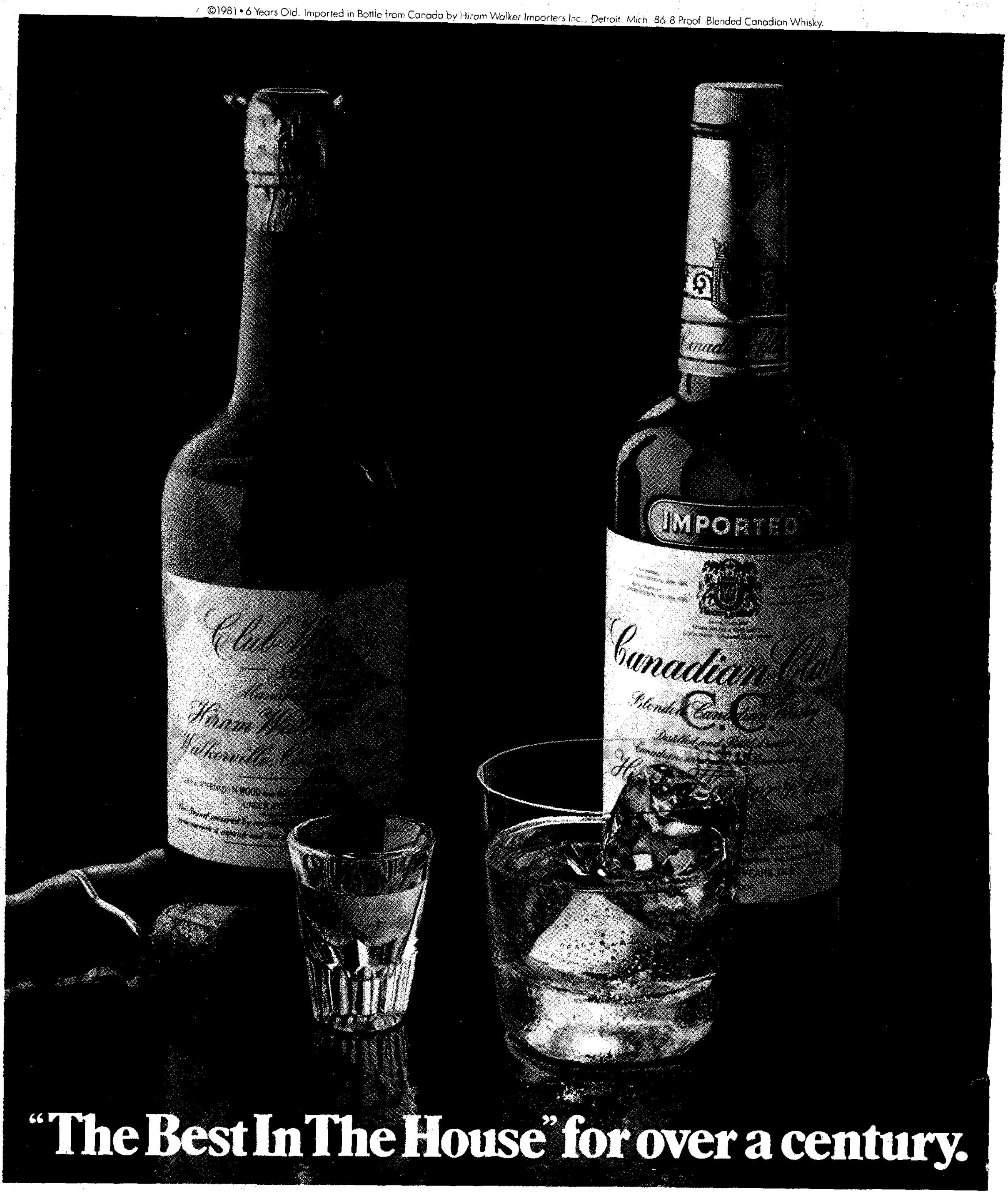

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